
00052522

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016



Library of Old Authors.



THE VISION AND CREED

OF

PIERS PLOUGHMAN.

EDITED,

FROM A CONTEMPORARY MANUSCRIPT,

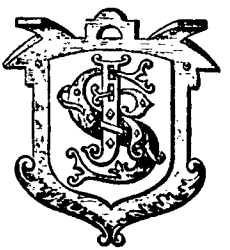
WITH A HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION,
NOTES, AND A GLOSSARY,

By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A. F.S.A. &c.
Corresponding Member of the Imperial Institute of France.
Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres.

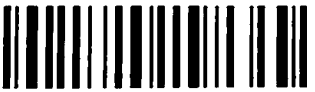
IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

52522

SECOND AND REVISED EDITION.



LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
SOHO SQUARE.
1856.


00052522

TUCKER AND CO., PRINTERS,
PERRY'S PLACE, OXFORD STREET.



Passus Decimus Quartus, etc.

"I HAVE but oon hool hater," quod Haukyn;
"I am the lasse to blame,
Though it be soiled and selde clene:
I slepe therinne o nyghtes.
And also I have an houswif,
Hewen and children,—
Uxorem duxi, et ideo non possum venire.—
That wollen by-molen it many tyme,
Maugree my chekes.
It hath be laved in Lente
And out of Lente bothe,
With the sope of siknesse,
That seketh wonder depe,
And with the losse of catel,
Looth for to a-gulte
God of any good man,
By aught that I wiste;
And was shryven of the preest
That gaf me for my synnes
To penaunce pacience
And povere men to fede,
Al for coveitise of my cristendom
In clennesse to kepen it.

And kouthe I nevere, by Crist!
Kepen it clene an houre,
That I ne soiled it with sighte
Or som ydel speche,
Or thorugh werk, or thorugh word,
Or wille of myn herte,
That I ne flobre it foule
Fro morwe til even." [Conscience,
"And I shal kenne thee," quod
"Of contricion to make
That shal clawe thi cote
Of alle kynnes filthe.
Cordis contritio, etc.
Do-wel shal wasshen and wryngen it
Thorugh a wis confessour.
Oris confessio, etc.
Do-bet shal beten it and bouken it
As bright as any scarlet,
And engreyven it with good wille
And Goddes grace to amende the,
And sithen sende thee to satisfaccion
For to sowen it after.
Satisfactio Do-best.
"Shal nevere cheeste by-molen it,
Ne mothe after biten it,
Ne fend ne fals man
Defoulen it in thi lyve.
Shal noon heraud ne harpour
Have a fairer garnement
Than Haukyn the actif man,
And thow do by my techyng;
Ne no mynstrall be moore worth
Amonges povere and riche,
Than Haukyns wif the wafrer,

With his *activa vita.*"
"And I shal purveie thee paast,"
quod Pacience,
"Though no plough erye,
And flour to fede folk with
As best be for the soule,
Though nevere greyn growed,
Ne grape upon vyne.
To alle that lyveth and loketh
Liflode wolde I fynde,
And that y-nogh shal noon faille
Of thyng that hem nedeth,
We sholde noght be to bisy
Abouten oure liflode."
Ne solliciti sitis, etc. Volucres cœli . Deus pascit, etc. Patientes vincunt.
Thanne laughed Haukyn a litel,
And lightly gan swerye,
"Who so leveth yow, by oure Lord!
I leve noght he be blessed."
"No," quod Pacience paciently;
And out of his poke hente
Vitailles of grete vertues
For alle manere beestes,
And seide," Lo here liflode y-nogh!
If oure bileve be trewe.
For lent nevere was lif,
But liflode were shapen,
Wher-of or wher-fore
Or wher-by to libbe.
"First the wilde worm
Under weet erthe,
Fissh to lyve in the flood,

And in the fir the criket,
The corlew by kynde of the eyr
Moost clennest flessh of briddes,
And bestes by gras and by greyn
And by grene rootes,
In menynge that alle men
Myghte the same
Lyve thorugh leel bileve
And love, as God witnesseth."
Quodcunque petieritis a patre in nomine meo, etc. Et alibi: Non in solo pane vivit homo, sed in omni verbo quod procedit de ore Dei.
But I lokede what liflode it was
That Pacience so preisede;
And thanne was it a pece of the [pater-noster,
Fiat voluntas tua.
"Have, Haukyn," quod Pacience,
"And et this whan the hungreth,
Or whan thow clomsest for-cold,
Or clyngest for-drye;
Shul nevere gyves thee greve,
Ne gret lordes wrathe,
Prison ne peyne;
For *patientes vincunt.*
By so that thow be sobre
Of sighte and of tonge,
In etynge and in handlynge,
And in alle thi fyve wittes,
Darstow nevere care for corn,
Ne lynnen cloth ne wollen,
Ne for drynke, ne deeth drede,
But deye as God liketh,

Or thorugh hunger or thorugh hete,
At his wille be it.
For if thow lyve after his loore,
The shorter lif the bettre.
Si quis amat Christum,
Mundum non diliget istum.
" For thorugh his breeth beestes
And a-brood yeden. [woxen
Dixit et facta sunt, etc.
Ergo thorugh his breeth mowen
Men and beestes lyven,
As holy writ witnesseth, 9035
Whan men seye hir graces.
Aperis tu manum tuam, et imples
omne animal benedictione.
" It is founden that fourty wynter
Folk lyvede withouten tulying;
And out of the flynt sprong the flood
That folk and beestes dronken;
And in Elyes tyme
Hevene was y-closed,
That no reyn ne roon;
Thus rede men in bokes 9046
That many wyntres men lyveden,
And no mete ne tulieden.
" Sevene slepe; as seith the book,
Sevene hundred wynter,
And lyveden withouten liflode,
And at the laste thei woken.
And if men lyvede as mesure wolde,
Sholde nevere moore be defaute
Amonges cristene creatures,
If Cristes wordes ben trewe.
" Ac unkyndenesse *caristiam*
maketh 9056

Amonges cristen peple;
And over plentee maketh pryde
Amonges poore and riche.
Therfore mesure is muche worth,
It may noght be to deere;
For the meschief and the mes-
chaunce
Amonges men of Sodome,
Weex thorugh plentee of payn,
And of pure sleuthe.
*Otiositas et abundantia panis pec-
catum turpissimum nutrivit.*
For thei mesured noght hemself
Of that thei ete and dronke,
Thei diden dedly synne
That the devel liked,
So vengeaunce fil upon hem
For hir vile synnes;
Thei sonken into helle,
The citees echone.
" For-thi mesure we us wel,
And make oure feith oure sheltrom;
And thorugh feith cometh contri-
Conscience woot wel, [cion,
Which dryveth awey dedly synne,
And dooth it to be venial. [speke,
And though a man myghte noght
Contricion myghte hym save,
And brynge his soule to blisse;
For so that feith bere witnesse,
That whiles he lyvede, he bilevede
In the loore of the holy chirche.
Ergo contricion, feith, and conscience
Is kyndeliche Do-wel,

And surgiens for dedly synnes
Whan shrift of mouthe failleth.
Ac shrift of mouth moore worthi is,
If man be y-liche contrit;
For shrift of mouthe sleeth synne,
Be it never so dedly.
Per confessionem to a preest
Peccata occiduntur.
"Ther contricion dooth but dry-
Into a venial synne, [veth it down
As David seith in the Sauter,
Et quorum tecta sunt peccata;
Ac satisfaccion seketh out the roote,
And bothe sleeth and voideth,
An as it nevere hadde y-be
To noghte bryngeth dedly synne,
That it nevere eft is sene ne soor,
But semeth a wounde y-heeled."
"Where wonyeth Charité?"
quod Haukyn,
"I wiste nevere in my lyve
Man that with hym spak,
As wide as I have passed."
"Ther parfit truthe and poore
And pacience of tonge, [herte is,
Ther is Charité the chief chaum-
For God hymselve." [brere
"Wheither paciente poverte,"
quod Haukyn,
Be moore plesaunt to our Drighte
Than richesse rightfulliche wonne,
And resonably despended?"
"Ye, *quis est ille?*" quod Pacience;
"Quik *laudabimus eum.*

Though men rede of richesse
Right to the worldes ende,
I wiste nevere renk that riche was,
That whan he rekene sholde,
Whan he drogh to his deeth day,
That he ne dredde hym soore,
And that at the rekenyng in arrerage
Rather than out of dette. [fel
Ther the poore dar plede,
And preve by pure reson,
To have allowance of his lord,
By the lawe he it cleymeth;
Joye, that nevere joye hadde,
Of rightful jugge he asketh,
And seith "Lo! briddes and beestes
That no blisse ne knoweth,
And wilde wormes in wodes,
Thorugh wyntres thow hem grevest;
And makest hem wel neigh meke,
And mylde for defaute;
And after thow sendest hem somer,
That is hir sovereyn joye,
And blisse to alle that ben,
Bothe wilde and tame.'

"Thanne may beggeris as beestes
After boote waiten,
That al hir lif han lyved
In langour and in defaute,
But God sente hem som tyme
Som manere joye
Outher here or ellis where,
Kynde wolde it nevere;
For to wrotherhele was he wroght
That nevere was joye shapen.

Aungeles that in helle now ben
Hadden joye som tyme;
And Dives in the deyntees lyvede,
And in *douce vie.*
Right so reson sheweth
That the men that were riche,
And hir makes also,
Lyvede hir lif in murthe.
"Ac God is of wonder wille,
By that kynde wit sheweth,
To gyve many man his mede
Er he it have deserved.
Right so fareth God by some riche,
Ruthe me it thynketh;
For thei han hir hire heer,
And hevene, as it were,
And greet likynge to lyve
Withouten labour of bodye:
And whan he dyeth, ben disalowed,
As David seith in the Sauter:
Dormierunt, et nihil invenerunt.
And in another stede also:
Velut somnium surgentium, Domine, in civitate tua, et ad nihilum rediges, etc.
"Allas! that richesse shal reve
And robbe mannes soule
From the love of oure Lord,
At his laste ende.
"Hewen, that han hir hire afore,
Arn evere moore nedy;
And selden deyeth he out of dette,
That dyneth er he deserve it,
And til he have doon his devoir

And his dayes journée.
For whan a werkman hath wroght,
Than many men se the sothe
What he were worthi for his werk,
And what he hath deserved;
And noght to fonge bifore,
For drede of disalowyng.
"So I seye by yow riche,
It semeth noght that ye shulle
Have hevene in youre here dwellyng,
And hevene also therafter;
Right so as a servaunt taketh his salarie bifore,
And siththe wolde clayme moore,
As he that noon hadde,
And hath hire at the laste.
It may noght be, ye riche men,
Or Mathew on God lyeth:
Væ! deliciis ad delicias difficile est transire.
"Ac if ye riche have ruthe,
And rewarde wel the poore,
And lyven as lawe techeth,
And doon leauté to hem alle,
Crist of his curteisie
Shal conforte yow at the laste,
And rewarden alle double richesse
That rewful hertes habbeth.
And as an hyne that hadde
His hire er he bigonne,
And whan he hath doon his devoir wel
Men dooth hym oother bountee,
Gyveth hym a cote above his covenaunt,

Right so Crist gyveth hevene
Bothe to riche and to noght riche
That rewfulliche libbeth;
And alle that doon hir devoir wel
Han double hire for hir travaille,
Here forgifnesse of hir synnes,
And hevene blisse after.
"Ac it is but selde y-seien,
As by holy seintes bokes,
That God rewarded double reste
To any riche wye.
For muche murthe is amonges riche,
As in mete and clothyng;
And muche murthe in May is
Amonges wilde beestes,
And so forth while somer lasteth
Hir solace dureth.
"Ac beggeris aboute Midsomer
Bred-lees thei slepe.
And yet is wynter for hem worse,
For weet shoed thei gone,
A-furst soore and a-fyngred,
And foule y-rebuked,
And a-rated of riche men
That ruthe is to here.
Now, Lord, sende hem somer,
And som maner joye,
Hevene after hir hennes goyng,
That here han swich defaute,
For alle myghtestow have maad
Noon mener than oother,
And y-liche witty and wise,
If thee wel hadde liked.
But, Lord, have ruthe on thise riche
men,

That rewarde noght thi prisoners.
Of the good that thow hem gyvest
Ingrati ben manye;
Ac, God, of thi goodnesse
Gyve hem grace to amende.
For may no derthe be hem deere,
Droghte ne weet hem greve,
Ne neither hete ne hayll;
Have thei hir heele,
Of that thei wilne and wolde
Wanteth hem noght here.
"Ac poore peple thi prisoners,
Lord, in the put of meschief,
Conforte tho creatures,
That muche care suffren
Thorugh derthe, thorugh droghte,
Alle hir dayes here,
Wo in wynter tymes
For, wantynge of clothes,
And in somer tyme selde
Soupen to the fulle.
Conforte thi carefulle,
Crist, in thi richesse;
For how thow confortest alle creatures,
Clerkes bereth witnesse:
Convertimini ad me, et salvi eritis.
"Thus *in genere* of gentries
Jhesu Crist seide,
To robberis and to reveris,
To riche and to poore,
Thou taughtest hem in the Trinité
To taken bapteme,
And to be clene through that cristenyng
Of alle kynnes synne;

And if us fille thorugh folie
To falle in synne after,
Confession and knowlichynge
In cravynge thi mercy,
Shulde amenden us as manye sithes
As man wolde desire.
And if the pope wolde plede ayein,
And punysshe us in conscience,
He sholde take the acquitaunce as
And to the queed shewen it. [quyk,
Pateat, etc. per passionem Domini.
And putten of so the pouke,
And preven us under borwe.
Ac the parchemyn of this patente
Of poverte be moste,
And of pure pacience,
And parfit bileve.
"Of pompe and of pride
The parchemyn decourreth,
And principalliche of al the peple,
But thei be poore of herte;
Ellis is al on ydel,
Al that evere writen
Pater-nostres and penaunce,
And pilgrymages to Rome;
But oure spences and spendynge
Sprynge of a trewe wille,
Ellis is al our labour lost,
Lo! how men writeth
In fenestres at the freres,
If fals be the foundement.
For-thi cristene sholde be in commune riche,
Noon coveitous for hymselve.

"For sevene synnes ther ben,
That assaillen us evere;
The fend folweth hem alle,
And fondeth hem to helpe.
Ac with richesse that ribaud
He rathest men bigileth.
For ther that richesse regneth,
Reverence folweth;
And that is plesaunt to pride,
In poore and in riche.
And the riche is reverenced
By reson of his richesse,
Ther the poore is put bihynde,
And peraventure kan moore
Of wit and of wisdom,
That fer awey is bettre
Than richesse or reautee,
And rather y-herd in hevene.
For the riche hath muche to rekene;
And many tyme hym that walketh
The heighe wey to hevene-ward,
Richesse hym letteth,—
Ita impossibile diviti, etc.—
Ther the poore preesseth bifore the riche,
With a pak at his rugge,—
Opera enim illorum sequuntur illos.—
Batauntliche, as beggeris doon,
And boldeliche he craveth,
For his poverte and his pacience,
A perpetuel blisse.
Beati pauperes, quoniam ipsorum est regnum cælorum.
"And pride in richesse regneth
Rather than in poverte;

Arst in the master than in the man
Som mansion he haveth.
Ac in poverte, ther *pacience is,*
Pride hath no myghte,
Ne none of the sevene synnes
Sitten ne mowe ther *longe,*
Ne have power in *poverte,*
If pacience folwe.
For the poore is ay prest
To plese the riche,
And buxom at hise biddynges,
For his broke loves;
And buxomnesse and boost
Arn evere moore at werre,
And either hateth oother
In alle maner werkes.
"If wrathe wrastle with the poore,
He hath the worse ende;
And if thei bothe pleyne,
The poore is but feble;
And if he chide or chatre,
Hym cheveth the worse.
"And if coveitise cacche the poore,
Thei may noght come togideres;
And by the nekke namely
Hir noon may hente oother.
For men knowen wel that coveitise
Is of kene wille,
And hath hondes and armes
Of ful greet lengthe;
And poverte nys but a petit thyng,
Apereth noght to his navele;
And lovely layk was it nevere
Bitwene the longe and the shorte.

"And though avarice wolde angr
the poore,
He hath but litel myghte;
For poverte hath but pokes
To putten in hise goodes,
Ther avarice hath almaries,
And yren bounden cofres.
And wheither be lighter to breke,
And lasse boost maketh,
A beggeris bagge
Than an yren bounde cofre?
"Lecherie loveth hym noght,
For he gyveth but litel silver,
Ne dooth hym noght dyne delicatly,
Ne drynke wyn ofte.
A straw for the stuwes!
Thei stoode noght, I trowe, [men,
Hadde thei no thyng but of poore
Hir houses stoode untyled. [verte,
"And though sleuthe suwe po-
And serve noght God to paie,
Meschief is his maister,
And maketh hym to thynke
That God is his grettest help,
And no gome ellis;
And he is servaunt, as he seith,
And of his sute bothe;
And wheither he be or be noght,
He bereth the signe of poverte,
And in that secte oure Saveour
Saved al mankynde.
For-thi every poore that pacient is,
May cleymen and asken
After hir endynge here

Hevene riche blissé.
"Muche hardier may he asken,
That here myghte have his wille
In lond and in lordshipe,
And likynge of bodie,
And for Goddes love leveth al,
And lyveth as a beggere;
And as a mayde for mannes love
Hire moder forsaketh,
Hir fader and alle hire frendes,
And folweth hir make.
Muche moore is to love
Of hym that swich oon taketh,
Than is that maiden
That is maried thorugh brocage,
As by assent of sondry parties,
And silver to boote,
Moore for coveitise of good
Than kynde love of bothe.
So it fareth by ech a persone
That possession forsaketh,
And put hym to be pacient,
And poverte weddeth,
The which is sib to God hymself,
And so to hise seintes."
"Have God my trouthe!" quod Haukyn,
"Ye preise faste poverte, [he;
What is poverte with pacience," quod
"Proprely to mene?"
"*Paupertas*," quod Pacience, "*est odibile bonum, remotio curarum, possessio sine calumnia, donum Dei, sanitatis mater,*

absque sollicitudine semita, sapientiæ temperatrix, negotium sine damno, incerta fortuna, absque sollicitudine felicitas."

"I kan noght construe al this,"
quod Haukyn, [lissh."
"Ye moste kenne me this on Eng-
"In Englissh," quod Pacience,
"It is wel hard wel to expounen;
Ac som deel I shal seyen it,
By so thow understonde: 9466
Poverte is the firste point
That pride moost hateth;
Thanne is it good by good skile,
Al that agasteth pride.
Right as contricion is confortable
Conscience woot wel, [thyng,
And a sorwe of hymself,
And a solace to the soule,
So poverte propreliche,
Penaunce and joye,
Is to the body 9477
Pure spiritual helthe.
Ergo paupertas est odibile bonum.
And contricion confort,
And *cura animarum.*
"Selde sit poverte,
The sothe to declare;
For as justice to jugge men,
Enjoyned is no poore,
Ne to be mair above men
Ne mynystre under kynges;
Selde is any poore y-put 9488

To punysshen any peple.
Remotio curarum.
Ergo poverte and poore men
Perfournen the comaundement,
Nolite judicare
Quemquam the thridde,"
"Selde is any poore riche,
But of rightful heritage;
Wynneth he noght with wightes false,
Ne with unseled mesures,
Ne borweth of hise neighebores,
But that he may wel paie.
Possessio sine calumnia.
"The ferthe is a fortune
That florissheth the soule,
With sobretee fram alle synne,
And also yit moore
It afaiteth the flessh
Fram folies ful manye,
A collateral confort,
Cristes owene gifte.
Donum Dei.
"The fifte is moder of helthe,
A frend in alle fondynges,
And for the land evere a leche,
A lemman of alle clennesse.
Sanitatis mater.
"The sixte is a path of pees,
Ye, thorugh the paas of Aultone
Poverte myghte passe
Withouten peril of robbyng.
For ther that poverte passeth,
Pees folweth after;
And ever the lasse that he bereth,

The hardier he is of herte.
For-thi seith Seneca,
Paupertas est absque sollicitudine semita.
And an hardy man of herte,
Among an heep of theves.
Cantabit paupertas coram latrone viatore.
"The seventhe is welle of wisedom,
And fewe wordes sheweth;
Therfore lordes alloweth hym litel,
Or listneth to his reson,
For he tempreth the tonge to truthe-ward,
And no tresor coveiteth.
Sapientiæ temperatrix.
" The eightethe is a lele labour,
And looth to take moore
Than he may wel deserve,
In somer or in wynter.
And if he chaffareth, he chargeth no losse,
Mowe he charité wynne.
Negotium sine damno.
" The nynthe is swete to the soule,
No sugre is swetter.
For pacience is payn
For poverte hymselve,
And sobretee swete drynke
And good leche in siknesse.
Thus lered me a lettred man,
For oure Lordes love of hevene;
Seint Austyn a blessed lif
Withouten bisynesse ladde
For body and for soule,
Absque sollicitudine felicitas.

Now God, that alle good gyveth,
Graunte his soule reste
That this first wroot to wissen men
What poverte was to mene!"
"Allas!" quod Haukyn the actif man tho,
"That after my cristendom
I ne hadde be deed and dolven
For Do-welis sake!
So hard it is," quod Haukyn,
"To lyve and to do no synne.
Synne seweth us evere," quod he,
And sory gan wexe,
And wepte water with hise eighen,
And weyled the tyme
That he evere dide dede
That deere God displesed;
Swound and sobbed
And siked ful ofte,
That evere he hadde lond outher lordshipe,
Lasse other moore,
Or maistrie over any man
Mo than of hymselve.
"I were noght worthi, woot God!" quod Haukyn,
"To werien any clothes,
Ne neither sherte ne shoon,
Save for shame one
To covere my careyne," quod he;
And cride mercy faste,
And wepte and wailede;
And therwith I awakede.



Passus Decimus Quintus, etc. finit Do-wel, et incipit Do-bet.

AC after my wakynge, 9587
It was wonder longe
Er I koude kyndely
Knowe what was Do-wel.
And so my wit weex and wanyed,
Til I a fool weere;
And some lakkede my lif,
Allowed it fewe,
And lete me for a lorel,
And looth to reverencen
Lordes or ladies,
Or any lif ellis;
As persons in pelure, 9599
With pendauntz of silver;
To sergeauntz ne to swiche
Seide I noght ones,
"God loke yow, lordes!"
Ne loutede faire;
That folk helden me a fool,
And in that folie I raved.
Til reson hadde ruthe on me,
And rokked me a-slepe,
Til I seigh, as it sorcerie were,
A sotil thyng withalle; 9610

Oon withouten tonge and teeth
Tolde me whider I sholde,
And whereof I cam, and of what kynde;
I conjured hym at the laste,
If he were Cristes creature
Anoon me to tellen.
"I am Cristes creature," quod he,
"And cristene in many a place,
In Cristes court y-knowe wel,
And of his kyn a party.
Is neither Peter the porter,
Nor Poul with his fauchon,
That wole defende me the dore,
Dynge I never so late;
At mydnyght, at mydday,
My vois so is knowe,
That ech a creature of his court
Welcometh me faire."
"What are ye called," quod I,
"in that court,
Among Cristes peple?" [quod he,
"The whiles I quikne the cors,"
"Called am I *Anima;*
And whan I wilne and wolde,
Animus ich hatte;
And for that I kan knowe,
Called am I *Mens;*
And whan I make mone to God,
Memoria is my name;
And whan I deme domes,
And do as truthe techeth,
Thanne is *Ratio* my righte name,
Reson on Englisshe;

And whan I feele that folk telleth,
My firste name is *Sensus*,
And that is wit and wisdom,
The welle of alle craftes.
And whan I chalange or chalange
Chepe or refuse, [noght,
Thanne am I *Conscience* y-called,
Goddes clerk and his notarie;
And whan I love leelly
Oure Lord and alle othere,
Thanne is lele Love my name,
And in Latyn *Amor;* 9654
And whan I flee fro the flesshe,
And forsake the careyne,
Thanne am I a spirit specheless,
Spiritus thanne iche hatte.
Austyn and Ysodorus,
Either of hem bothe,
Nempnede me thus to name,
And now thow myght chese
How thow coveitest to calle me,
For now thow knowest my names."

Anima pro diversis actionibus diversa nomina sortitur; dum vivificat corpus, anima est; dum vult, animus est; dum scit, mens est; dum recolit, memoria est; dum judicat, ratio est; dum sentit, sensus est; dum amat, amor est; dum negat vel consentit, conscientia est; dum spirat, spiritus est.

"Ye ben as a bisshope," quod I,

Al bourdynge that tyme;
"For bisshopes y-blessed,
Thei bereth manye names,
Præsul and *pontifex*,
And *metropolitanus*,
And othere names an heep,
Episcopus and *pastor*."
"That is sooth," seide he;
"Now I se thi wille;
Thow woldest knowe and konne
The cause of alle my names,
And of me, if thow myghtest,
Me thynketh by thi speche."
"Ye, sire," I seide,
"By so no man were greved,
Alle the sciences under sonne,
And alle the sotile craftes,
I wolde I knewe and kouthe
Kyndely in myn herte."
"Thanne artow inparfit," quod he,
"And oon of Prides knyghtes;
For swich a lust and likyng
Lucifer fel from hevene."
Ponam pedem meum in aquilone, et similis ero altissimo.
"It were ayeins kynde," quod he,
"And alle kynnes reson,
That any creature sholde konne al,
Except Crist oone:
Ayein swiche Salomon speketh,
And despiseth hir wittes,
And seith, *Sicut qui mel comedit multum, non est ei bonum; sic qui scrutator est majestatis, opprimitur a gloria.*

" To Englisshe men this is to
mene,
That mowen speke and here,
The man that muche hony eteth,
His mawe it engleymeth;
And the moore that a man
Of good matere hereth,
But he do therafter,
It dooth hym double scathe.
Beatus est, seith seint Bernard,
Qui scripturas legit,
Et verba vertit in opera 9722
Fulliche to his power.
Coveitise to konne
And to knowe sciences,
Putte out of Paradis
Adam and Eve.
Scientiæ appetitus hominem inmortalitatis gloria spoliavit.
" And right as hony is yvel to defie,
And engleymeth the mawe;
Right so he that thorugh reson
Wolde the roote knowe 9733
Of God and of hise grete myghtes,
Hise graces it letteth.
For in the likynge lith a pride,
And licames coveitise,
Ayein Cristes counseil
And alle clerkes techynge;
That is *Non plus sapere quam oportet sapere.*
" Freres and fele othere maistres,
That to lewed men prechen,
Ye moeven materes unmesurable

To tellen of the Trinité,
That ofte tymes the lewed peple
Of hir bileve doute.
Bettre it were to manye doctours
To leven swich techyng,
And tellen men of the ten comaundmentz,
And touchen the sevene synnes,
And of the braunches that burjoneth of hem,
And bryngen men to helle,
And how that folk in folies
Misspenden hir fyve wittes,
As wel freres as oother folk
Foliliche spenden
In housynge, in haterynge,
And in to heigh clergie shewynge,
Moore for pompe than for pure charité,
The peple woot the sothe,
That I lye noght, loo!
For lordes ye plesen,
And reverencen the riche
The rather for hir silver.

Confundantur omnes qui adorant sculptilia. Et alibi: Ut quid diligitis vanitatem, et quæritis mendacium.

"Gooth to the glose of thise vers,
Ye grete clerkes;
If I lye on yow to my lewéd wit,
Ledeth me to brennyng.
For as it semeth, ye forsaketh
No mannes almesse;
Of usurers, of hoores,

Of avarouse chapmen;
And louten to thise lordes
That mowen lene yow nobles,
Ayein youre rule and religion,
I take record at Jhesus,
That seide to hise disciples,
Ne sitis personarum acceptores.
Of this matere I myghte
Make a long bible!
Ac of curatours of cristen peple,
As clerkes bereth witnesse,
I shal tellen it, for truthes sake,
Take hede who so liketh.
"As holynesse and honesté
Out of holy chirche spredeth
Thorugh lele libbynge men
That Goddes lawe techen;
Right so out of holi chirche
Alle yveles spryngeth,
There inparfit preesthode is,
Prechours and techeris.
I se it by ensaunple
In somer tyme on trowes;
Ther some bowes ben leved,
And some bereth none, .
Ther is a meschief in the morre
Of swiche manere bowes.
"Right so bi persons and preestes,
And prechours of holi chirche,
That aren roote of the right feith
To rule the peple.
And ther the roote is roten,
Reson woot the sothe,
Shal nevere flour ne fruyt

Ne fair leef be greene.
For-thi wolde ye, lettrede, leve
The lecherie of clothyng;
And be kynde, as bifel for clerkes,
And curteise of Cristes goodes,
Trewe of youre tonge,
And of youre tail bothe,
And hatien to here harlotrie;
And noght to underfonge
Tithes, but of trewe thyng,
Y-tilied or chaffared;
Lothe were lewed men,
But thei youre loore folwede,
And amendeden hem that mysdoon
Moore for youre ensaumples,
Than for to prechen and preven it
Ypocrisie it semeth; [noght,
The which in Latyn
Is likned to a dongehill
That were bi-snewed with snow,
And snakes withinne;
Or to a wal that were whit-lymed,
And were foul withinne;
"Right so manye preestes,
Prechours and prelates, [*paroles*,
Ye aren enblaunched with *bele*
And with clothes also;
Ac youre werkes and youre wordes
Aren ful unloveliche. [ther under,
Johannes Crisostomus
Of clerkes speketh and preestes;
Sicut de templo omne bonum progreditur, sic de templo omne malum procedit. Si sacerdo-

tium integrum fuerit, tota floret ecclesia; si autem corruptum fuerit, omnis fides marcida est. Si sacerdotium fuerit in peccatis, totus populus convertitur ad peccandum. Sicut cum videris arborem pallidam et marcidam, intelligis quod vitium habet in radice. Ita cum videris populum indisciplinatum et irreligiosum, sine dubio sacerdotium ejus non est sanum. 9857

"If lewed men wiste
What this Latyn meneth,
And who was myn auctour,
Muche wonder me thinketh,
But if many a preest beere,
For hir baselardes and hir broches,
A peire of bedes in hir hand,
And a book under hir arme.
Sire Johan and sire Geffrey
Hath a girdel of silver. 9867
A baselard or a ballok-knyf,
With botons over gilte;
Ac a porthors that sholde be his plow
Placebo to sigge,
Hadde he nevere service to save silver
Seith it with ydel willè. [therto.

"Allas! ye lewed men,
Muche lese ye on preestes.
Ac thing that wikkedly is wonne,
And with false sleightes,
Wolde nevere the wit of witty God

But wikkede men it hadde,
The whiche arn preestes inparfite,
And prechours after silver,
Executours and sodenes,
Somonours and hir lemmannes;
That that with gile was geten,
Ungraciousliche is despended;
So harlotes and hores
Arn holpe with swiche goodes,
And Goddes folk, for defaute therof,
For-faren and spillen.
" Curatours of holy kirke,
As clerkes that ben avarouse,
Lightliche that thei leven,
Losels it habbeth,
Or deieth intestate,
And thanne the bisshope entreth
And maketh murthe thermyd,
And hise men bothe,
And seyen he was a nygard
That no good myghte aspare
To frend ne to fremmed,
The fend have his soule!
For a wrecchede hous held he
Al his lif tyme;
And that he spared and bisperede,
Dispende we in murthe;
By lered, by lewed,
That looth is to despende.
Thus goon hire goodes,
Be the goost faren.
Ac for goode men, God woot!
Greet doel men maken,
And bymeneth goode mete gyveres,

And in mynde haveth,
In preieres and in penaunces,
And in parfit charité."
"What is charité?" quod I tho.
"A childisshe thyng," he seide.
"*Nisi efficiamini parvuli, non intrabitis in regnum cœlorum.*
Withouten fauntelté or folie,
A fre liberal wille."
"Where sholde men fynde swich
With so fre an herte?" [a frend,
"I have lyved in londe," quod he,
"My name is Longe-wille;
And fond I nevere ful charité
Byfore ne bihynde.
Men beth merciable
To mendinauntz and to poore,
And wollen lene ther thei leve
Lelly to ben paied.
Ac charité that Poul preiseth best,
And moost plesaunt to oure Lord,
Is *Non inflatur, non est ambitiosa, non quærit quæ sua sunt, etc.*
"I seigh nevere swich a man,
So me God helpe!
That he ne wolde aske after his,
And outher while coveite
Thyng that neded hym noght,
And nyme it, if he myghte.
"Clerkes kenne me
That Crist is in alle places;
Ac I seigh hym nevere soothly,
But as myself in a mirour:
In ænigmate tunc facie ad faciem.

And so I trowe trewely,
By that men telleth of charité,
It is noght chaumpions fight,
Ne chaffare, as I trowe.
"Charité," quod he, "ne chaffareth noght,
Ne chalangeth, ne craveth;
As proud of a peny,
As of a pound of golde;
And is as glad of a gowne
Of a gray russet,
As of a tunycle of Tarse,
Or of trie scarlet.
He is glad with alle glade,
And good til alle wikkede,
And leveth and loveth alle
That oure Lord made.
Corseth he no creature,
Ne he kan bere no wrathe,
Ne no likynge hath to lye,
Ne laughe men to scorne;
Al that men seyn, he leet it sooth,
And in solace taketh,
And alle manere meschiefs
In myldenesse he suffreth.
Coveiteth he noon erthely good,
But hevene riche blisse,
Hath he anye rentes or richesse,
Or anye riche frendes.
"Of rentes nor of richesse
Ne rekketh he nevere;
For a frend that fyndeth hym,
Failed hym nevere at neede.
Fiat voluntas tua
Fynt hym evere moore;

And if he soupeth, eteth but a sop
Of *spera in Deo.* [ter,
He kan portreye wel the paternos-
And peynte it with aves;
And outher while he is woned
To wenden on pilgrymages,
Ther poore men and prisons liggeth,
Hir pardon to have.
Though he bere hem no breed,
He bereth hem swetter liflode,
Loveth hem as oure Lord biddeth,
And loketh how thei fare.
"And whan he is wery of that werk,
Than wole he som tyme
Labouren in lavendrye
Wel the lengthe of a mile,
And yerne into youthe,
And yepeliche speke
Pride with al the appurtenaunces,
And pakken hem togideres,
And bouken hem at his brest,
And beten hem clene,
And leggen on longe, 10003
With *laboravi in gemitu meo;*
And with warm water at hise eighen
Wasshen hem after. [doth so,
And thanne he syngeth whan he
And som tyme seith wepynge,
Cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus,
non despicies." [hym," quod I,
"By Crist! I wolde that I knewe
"No creature levere!"
"Withouten help of Piers Plow-
man," quod he, 10013

" His persone sestow nevere."
" Wheither clerkes knowen hym,"
" That kepen holi kirke?" [quod I,
" Clerkes have no knowyng,"
quod he,
" But by werkes and by wordes.
Ac Piers the Plowman
Parceyveth moore depper
What is the wille and wherfore
That many wight suffreth.
Et vidit Deus cogitationes eorum.
For ther are ful proude herted men,
Pacient of tonge,
And buxome as of berynge
To burgeises and to lordes,
And to poore peple
Han pepir in the nose,
And as a lyoun he loketh,
Ther men lakken hise werkes.
" For ther are beggeris and bid-
Bedemen as it were, [deris,
Loken as lambren,
And semen ful holy;
Ac it is moore to have hir mete
With swich an esy manere,
Than for penaunce and perfitnesse,
The poverte that swiche taketh.
" Therfore by colour ne by clergie
Knowe shaltow nevere,
Neither thorugh wordes ne werkes,
But thorugh wil oone.
And that knoweth no clerk,
Ne creature on erthe,
But Piers the Plowman,

Petrus, i. Christus.
For he nys noght in lolleris,
Ne in lond leperis heremytes,
Ne at ancres there a box hangeth,
Alle swiche thei faiten.
Fy on faitours,
And *in fautores suos!*
For charité is Goddes champion,
And as a good child hende,
And the murieste of mouth
At mete where he sitteth.
The love that lith in his herte
Maketh hym light of speche,
And is compaignable and confortatif,
As Crist bit hymselve.
Nolite fieri sicut hypocritæ tristes, etc.
For I have seyen hym in silk,
And som tyme in russet,
Bothe in grey and in grys,
And in gilt harneis;
And as gladliche he it gaf
To gomes that it neded.
"Edmond and Edward
Bothe were kynges,
And seintes y-set,
For charité hem folwede.
"I have y-seyen charité also
Syngen and reden,
Riden and rennen
In raggede wedes;
Ac biddynge as beggeris
Biheld I hym nevere.
Ac in riche robes
Rathest he walketh,

Y-called and y-crymyled,
And his crowne y-shave;
And in a freres frokke
He was y-founden ones,
Ac it is fern ago,
In seint Fraunceis tyme:
In that secte siththe
To selde hath he ben founde.
" Riche men he recomendeth,
And of hir robes taketh,
That withouten wiles
Ledeth hir lyves.
Beatus est dives qui, etc.
" In kynges court he cometh ofte,
Ther the counseil is trewe;
Ac if coveitise be of the counseil,
He wolnoght come therinne.
" In court amonges japeris
He cometh noght but selde,
For braulynge and bakbitynge,
And berynge of fals witnesse.
" In the consistorie bifore the commissarie
He cometh noght but ofte;
For hir lawe dureth over longe,
But if thei lacchen silver,
And matrimoyne for moneie
Maken and unmaken;
And that conscience and Crist
Hath y-knyt faste,
Thei undoon it unworthily,
Tho doctours of lawe.
" Ac I ne lakke no lif,
But, Lord, amende us alle,

And gyve us grace, good God,
Charité to folwe.
For who so myghte meete myd hym
Swiche maneres hym eileth,
Neither he blameth ne banneth,
Bosteth ne preiseth,
Lakketh ne *loseth,*
Ne loketh up *sterne,*
Craveth ne *coveiteth,*
Ne crieth after *moore.*
In pace in idipsum dormiam, etc.
"The mooste liflode that he lyveth
Is love in Goddes passion; [by,
Neither he biddeth ne beggeth,
Ne borweth to yelde,
Misdooth he no man,
Ne with his mouth greveth.
"Amonges cristene men
This myldenesse sholde laste.
In alle manere angres
Have this at herte,
That theigh thei suffrede al this,
God suffrede for us moore,
In ensample we sholde do so,
And take no vengeaunce
Of oure foes that dooth us falsnesse,
That is oure fadres wille.
"For wel may every man wite,
If God hadde wold hymselve,
Sholde nevere Judas ne Jew
Have Jhesu doon on roode,
Ne han martired Peter ne Poul,
Ne in prison holden.
Ac he suffrede in ensample

That we sholde suffren also,
And seide to swiche that suffre
That *patientes vincunt.*
"*Verbi gratia,*" quod he,
"And verray ensamples manye,
In *Legenda Sanctorum,*
The lif of holy seintes,
What penaunce and poverte
And passion thei suffrede,
In hunger, in hete,
In alle manere angres.
"Antony and Egidie,
And othere holy fadres,
Woneden in wildernesse
Among wilde beestes;
Monkes and mendinauntz,
Men by hemselve,
In spekes and in spelonkes,
Selde speken togideres.
"Ac neither Antony ne Egidie,
Ne heremyte that tyme,
Of leons ne of leopardes
No liflode ne toke;
But of foweles that fleeth,
Thus fyndeth men in bokes.
Except that Egidie
After an hynde cride,
And thorugh the mylk of that mylde beest
The man was sustened;
And day bi day hadde he hire noght
His hunger for to slake,
But selden and sondry tymes,
As seith the book and techeth.
"Antony a dayes,

Aboute noon tyme,
Hadde a brid that broughte hym
That he by lyvede;
And though the gome hadde a gest,
God fond hem bothe.
"Poul *primus heremita*
Hadde parroked hymselve,
That no man myghte hym se
For mosse and for leves;
Foweles hym fedde
Fele wyntres withalle,
Til he foundede freres
Of Austynes ordre.
Poul, after his prechyng,
Paniers he made,
And wan with hise hondes
That his wombe neded.
"Peter fisshed for his foode,
And his felawe Andrew;
Som thei solde and som thei soden,
And so thei lyved bothe.
"And also Marie Maudeleyne
By mores lyvede and dewes,
Ac moost thorugh devocion
And mynde of God almyghty.
I sholde noght thise seven daies
Siggen hem alle,
That lyveden thus for oure Lordes
Many longe yeres.
"Ac ther ne was leon ne leopard
That on laundes wenten,
Neither bere ne boor,
Ne oother beest wilde,
That ne fil to hir feet,

And fawned with the tailles;
And if thei kouthe han y-carped,
By Crist! as I trowe,
Thei wolde have y-fed that folk
Bifore wild foweles.
Ac God sente hem foode by foweles,
And by no fierse beestes,
In menynge that meke thyng
Mylde thyng sholde fede.
"Ac who seith religiouses
Rightfulle men sholde fede,
And lawefulle men to lif-holy men
Liflode sholde brynge;
And thanne wolde lordes and ladies
Be looth to agulte,
And to taken of hir tenauntz
Moore than trouthe wolde,
Foulde thei that freres
Wolde forsake hir almesses,
And bidden hem bere it
There it was y-borwed.
For we ben Goddes foweles,
And abiden alwey
Til briddes brynge us
That we sholde lyve by.
For hadde ye potage and payn
And peny ale to drynke,
And a mees thermyd
Of o maner kynde,.
Ye hadde right y-nogh, ye religi-
And so youre rule me tolde.

Nunquam, dicit Job, rugit onager cum herbam habuerit, aut mugiet bos cum ante plenum præ-

sepe steteris. Brutorum animalium naturâ te condemnat, quia cum eis pabulum commune sufficiat, ex adipe prodiit iniquitas tua.

" If lewed men knewe this Latyn,
Thei wolde loke whom thei yeve,
And avisen hem bifore
A fyve dayes or sixe,
Er thei amortisede to monkes
Or chanons hir rente.
Allas! lordes and ladies,
Lewed counseil have ye,
To gyve from youre heires
That youre aiels yow lefte,
And gyveth it to bidde for yow
Fo swiche that ben riche,
And ben founded and feffed ek
To bidde for othere.
" Who perfourneth this prophecie
Of the peple that now libbeth?
Dispersit, dedit pauperibus.
" If any peple perfourne that text,
It are thise poore freres;
For that thei beggen aboute,
In buyldynge thei spende it,
And on hemself som,
And swiche as ben hir laborers;
And of hem that habbeth thei taken,
And gyveth hem that habbeth.
" Ac clerkes and knyghtes,
And communers that ben riche,
Fele of yow fareth
As if I a forest hadde

That were ful of faire trees,
And I fondede and caste
How I myghte mo therinne
Amonges hem sette.
"Right so, ye riche,
Ye robeth that ben riche,
And helpeth hem that helpeth yow,
And gyveth ther no nede is.
As who so filled a toune
Of a fressh ryver,
And wente forth with that water
To woke with Temese;
Right so, ye riche,
Ye robeth and fedeth
Hem that han as ye han,
Hem ye make at ese.
"Ac religiouse that riche ben,
Sholde rather feeste beggeris
Than burgeises that riche ben,
As the book techeth.
Quia sacrilegium est res pauperum non pauperibus dare. Item: Peccatoribus dare, est dæmonibus immolare. Item: Monache, si indiges et accipis, potius das quam accipis; si autem non eges et accipis, rapis. Porro non indiget monachus, si habeat quod naturæ sufficit.
"For-thi I counseille alle cristene
To conformen hem to charité.
For charité withouten chalangynge
Unchargeth the soule,
And many a prison fram purgatorie

Thorugh hise preieres he delivereth.
Ac ther is a defaute in the folk
That the feith kepeth;
Wherfore folk is the febler,
And noght ferm of bileve,
As in lussheburwes is a luther alay,
And yet loketh he lik a sterlyng;
The merk of that monee is good,
Ac the metal is feble.
"And so it fareth by som folk now,
Thei han a fair speche,
Crowne and cristendom,
The kynges mark of hevene;
Ac the metal, that is mannes soule,
With synne is foule alayed:
Bothe lettred and lewed
Beth alayed now with synne,
That no lif loveth oother,
Ne oure Lord, as it semeth.
For thorugh werre and wikkede
And wederes unresonable, [werkes,
Weder-wise shipmen,
And witty clerkes also,
Han no bileve to the lifte,
Ne to the loore of philosofres.
"Astronomiens al day
In hir art failled,
That whilom warned bifore
What sholde falle after.
"Shipmen and shepherdes,
That with ship and sheep wenten,
Wisten by the walkne
What sholde bitide,
As of wedres and wyndes

Thei warned men ofte.
"Tilieris, that tiled the erthe,
Tolden hir maistres,
By the seed that thei sewe,
What thei selle myghte,
And what to lene, and what to lyve by,
The lond was so trewe.
"Now faileth the folk of the flood,
And of the lond bothe,
Shepherdes and shipmen,
And so do thise tilieris,
Neither thei konneth ne knoweth
Oon cours bifore another.
"Astronomyens also
Aren at hir wittes ende,
Of that was calculed of the element
The contrarie thei fynde;
Grammer, the ground of al,
Bigileth now children,
For is noon of this newe clerkes,
Who so nymeth hede,
Naught oon among an hundred
That an auctour kan construwe,
Ne rede a lettre in any langage
But in Latyn or in Englissh.
"Go now to any degree,
And but if gile be maister,
And flaterere his felawe
Under hym to fourmen,
Muche wonder me thynketh
Amonges us alle,
Doctours of decrees
And of divinité maistres,
That sholde konne and knowe

Alle kynnes clergie,
And answere to argumentz,
And also to a *quodlibet;*
I dar noght siggen it for shame,
If swiche were apposed,
Thei sholde faillen of her philosophie,
And in phisik bothe.
"Wherfore I am a-fered
Of folk of holy kirke,
Lest thei overhuppen, as oothere doon,
In office and in houres;
And if they overhuppe, as I hope,
Oure bileve suffiseth; [noght,
As clerkes in Corpus Christi feeste
Syngen and reden,
That *sola fides sufficit*
To save with lewed peple;
And so may Sarzens be saved,
Scribes, and Jewes.
"Allas, thanne! but our looresmen
Lyve as thei leren us,
And for hir lyvynge that lewed men
Be the lother God agulten.
For Sarzens han somwhat
Semynge to oure bileve;
For thei love and bileve
In o persone almyghty,
And we, lered and lewed,
In oon God almyghty;
And oon Makometh, a man,
In mysbileve broughte
Sarzens of Surree,
And see in what manere.
"This Makometh was a cristene

And for he moste noght ben a pope
Into Surrie he soughte,
And thorugh hise sotile wittes
He daunted a dowve,
And day and nyght hire fedde,
The corn that she croppede
He caste it in his ere;
And if he among the peple preched,
Or in places come,
Thanne wolde the colvere come
To the clerkes ere
Menynge as after mete,—
Thus Makometh hire enchauntede;
And dide folk thanne falle on knees,
For he swoor in his prechyng
That the colvere that com so,
Com from God of hevene,
As messager to Makometh,
Men for to teche.
And thus thorugh wiles of his wit,
And a whit dowve,
Makometh in mysbileve
Men and wommen broughte;
That lyved tho there and lyve yit
Leeven on hise lawes.
"And siththe oure Saveour suffred,
The Sarzens so bigiled
Thorugh a cristene clerk,
Acorsed in his soule!
For drede of the deeth
I dare noght telle truthe,
How Englisshe clerkes a colvere fede
That coveitise highte,
And ben manered after Makometh,

That no man useth trouthe.
"Ancres and heremytes,
And monkes and freres,
Peeren to the apostles
Thorugh hire parfit lyvynge;
Wolde nevere the feithful fader
That hise ministres sholde
Of tirauntz that teneth trewe men
Taken any almesse,
But doon as Antony dide,
Dominyk and Fraunceys,
Beneit and Bernard,
The whiche hem first taughte
To lyve by litel, and in lowe houses,
By lele mennes almesse.
Grace sholde growe and be grene
Thorugh hir goode lyvynge;
And folkes sholden fare,
That ben in diverse siknesse,
The bettre for hir biddynges
In body and in soule.
Hir preieres and hir penaunces
To pees sholde brynge
Alle that ben at debaat,
And bedemen were trewe.
Petite et accipietis, etc.
Salt saveth the catel,
Siggen thise wives.
Vos estis sal terræ, etc.
The hevedes of holy chirche,
And thei holy were,
Crist calleth hem salt
For cristene soules.
Et si sal evanuerit in quo salietur, etc.

" For fressh flessh outher fissh,
Whan it salt failleth,
It is unsavory for sothe,
Y-soden or y-bake;
So is mannes soule, soothly,
That seeth no goode ensamples
Of hem of holi chirche,
That the heighe wey sholde teche,
And be gide, and go bifore,
As a good banyer;
And hardie hem that bihynde ben,
And gyve hem good evidence.
" Ellevene holy men
Al the world tornede
Into lele bileve;
The lightloker me thinketh
Sholde alle maner men,
We han so manye maistres,
Preestes and prechours,
And a pope above,
That Goddes salt sholde be
To save mannes soule.
" Al was hethynesse som tyme
Engelond and Walis,
Til Gregory garte clerkes
To go here and preche;
Austyn at Caunterbury
Cristnede the kyng,
And thorugh miracles, as men now
Al that marche he tornede [rede,
To Crist and to cristendom,
And cros to honoure;
And follede folk faste,
And the feith taughte,

Moore thorugh miracles
Than thorugh muche prechyng,
As wel thorugh hise werkes
As with hise holy wordes,
And seide hem what fullynge
And feith was to mene.
"Clooth that cometh fro the wev-
Is noght comly to were, [ynge
Til it be fulled under foot
Or in fullyng stokkes,
Wasshen wel with water,
And with taseles cracched,
Y-touked and y-teynted,
And under taillours hande;
Right so it fareth by a barn,
That born is of a wombe,
Til it be cristned in Cristes name,
And confermed of the bisshope,
It is hethene as to hevene-ward,
And help-lees to the soule.
Hethen is to mene after heeth
And untiled erthe,
As in wilde wildernesse
Wexeth wilde beestes,
Rude and unresonable,
Rennynge withouten cropiers.
"Ye mynnen wel how Mathew
How a man made a feste; [seith,
He fedde him with no venyson,
Ne fesauntz y-bake,
But with foweles that fram hym
But folwede his whistlyng. [nolde,
Ecce altilia mea, et omnia parata sunt.
And with calves flessh he fedde

The folk that he lovede.
" The calf bitokneth clennesse
In hem that kepeth lawes.
For as the cow thorugh kynde mylk
The calf norisseth til an oxe;
So love and leauté
Lele men susteneth,
And maidenes and mylde men
Mercy desiren,
Right as the cow calf
Coveiteth melk swete,
So doon rightfulle men
Mercy and truthe.
" Ac who beth that excuseth hem
That ben persons and preestes,
That hevedes of holy chirche ben,
That han hir wil here
Withouten travaille the tithe deel
That trewe men biswynken;
Thei wol be wrooth for I write thus,
Ac to witnesse I take
Bothe Mathew and Marc,
And *Memento Domine David.*
" What pope or prelat now
Perfourneth that Crist highte.
Ite in universum mundum et prædicate, etc.
" Allas! that men so longe
On Makometh sholde bileve,
So manye prelates to preche
As the pope maketh,
Of Nazareth, of Nynyve,
Of Neptalym and Damaske,
That thei ne wente as Crist wisseth,
Sithen thei wille have name

To be pastours and preche .
To lyve and to dye.
Bonus pastor animam suam ponit, etc.
And seide it in salvacion
Of Sarzens and othere,
For cristene and uncristene
Crist seide to prechours :
Ite, vos in vineam meam, etc..
" And sith that thise Sarzens,
Scribes, and Jewes,
Han a lippe of our bileve,
The lightlier me thynketh
Thei sholde turne, who so travailed
To teche hem of the Trinité.
Quærite et invenietis, etc.
" It is ruthe to rede
How rightwise men lyvede,
How thei defouled hir flessh,
Forsoke hir owene wille,
Fer fro kyth and fro kyn
Yvele y-clothed yeden,
Baddely y-bedded,
No book but conscience,
Ne no richesse but the roode
To rejoisse hem inne.
Absit nobis gloriari nisi in cruce Domini nostri, etc.
" And tho was plentee and pees
Amonges poore and riche,
And now is routhe to rede
How the rede noble
Is reverenced er the roode,
And receyved for worthier
Than Cristes cros, that overcam

Deeth and dedly synne.
And now is werre and wo;
And who so why asketh,
For coveitise after cros
The croune stant in golde.
Bothe riche and religious
That roode thei honoure
That in grotes is y-grave
And in gold nobles.
For coveitise of that cros,
Men of holy kirke
Shul torne as templers dide,
The tyme approcheth faste.
"Wite ye noght, ye wise men,
How tho men honoured
Moore tresor than trouthe,
I dar noght telle the sothe,
Reson and rightful doom
The religiouse demede.
"Right so, ye clerkes,
For youre coveitise, er longe,
Shal thei demen *dos ecclesiæ*,
And youre pride depose.
Deposuit potentes de sede, etc.
"If knyghthod and kynde wit
And the commune by conscience
Togideres love leelly,
Leveth it wel, ye bisshopes,
The lordshipe of youre londes
For evere shul ye lese,
And lyven as *levitici*,
As oure Lord techeth.
Per primitias et decimas, etc.
"Whan Costantyn of curteisie
Holy kirke dowed

With londes and ledes,
Lordshipes and rentes,
An aungel men herden
An heigh at Rome crye,
Dos ecclesiæ this day
Hath y-dronkė venym,
And tho that han Petres power
Arn apoisoned alle.
" A medicyne moot therto,
That may amende prelates,
That sholden preie for the pees,
Possession hem letteth;
Taketh hire landes, ye lordes,
And leteth hem lyve by dymes.
" If possession be poison,
And inparfite hem make,
Good were to deschargen hem,
For holy chirches sake,
And purgen hem of poison,
Er moòre peril falle.
" If preesthode were parfit,
The peple sholde amende
That contrarien Cristes lawe,
And cristendom dispise.
For alle paynymes preieth,
And parfitly bileveth
In the holy grete God,
And his grace thei asken,
And make hir mone to Makometh
Hir message to shewe.
Thus in a feith leve that folk,
And in a fals mene;
And that is routhe for rightful men
That in the reawme wonyen,

And a peril to the pope
And prelates that he maketh,
That bere bisshopes names
Of Bethleem and Babiloigne,
That huppe aboute in Engelond
To halwe mennes auteres,
And crepe amonges curatours,
And confessen ageyn the lawe.
Nolite mittere falcem in messem alienam, etc.
" Many man for Cristes love
Was martired in Romayne,
Er any cristendom was knowe there,
Or any cros honoured.
" Every bisshop that bereth cros,
By that he is holden
Thorugh his province to passe,
And to his peple to shewe hym,
Tellen hem and techen hem
On the Trinité to bileve,
And feden hem with goostly foode,
And gyve there it nedeth.
In domo mea non est panis neque vestimentum, et ideo nolite constituere me regem.
" Ozias seith for swiche
That sike ben and feble,
Inferte omnes decimas in horreum meum, ut sit cibus in domo mea.
" Ac we cristene creatures
That on the cros bileven,
Arn ferme as in the feith,
Goddes forbode ellis!
And han clerkes to kepen us ther-

And hem that shul come after us.
" And Jewes lyven in lele lawe,
Oure Lord wroot it hymselve
In stoon, for it stedefast was,
And stonde sholde evere.
Dilige Deum et proximum,
Is parfit Jewen lawe;
And took it Moyses to teche men
Til Messie coome;
And on that lawe thei lyve yit,
And leten it the beste,
And yit knewe thei Crist
That cristendom taughte
For a parfit prophete
That muche peple savede
Of selkouthe sores,
Thei seighen it ofte,
Bothe of miracles and merveilles,
And how he men festede,
With two fisshes and fyve loves
Fyve thousand peple;
And by that mangerie men myghte
That Messie he semede,
And whan he lifte up Lazar,
That leid was in grave,
And under stoon deed and stank,
With stif vois hym callede:
Lazare, veni foras.
Dide hym rise and rome,
Right bifore the Jewes.
" Ac thei seiden and sworen
With sorcerie he wroughte,
And studieden to struyen hym,
And struyden hemselve;

And thorugh his pacience, hir power
To pure noght he broughte.
Patientes vincunt.
"Daniel of hire undoynge
Devyned and seide,
Cum sanctus sanctorum veniat, cessabit unctio vestra.
And wenen tho wrecches
That he were *pseudo-propheta*,
And that his loore be lesynges,
And lakken it alle,
And hopen that he be to come
That shal hem releve,
Moyses eft or Messie
Hir maistres yit devyneth.
"Ac Pharisees and Sarzens,
Scribes and Jewes,
Arn folk of oon feith,
The fader God thei honouren.
And sithen that the Sarzens,
And also the Jewes,
Konne thé firste clause of oure bileve,
Credo in Deum patrem omnipotentem,
Prelates of cristene provinces
Sholde preve, if thei myghte,
To lere hem litlum and litlum
Et in Jesum Christum filium,
Til thei kouthe speke and spelle
Et in Spiritum sanctum,
And reden it and recorden it
With *remissionem peccatorum,*
Carnis resurrectionem, et vitam æternam. Amen."

Passus Decimus Sextus, etc. et Primus de Do-bet.

NOW faire falle yow," quod I tho,
" For youre faire shewyng;
For Haukyns love, the actif man,
Evere I shal yow lovye!
Ac yit I am in a weer
What charité is to mene."
" It is a ful trie tree," quod he,
" Trewely to telle;
Mercy is the more therof,
The myddul stok is ruthe;
The leves ben lele wordes,
The lawe of holy chirche;
The blosmes beth buxom speche,
And benigne lokynge;
Pacience hatte the pure tree,
And pure symple of herte;
And so, thorugh God and thorugh goode men,
Groweth the fruyt charité."
" I wolde travaille," quod I," this tree to se,
Twenty hundred myle;
And for to have my fulle of that fruyt,

Forsake alle othere saulees.
Lord!" quod I, "if any wight wite
Whider out it groweth."
"It groweth in a gardyn," quod he,
"That God made hymselve,
Amyddes mannes body,
The more is of that stokke,
Herte highte the herber
That it inne groweth.
And *liberum arbitrium*
Hath the lond the ferme
Under Piers the Plowman,
To piken it and to weden it."
"Piers the Plowman!" quod I
And al for pure joye
That I herde nempne his name,
Anoon I swowned after,
And lay longe in a lone dreem;
And at the laste, me thoughte
That Piers the Plowman
Al the place me shewed,
And bad me to toten on the tree,
On top and on roote;
With thre piles was it under-pight,
I perceyved it soone.
"Piers," quod I, "I preie thee,
Whi stonde thise piles here?"
"For wyndes, wiltow wite," quod he,
To witen it fro fallyng.
Cum ceciderit justus, non collidetur, quia Dominus supponit manum suam.
And in blowyng tyme, abite the flowres,
But if thise piles helpe,

"The world is a wikked wynd
To hem that willen trûthe;
Coveitise comth of that wynd,
And crepeth among the leves,
And for-freteth neigh the fruyt
Thorugh manye faire sightes;
Thanne with the firste pil I palle hym
That is *Potentia Dei.* [down,
"The flessh is a fel wynd,
And in flouryng tyme
Thorugh likynge and lustes
So loude he gynneth blowe,
That it norisseth nyce sightes,
And som tyme wordes,
And wikkede werkes therof,
Wormes of synne,
And for-biteth the blosmes
Right to the bare leves.
"Than sette I to the secounde pil
Sapientia Dei patris;
That is the passion and the power
Of oure prince Jhesu. [aunces,
Thorugh preieres and thorugh pen-
And Goddes passion in mynde,
I save it til I se it ripen
And som del y-fruyted.
"And thanne fondeth the fend
My fruyt to destruye,
With alle the wiles that he kan;
And waggeth the roote,
And casteth up to the crop
Unkynde neighebores;
Bakbiteris breke the cheste,
Brawleris and chideris,

And leith a laddre therto,
Of lesynges are the ronges,
And feccheth awey my floures som
Afore bothe myne eighen. [tyme
Ac *liberum arbitrium*
Letteth hym som tyme,
That is lieutenaunt to loken it wel,
Bi leve of myselve.
Videatis qui peccat in spiritum sanctum nunquam remittetur, etc. Hoc est idem, qui peccat per liberum arbitrium non repurgatur.
"Ac whan the fend and the flessh
Forth with the world
Manacen bihynde me
My fruyt for to fecche,
Thanne *liberum arbitrium*
Laccheth the firste plante,
And palleth adoun the pouke,
Pureliche thorugh grace
And help of the Holy Goost,
And thus have I the maistrie."
"Now faire falle yow! Piers,"
"So faire ye discryven [quod I,
The power of thise postes,
And hire propre myghtes.
Ac I have thoughtes a threve
Of thise thre piles,
In what wode thei woxen,
And where that thei growed;
For alle are thei aliche longe,
Noon lasse than oother,
And to my mynde, as me thinketh,

On o more thei growed,
And of o greetnesse,
And grene of greyn thei semen."
"That is sooth," quod Piers,
"So it may bifalle;
I shal telle thee as tid
What this tree highte.
The ground there it groweth,
Goodnesse it hatte;
And I have told thee what highte the
The Trinité it meneth." [tree,
And egreliche he loked on me;
And therfore I spared
To asken hym any moore therof,
And bad hym ful faire
To discryve the fruyt
That so faire hangeth.
"Heer now bynethe," quod he
"If I nede hadde, [tho,
Matrimoyne I may nyme,
A moiste fruyt withalle;
Thanne continence is neer the crop,
As kaylewey bastard,
Thanne bereth the crop kynde fruyt,
And clennest of alle,
Maidenhode aungeles peeris
And rathest wole be ripe,
And swete withouten swellyng,
Sour worth it nevere."
I preide Piers tho to pulle a-doun
An appul, and he wolde,
And suffre me to assaien
What savour it hadde.
And Piers caste to the crop,

And thanne comsed it to crye,
And waggede widwehode,
And it wepte after;
And whan it meved matrimoyne,
It made a foul noise.
And I hadde ruthe whan Piers rog-
It gradde so rufulliche; [ged,
For evere as thei dropped a-doun,
The devel was redy
And gadrede hem alle togideres,
Bothe grete and smale,
Adam and Abraham, 10962
And Ysaye the prophete,
Sampson and Samuel,
And seint Johan the Baptist,
Bar hem forth bodily,
No body hym letted,
And made of holy men his hoord
In limbo inferni,
There is derknesse and drede,
And the devel maister.
And Piers, for pure tene,
Of that a pil he raughte; 10973
He hitte after hym,
Hitte how it myghte,
Filius by the fader wille,
And frenesse of *Spiritus sancti*,
To go robbe that rageman,
And reve the fruyt fro hym.
And thanne spak *Spiritus sanctus*
In Gabrielis mouthe,
To a maide that highte Marie,
A meke thyng withalle,
That oon Jhesus a justices sone

Moste jouke in hir chambre,
Til *plenitudo temporis*
Fully comen were,
That Piers fruyt floured,
And felle to be rype,
And thanne sholde Jhesus juste
By juggement of armes, [therfore,
Wheither sholde fonge the fruyt,
The fend or hymselve.
  The maide myldeliche tho
The messager graunted,
And scide hendeliche to hym,
"Lo me his hand-maiden
For to werchen his wille,
Withouten any synne."
Ecce ancilla Domini, fiat mihi, etc.
  And in the wombe of that wenche
Was he fourty woukes,
Til he weex a faunt thorugh hir
And of fightyng kouthe, [flessh,
To have y-foughte with the fend
Er ful tyme come.
And Piers the Plowman
Perceyved plener tyme,
And lered hym lechecraft
His lif for to save, [his enemy,
That though he were wounded with
To warisshen hymselve,
And dide hym assaie his surgenrie
On hem that sike were,
Til he was perfit praktisour,
If any peril fille;
And soughte out the sike
And synfulle bothe,

And salvede sike and synfulle,
Bothe blynde and crokede,
And commune wommen convertede,
And to goode turnede.
Non est sanis opus medicinæ, sed
ãn, etc.
Bothe meseles and mute,
And in the menyson blody,
Ofte heeled swiche,
He ne held it for no maistrie,
Save tho he leched Lazar
That hadde y-leye in grave, 11029
Quatriduanus quelt,
Quyk dide hym walke.
Ac as he made the maistrie,
Mœstus cœpit esse,
And wepte water with hise eighen,
Ther seighen it manye.
Some that the sighte seighen,
Seiden that tyme
That he was leche of lif
And lord of heigh hevene.
Jewes jangled ther ayein, 11040
And juggede lawes, [craft,
And seide he wroghte thorugh wiche-
And with the develes myghte.
Dæmonium habet, etc.
Thanne, "are ye cherles," quod ich,
"And youre children bothe,
And Sathan youre saveour,
Ye self now ye witnessen."
"For I have saved yow self," seith
"And youre sones after, [Crist,
Youre bodies, youre beestes, 11051

And blynde men holpen,
And fed yow with two fisshes
And with fyve loves,
And lefte baskettes ful of broke mete,
Bere awey who so wolde."
And mys-seide the Jewes manliche,
And manaced hem to bete,
And knokked on hem with a corde,
And caste a-doun hir stalles
That in chirche chaffareden,
Or chaungeden any moneie,
And seide it in sighte of hem alle,
So that alle herden:—
"I shal overturne this temple,
And a-doun throwe it,
And in thre daies after
Edifie it newe, [moore
And maken it as muche outher
In alle manere poyntes
As evere it was, and as wid;
Wherfore I hote yow,
Of preieres and of perfitnesse
This place that ye callen."
Domus mea domus orationis vocabitur.
Envye and yvel wil
Was in the Jewes;
Thei casten and contreveden
To kulle hym whan thei myghte,
Eche day after oother
Hir tyme thei awaiteden;
Til it bifel on a Friday
A litel bifore Pasqe,
The Thursday bifore

There he made his maundee,
Sittynge at the soper •
He seide thise wordes,
"I am sold thorugh oon of yow,
He shal the tyme rewe,
That evere he his Saveour solde,
For silver or ellis."
Judas jangled ther ayein;
Ac Jhesus hym tolde,
It was hymself soothly,
And seide *tu dicis.*
Thanne wente forth that wikked man,
And with the Jewes mette,
And tolde hem a tokne
How to knowe with Jhesus,
And which tokne to this day
To muche is y-used,
That is kissynge and fair counte-naunce,
And unkynde wille.
And so was with Judas tho,
That Jhesus bitrayed: •
"*Avè, rabyy*" quod that ribaud,
And right to hym he yede,
And kiste hym, to be caught therby,
And kulled of the Jewes.
Thanne Jhesus to Judas
And to the Jewes seide,
"Falsnesse I fynde
In thi faire speche,
And gile in thi glad chere,
And galle is in thi laughyng;
Thow shalt be myrour
To many men to deceyve,
Ac the worse and the wikkednesse

Shal worthe upon thiselve.
Necesse est ut veniant scandala: Væ homini illi per quem scandalum venit!
"Though I bi treson be take
At youre owene wille,
Suffreth myne apostles in pees
And in pays gange."
On a Thursday in thesternesse
Thus was he taken,
Thorugh Judas and Jewes,
Jhesus was his name,
That on the Friday folwynge
For mankyndes sake
Justed in Jherusalem,
A joye to us alle.
On cros upon Calvarie
Crist took the bataille
Ayeins deeth and the devel,
Destruyed hir botheres myghtes,
Deide and deed for-dide,
And day of nyght made.
And I awaked therwith,
And wiped myne eighen,
And after Piers the Plowman
Pried and stared
Est-ward and west-ward,
I waited after faste,
And yede forth as an ydiot
In contree to aspie,
After Piers the Plowman
Many a place I soughte.
And thanne mette I with a man,
A myd-lenten Sonday,

As hoor as an hawethorn,
And Abraham he highte.
I frayned hym first
Fram whennes he come,
And of whennes he were,
And whider that he soughte.

"I AM Feith," quod that freke,
"It falleth noght to lye,
And of Abrahames hous
An heraud of armes,
And seke after a segge
That I seigh ones,
A ful bold bacheler,
I knew hym by his blasen."
"What berth that buyrn?" quod
"So blisse thee bitide!" [I tho,
"Thre leodes in oon lyth,
Noon lenger than oother,
Of oon muchel and myght
In mesure and in lengthe;
That oon dooth, alle dooth,
And ech dooth bi his one.
"The firste hath myght and ma-
Makere of alle thynges, [jestee,
Pater is his propre name,
A persone by hymselve.
"The secounde of tha sire is
Sothfastnesse *filius*,
Wardeyn of that wit hath
Was evere withouten gynnyng.
"The thridde highte the Holi
A persone by hymselve, [Goost,
The light of al that lif hath

A-londe and a-watre,
Confortour of creatures,
Of hym cometh alle blisse.
"So thre bilongeth for a lord
That lordshipe cleymeth,
Might and mene
To knowe his owene myghte,
Of hym and of his servaunt,
And what thei suffre bothe.
"So God that gynnyng hadde nevere,
But tho hym good thoughte,
Sente forth his sone,
As for servaunt that tyme,
To ocupie hym here,
Til issue were spronge,
That is, children of charité,
And holi chirche the moder;
Patriarkes and prophetes
And apostles were the children,
And Crist and cristendom,
And cristene holy chirche,
In menynge that man moste
On o God bileve.
And there hym likede and lovede,
In thre persones hym shewede,
And that it may be so and sooth,
Manhode it sheweth,
Wedlok and widwehode,
With virginité y-nempned,
In tokenynge of the Trinité
Was out of man taken.
"Adam was oure aller fader,
And Eve was of hymselve,

And the issue that thei hadde
It was of hem bothe,
And either is otheres joie
In thre sondry persones,
And in hevene and here
Oon singuler name;
And thus is mankynde and manhede
Of matrimoyne y-spronge,
And bitokneth the Trinité
And trewe bileve.
"Mighty is matrimoyne,
That multiplieth the erthe,
And bitokneth trewely,
Telle if I dorste,
Hym that first formed al,
The fader of hevene.
"The sone, if I it dorste seye,
Resembleth wel the widewe.
Deus meus, Deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me!
"That is, creatour weex creature
To knowe what was bothe.
As widewe withouten wedlok
Was nevere yit y-seighe;
Na-moore myghte God be man,
But if he moder hadde.
So widewe withouten wedlok
May noght wel stande,
Ne matrimoyne withouten muliere
Is noght muche to preise.
Maledictus homo qui non reliquit semen in Israel! etc.
"Thus in thre persones
Is perfitliche manhede;

That is man and his make
And mulliere children.
And is noght but gendre of a gene-[racion
Bifore Jhesu Crist in hevene;
So is the fader forth with the sone,
And fre wille of bothe.
Spiritus procedens a patre et filio, etc.
Which is the Holy Goost of alle,
And alle is but o God.
"Thus in a somer I hym seigh
As I sat in my porche.
I roos up and reverenced hym,
And right faire hym grette,
Thre men to my sighte
I made wel at ese,
Wessh her feet and wiped hem,
And afterward thei eten
Calves flessh and cake-breed,
And knewe what I thoughte!
Ful trewe toknes bitwene us is,
To telle whan me liketh.
"First he fonded me
If I lovede bettre
Hym or Ysaak myn heir,
The which he highte me kulle.
He wiste my wille bi hym,
He wol me it allowe;
I am ful siker in soule therof,
And my sone bothe.
I circumscised my sone
Sithen for his sake,
Myself and my meynee,
And alle that male weere,

Bledden blood for that Lordes love,
And hope to blisse the tyme.
Myn affiaunce and my feith
Is ferme in his bileve;
For himself bihighte to me,
And to myn issue bothe,
Lond and lordshipe,
And lif withouten ende;
To me and to myn issue
Moore yet he grauntede,
Mercy for oure mys-dedes,
As many tyme as we asken.
Quam olim Abrahæ promisisti et semini ejus.
"And siththe he sente me to seye
I sholde do sacrifise,
And doon hym worship with breed
And with wyn bothe;
And called me the foot of his feith,
His folk for to save,
And defende hem fro the fend,
Folk that on me leveden.
"Thus have I ben his heraud
Here and in helle,
And conforted many a careful
That after his comynge waiteden.
And thus I seke hym," he seide,
"For I herde seyn late
Of a barn that baptysed hym,
Johan Baptist was his name,
That to patriarkes and to prophetes,
And to oother peple in derknesse,
Seide that he seigh here
That sholde save us alle."

Ecce agnus Dei! etc.
I hadde wonder of hise wordes,
And of hise wide clothes;
For in his bosom he bar a thyng
That he blissed evere.
And I loked in his lappe,
A lazar lay therinne
Amonges patriarkes and prophetes
Pleyinge togideres.
"What awaitestow?" quod he,
"And what woldestow have?"
"I wolde wite," quod I tho,
"What is in youre lappe."
"Loo!" quod he; and leet me see.
"Lord, mercy!" I seide;
"This is a present of muche pris,
What prynce shal it have?" [he;
"It is a precious present," quod
"Ac the pouke it hath attached,
And me thermyde," quod that man,
"May no wed us quyte,
Ne no buyrn be oure borgh,
Ne brynge us fram his daunger;
Out of the poukes pondfold
No maynprise may us feeche,
Til he come that I carpe of,
Crist is his name,
That shal delivere us som day
Out of the develes power,
And bettre wed for us legge
Than we ben alle worthi,
That is lif for lif,
Or ligge thus evere
Lollynge in my lappe,

Til swich a lord us fecche." 11356
"Allas!" I seide, "that synne
So longe shal lette
The myght of Goddes mercy,
That myghte us alle amende."
I wepte for hise wordes.
With that saugh I another
Rapeliche renne forth,
The righte wey he wente.
I affrayned hym first
Fram whennes he come,
And what he highte, and whider he wolde;
And wightly he tolde. 11368

Passus Decimus Septimus, etc. et Secundus de Do-bet.

"I AM *Spes*," quod he; "aspie
And spire after a knyght,
That took me a maundement
Upon the mount of Synay,
To rule alle reames with,
I bere the writ here."
"Is it enseled?" I seide,
"May men see thi lettres?"
"Nay," he seide, "seke hym
That hath the seel to kepe;
And that is cros and cristendom,
And Crist theron to honge.
And whan it is enseled so,
I woot wel the sothe,
That Luciferis lordshipe
Laste shal no lenger."
"Lat se thi lettres," quod I,
"We myghte the lawe knowe."
Thanne plukkede he forth a pa-
A pece of an hard roche, [tente,
Wheron were writen two wordes
On this wise y-glosed.
Dilige Deum et proximum tuum.
This was the tixte trewely,

I took ful good yeme;
The glose was gloriously writen,
With a gilt penne.
In his duobus mandatis tota lex pendet et prophetia.
" Ben here alle thi lordes lawes?" quod I.
" Ye, leve me wel," he seide;
And who so wercheth after this writ,
I wol undertaken
Shal nevere devel hym dere,
Ne deeth in soule greve.
For, though I seye it myself,
I have saved with this charme
Of men and of wommen
Many score thousand.
" Ye seien sooth," seide this he-raud;
" I have y-founde it ofte.
Lo! here in my lappe
That leeved on that charme,
Josue and Judith,
And Judas Macabeus,
Ye, and sixti thousand biside forth,
That ben noght seyen here."
" Youre wordes arn wonderfulle," quod I tho,
" Which of yow is trewest,
And lelest to leve so,
For lif, and for soule?
Abraham seith
That he seigh hoolly the Trinité,
Thre persones in parcelles
Departable fro oother,
And alle thre but o god:

Thus Abraham me taughte,
And hath saved that bileved so,
And sory for hir synnes.
He kan noght siggen the somme,
And some arn in his lappe.
What neded it thanne
A newe lawe to bigynne,
Sith the firste suffiseth
To savacion and to blisse?
And now cometh *Spes* and speketh,
That aspied the lawe;
And telleth noght of the Trinité
That took hym hise lettres,
To bileeve and lovye
In o lord almyghty,
And siththe right as myself
So lovye alle peple.
"The gome that gooth with o staf,
He semeth inf gretter heele
Than he that gooth with two staves,
To sighte of us alle.
"And right so, bi the roode!
Reson me sheweth
That it is lighter to lewed men
O lesson to knowe,
Than for to techen hem two,
And to hard to lerne to the leeste
It is ful hard for any man
On Abraham bileve;
And wel awey worse yit
For to love a sherewe.
It is lighter to leeve
In thre lovely persones,
Than for to lovye and leve

As wel lorels as lele."
"Go thi gate!" quod I to *Spes*,
"So me God helpe!
Tho that lernen thi lawe,
Wol litel while usen it."
And as we wenten thus in the wey
Wordynge togideres,
Thanne seighe we a Samaritan
Sittynge on a mule,
Ridynge ful rapely
The righte wey we yeden,
Cōmynge from a contree
That men called Jerico,
To a justes in Jerusalem
He chaced awey faste.
Bothe the heraud and Hope
And he mette at ones
Where a man was wounded,
And with theves taken;
He myghte neither steppe ne stande,
Ne stere foot ne handes,
Ne helpe hymself soothly,
For semy-vif he semed,
And as naked as a nedle,
And noon help aboute hym.
Feith hadde first sighte of hym;
Ac he fleigh aside,
And nolde noght neghen hym
By nyne londes lengthe.
Hope cam hippynge after,
That hadde so y-bosted
How he with Moyses maundement
Hadde many men y-holpe; [segge.
Ac whan he hadde sighte of that

Aside he gan hym drawe
Dredfully bi this day,
As doke dooth fram the faucon.
Ac so soone so the Samaritan
Hadde sighte of this leode,
He lighte a-down of lyard,
And ladde hym in his hande,
And to the wye he wente
Hise woundes to biholde;
And perceyved bi his pous
He was in peril to dye, [rapelier,
And but he hadde recoverer the
That rise sholde he nevere.
With wyn and with oille
Hise woundes he wasshed,
Enbawmed hym and bond his heed,
And in his lappe hym leide,
And ladde hym so forth on lyard
To *lex Christi*, a graunge
Wel sixe mile or sevene
Biside the newe market;
Herberwed hym at an hostrie,
And to the hostiler called,
And seide, "Have kepe this man
Til I come fro the justes;
And lo! here silver," he seide,
"For salve to hise woundes."
And he took hym two pens,
To liflod, as it weere; [moore,
And seide, "What he spendeth
I make thee good herafter;
For I may noght lette," quod that
And lyard he bistrideth, [leode;
And raped hym to Jerusalem-ward

The righte wey to ryde.
Feith folwede after faste,
And fondede to mete hym;
And *Spes* spakliche hym spedde,
Spede if he myghte
To overtaken hym and talke to hym,
Er thei to towne coome.
And whan I seigh this, I sojourned noght,
But shoop me to renne,
And suwed that Samaritan
That was so ful of pité,
And graunted hym to ben his groom.
"Graunt mercy!" he seide;
"Ac thi frend and thi felawe," quod he,
"Thow fyndest me at nede."
And I thanked hym tho,
And siththe I hym tolde
How that Feith fleigh awey,
And *Spes* his felawe bothe,
For sighte of that sorweful man
That robbed was with theves.
"Have hem excused," quod he,
"Hir help may litel availle;
May no medicyne on molde
The man to heele brynge,
Neither feith ne fyn hope,
So festred be hise woundes,
Withouten the blood of a barn
Born of a mayde.
And he be bathed in that blood,
Baptised as it were,
And thanne plastred with penaunce
And passion of that baby,

He sholde stonde and steppe.
Ac stalworthe worth he nevere,
Til he have eten al the barn,
And his blood y-dronke.
For wente nevere wye in this world
Thorugh that wildernesse,
That he ne was robbed or rifled,
Rood he there or yede,
Save Feith and his felawe,
Spes, and myselve,
And thiself now,
And swiche as suwen oure werkes.
"For outlawes in the wode
And under bank lotieth,
And mowen ech man see,
And good mark take
Who is bihynde and who bifore,
And who ben on horse
For he halt hym hardier on horse
Than he that is foote.
For he seigh me that am Samaritan
Suwen Feith and his felawe
On my capul that highte *caro*,
Of mankynde I took it;
He was unhardy that harlot,
And hidde hym *in Inferno*.
Ac er this day thre daies,
I dar undertaken,
That he worth fettred, that feloun,
Faste with cheynes,
And nevere eft greve gome
That gooth this ilke gate.
"And thanne shal Feith be forster here,

And in this fryth walke,
And kennen out comune men
That knowen noght the contree
Which is the wey that I wente,
And wher forth to Jerusalem.
And Hope the hostilers man shal be,
Ther the man lith an helyng;
And alle that feble and feynte be,
That Feith may noght teche,
Hope shal lede hem forth with love,
As his lettre telleth,
And hostele hem and heele
Thorugh holy chirche bileve,
Til I have salve for alle sike;
And thanne shal I turne,
And come ayein bi this contree,
And conforten alle sike
That craveth it and coveiteth it,
Or crieth therafter.
For the barn was born in Bethleem,
That with his blood shal save
Alle that lyven in feith
And folwen his felawes techynge."
"A! swete sire," I seide tho,
"Wher I shal bileve,
As Feith and his felawe
Enformed me bothe,
In thre persones departable,
That perpetuele were evere,
And alle thre but o God,
Thus Abraham me taughte.
"And Hope afterward
He bad me to lovye
O God with al my good,

And alle gomes after,
Lovye hem lik myselve,
Ac oure Lord aboven alle.
"After Abraham," quod he,
"That heraud of armes,
Sette fully thi feith
And ferme bileve;
And as Hope highte thee,
I hote that thow lovye
Thyn evene cristene evere moore
Evene forth with thiselve.
And if Conscience carpe ther ayein,
Or kynde wit eyther,
Or eretikes with argumentz,
Thyn hond thow hem shewe;
For God is after an hand,
Y-heer now and knowe it.
"The fader was first as a fust,
With o fynger foldynge;
Til hym lovede and liste
To unlosen his fynger,
And profre it forth as with a pawme
To what place it sholde,
"The pawme is purely the hand,
And profreth forth the fyngres,
To ministren and to make
That myght of hand knoweth;
And bitokneth trewely,
Telle who so liketh,
The Holy Goost of hevene
He is as the pawme.
"The fyngres that fre ben
To folde and to serve,
Bitoknen soothly the Sone

That sent was til erthe,
That touched and tastede
At techynge of the pawme
Seinte Marie a mayde,
And mankynde laughte.
Qui conceptus est de Spiritu sancto, etc.
"The Fader is pawme as a fust,
With fynger to touche,—
Quia omnia traham ad meipsum, etc.
Al that the pawme perceyveth
Profitable to feele.
"Thus are thei alle but oon,
As it an hand weere,
And thre sondry sightes
In oon shewynge,
The pawme for it putteth forth fyngres,
And the fust bothe;
Right so redily,
Reson it sheweth
How he that is Holy Goost
Sire and Son preveth.
"And as the hand halt harde,
And alle thyng faste,
Thorugh foure fyngres and a thombe
Forth with the pawme;
Right so the Fader and the Sone,
And Seint Spirit the thridde,
Al the wide world
Withinne hem thre holden,
Bothe wolkne and the wynd,
Water and erthe,
Hevene and helle,

And al that is therinne.
"Thus it is, nedeth no man
Trowe noon oother,
That thre thynges bilongeth
In oure Lord of Hevene;
And aren serelopes by hemself,
A-sondry were thei nevere,
Na-moore than myn hand may
Meve withoute my fyngres.
"And as my fust is ful hand
Y-holden togideres;
So is the Fader a ful God,
Formour and shappere.
Tu fabricator omnium, etc.
And al the myght myd hym is
In makynge of thynges.
The fyngres formen a ful hand
To portreye or peynten,
Kervynge and compasynge,
As craft of the fyngres.
"Right so is the Sone
The science of the Fader,
And ful God as is the Fader,
No febler ne no bettre.
"The pawme is pureliche the hand,
And hath power by hymselve,
Other wise than the writhen fust,
Or werkmanshipe of fyngres.
For he hath power
To putte out alle the joyntes,
And to unfolde the folden fust,
At the fyngres wille.
"So is the Holy Goost God,
Neither gretter ne lasse

Than is the Sire and the Sone,
And in the same myghte.
And alle are thei but o God;
As is myn hand and my fyngres,
Unfolden or folden,
My fust and my pawme,
Al is but an hand;
Evene in the myddes,
He may receyve right noght,
Reson it sheweth,
For the fyngres that folde sholde
And the fust make,
For peyne of the pawme,
Power hem failleth
To clucche or to clawe,
To clippe or to holde.
"Were the myddel of myn hand
Y-maymed or y-perissed,
I sholde receyve right noght
Of that I reche myghte.
"Ac though my thombe and my fyngres
Bothe were to-shullen,
And the myddel of myn hand
Withoute *male-ese,*
In many kynnes maneres
I myghte myself helpe,
Bothe mene and amende,
Though alle my fyngrès oke.
"By this skile, me thynketh,
I se an evidence
That who so synneth in the Spirit,
Assoilled worth he nevere,
Neither here ne ellis where,
As I herde telle.

Qui peccat in Spiritu sancto, etc.
For he priketh God as in the pawme,
That *peccat in Spiritu sancto.*
For God the fader is as a fust,
The Sone is as a fynger,
The Holy Goost of hevene
Is as it were the pawme;
So who so synneth in the Seint Spirit,
It semeth that he greveth
God, that he grypeth with,
And wolde his grace quenche.
"And to a torche or a tapur
The Trinité is likned;
As wex and a weke
Were twyned togideres,
And thanne a fir flawmynge
Forth out of bothe;
And as wex and weke
And hoot fir togideres
Fostren forth a flawmbe
And a fair leye,
So dooth the Sire and the Sone
And also *Spiritus sanctus,*
That alle kynné cristene
Clenseth of synnes
And as thow seest som tyme
Sodeynliche a torche,
The blase therof y-blowe out,
Yet brenneth the weke
Withouten leye or light
That the macche brenneth;
So is the Holy Goost God,
And grace withoute mercy
To alle unkynde creatures,

That coveite to destruye
Lele love or lif
That oure Lord shapte.
"And as glowynge gledes
Gladeth noght thise werkmen,
That werchen and waken
In wyntres nyghtes,
As dooth a kex or a candle
That caught hath fir and blaseth;
Na-moore dooth Sire ne Sone
Ne Seint Spirit togidres
Graunte no grace
Ne forgifnesse of synnes,
Til the Holy Goost gynne
To glowe and to blase.
So that the Holy Goost
Gloweth but as a glade,
Til that lele love
Ligge on hym and blowe,
And thanne flawmeth he as fir
On Fader and on *Filius*,
And melteth hire myght into mercy;
As men may se in wyntre
Ysekeles and evesynges
Thorugh hete of the sonne
Melte in a minut while
To myst and to watre.
"So grace of the Holy Goost
The greet myght of the Trinité
Melteth to mercy,
To merciable and to othere;
And as wex withouten moore
On a warm glede
Wol brennen and blasen,

Be thei togideres,
And solacen hem that mowe se,
That sitten in derknesse.
"So wol the Fader forgyve
Folk of mylde hertes,
That rufully repenten,
And restitucion make,
In as muche as thei mowen
Amenden and paien;
And if it suffise noght for assetz,
That in swich a wille deyeth,
Mercy for his mekenesse
Wol maken good the remenaunt.
And as the weke and fir
Wol maken a warm flaumbe,
For to murthen men myd
That in the derke sitten;
So wole Crist of his curteisie,
And men crye hym mercy.
Bothe forgyve and foryete,
And yit bidde for us
To the Fader of hevene
Forgifnesse to have.
"Ac hewe fir at a flynt
Foure hundred wynter,
But thow have tow to take it with,
Tonder or broches,
Al thi labour is lost,
And al thi long travaille;
For may no fir flaumbe make,
Faille it is kynde.
"So is the Holi Goost God,
And grace withouten mercy
To alle unkynde creatures,

Crist hymself witnesseth.
Amen dico vobis, nescio vos, etc.
" Be unkynde to thyn evene cristene,
And al that thow kanst bidde,
Delen and do penaunce
Day and nyght evere,
And purchace al the pardon
Of Pampilon and Rome,
And indulgences y-nowe,
And be *ingratus* to thi kynde,
The Holy Goost hereth thee noght,
Ne helpe may thee by reson;
For unkyndenesse quencheth hym,
That he kan noght shyne,
Ne brenne ne blase clere,
For blowynge of unkyndenesse.
Poul the apostel
Preveth wheither I lye.
Si linguis hominum loquar, etc.
" For-thi beth war, ye wise men,
That with the world deleth,
That riche ben and reson knoweth,
Ruleth wel youre soule,
Beth noght unkynde, I conseille yow,
To youre evene cristene,
For manye of yow riche men,
By my soule! men telleth,
Ye brenne, but ye blase noght,
That is a blynd bekene.
Non omnis qui dicit Domine! Domine! intrabit, etc.
" Dives deyde dampned,
For his unkyndenesse

Of his mete and of his moneie
To men that it nedede.
Ech a riche I rede
Reward at hym take,
And gyveth youre good to that God
That grace of ariseth;
For thei that ben unkynde to hise,
Hope I noon oother,
But thei dwelle ther Dives is
Dayes withouten ende.
"Thus is unkyndenesse the contrarie,
That quencheth, as it were,
The grace of the Holy Goost,
Goddes owene kynde.
For that kynde dooth, unkynde for-dooth;
As thise corsede theves
Unkynde cristene men,
For coveitise and envye,
Sleeth a man for hise moebles
With mouth or with handes.
For that the Holy Goost hath to kepe,
The harlotes destruyeth,
The which is lif and love,
The leye of mannes body.
For every manere good man
May be likned to a torche,
Or ellis to a tapur,
To reverence the Trinité;
And who morthereth a good man,
Me thynketh by myn inwit,
He for-dooth the levest light
That oure Lord lovyeth.
"And yet in manye mo maneres
Men offenden the Holy Goost.
Ac this is the worste wise

That any wight myghte
Synnen ayein the Seint Spirit,
Assenten to destruye
For coveitise of any kynnes thyng
That Crist deere boughte,
That wikkedliche and wilfulliche
Wolde mercy aniente.
"Innocence is next God,
And nyght and day it crieth,
'Vengeaunce! vengeaunce!
Forgyve be it nevere [blood,
That shente us and shedde oure
For-shapte us, as it were!'
Vindica sanguinem justorum.
"Thus 'Vengeaunce! vengeaunce!'
Verrey Charité asketh.
And sith holy chirche and Charité
Chargeth this so soore,
Leve I nevere that oure Lord
Wol love that charité lakketh,
Ne have pité for any preiere
Ther that he pleyneth."
"I pose I hadde synned so,
And sholde now deye;
And now I am sory that I so
The Seint Spirit a-gulte,
Confesse me and crye his grace,
God that al made,
And myldeliche his mercy aske,
Myghte I noght be saved?"
"Yis," seide the Samaritan,
"So wel thow myght repente,
That rightwisnesse thorugh repent-
To ruthe myghte turne. [aunce
Ac it is but selden y-seighe

Ther soothnesse bereth witnesse,
Any creature that is coupable
Afore a kynges justice,
Be raunsoned for his repentaunce,
Ther alle reson hym dampneth.
For ther that partie pursueth,
The peple is so huge,
That the kyng may do no mercy
Til bothe men acorde,
And eyther have equité,
As holy writ telleth. 11978
Nunquam dimittitur peccatum, etc.
"Thus it fareth by swich folk
That falsly al hire lyves
Yvele lyven, and leten noght
Til lif hem forsake.
Good hope, that helpe sholde,
To wanhope torneth,
Noght of the noun power of God,
That he ne is myghtful
To amende al that amys is,
And his mercy gretter
Than alle oure wikkede werkes,
As holy writ telleth. 11991
Misericordia ejus super omnia opera ejus.
Ac er his rightwisnesse to ruthe
Som restitucion bihoveth.
His sorwe is satisfaccion,
For hym that may noght paie.
"Thre thynges ther ben
That doon a man by strengthe
For to fleen his owene,
As holy writ sheweth.
"That oon is a wikkede wif,

That wol noght be chastised;
Hir feere fleeth fro hire,
For feere of hir tonge.
"And if his hous be un-hiled,
And reyne on his bedde,
He seketh and seketh
Til he slepe drye.
"And whan smoke and smolder
Smyt in his sighte,
It dooth hym worse than his wif
Or wete to slepe.
For smoke and smolder
Smyteth in hise eighen,
Til he be bler-eighed, or blynd,
And hoors in the throte,
Cogheth, and curseth
That Crist gyve hem sorwe
That sholde brynge in bettre wode,
Or blowe it til it brende.
"Thise thre that I telle of
Ben thus to understonde;
The wif is oure wikked flessh,
That wol noght be chastised;
For kynde clyveth on hym evere
To contrarie the soule.
And though it falle, it fynt skiles
That freleté it made,
And that is lightly forgyven
And forgeten bothe,
To man that mercy asketh,
And amende thenketh.
"The reyn that reyneth
Ther we reste sholde,
Ben siknesse and sorwes
That we suffren ofte;

As Poul the apostle
To the people taughte.
Virtus infirmitate perficitur, etc.
"And though that men make
Muche doel in hir angre,
And ben inpacient in hir penaunce,
Pure reson knoweth
That thei han cause to contrarie
By kynde of hir siknesse;
And lightliche oure Lord
At hir lyves ende
Hath mercy on swiche men,
That so yvele may suffre.
"Ac the smoke and the smolder
That smyt in oure eighen,
That is coveitise and unkyndenesse,
That quencheth Goddes mercy.
For unkyndenesse is the contrarie
Of alle kynnes reson.
For ther nys sik ne sory,
Ne noon so muche wrecche,
That he ne may lovye, and hym like,
And lene of his herte
Good wille and good word,
And wisshen and willen
Alle manere men
Mercy and forgifnesse,
And lovye hem lik hymself,
And his lif amende.
"I may no lenger lette," quod he;
And lyard he prikede,
And wente awey as wynd;
And therwith I awakede.

Passus Decimus Octavus, etc. et Tertius de Do-bet.

WOLLEWARD and weet-
shoed 12072
Wente I forth after,
As a recchelees renk
That of no wo roughte,
And yede forth lik a lorel
Al my lif tyme,
Til I weex wery of the world,
And wilned eft to slepe,
And lened me to a lenten,
And longe tyme I slepte ; [aunce,
And of Cristes passion and pen-
The peple that of raughte,
Reste me there, and rutte faste
Til *ramis palmarum.*
Of gerlis and of *gloria laus*
Gretly me dremed,
And how *hosanna* by organye
Olde folk songen.
Oon semblable to the Samaritan,
And som deel to Piers the Plowman,
Bare-foot on an asse bak
Boot-les cam prikye, 12093

Withouten spores other spere,
Spakliche he lokede,
As is the kynde of a knyght
That cometh to be dubbed,
To geten hym gilte spores,
Or galoches y-couped.
  Thanne was Feith in a fenestre,
And cryde a *fili David*,
As dooth an heraud of armes,
Whan aventrous cometh to justes.
Old Jewes of Jerusalem
For joye thei songen,
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
  Thanne I frayned at Feith,
What al that fare by-mente,
And who sholde juste in Jerusalem.
"Jhesus," he seide,
"And fecche that the fend claymeth,
Piers fruyt the Plowman."
  "Is Piers in this place?" quod I.
And he preynte on me:
"This Jhesus of his gentries
Wol juste in Piers armes,
In his helm and in his haubergeon,
Humana natura;
That Crist be noght bi-knowe here
For *consummatus Deus.*
In Piers paltok the Plowman
This prikiere shal ryde.
For no dynt shal hym dere,
As *in deitate Patris.*"
  "Who shal juste with Jhesus?" quod I,

"Jewes or scrybes?"
"Nay," quod he; "The foule fend,
And fals doom and deeth.
Deeth seith he shal for-do
And a-doun brynge
Al that lyveth and loketh
In londe and in watre.
"Lif seith that he lieth,
And leieth his lif to wedde,
That for al that deeth kan do
Withinne thre daies
To walke and fecche fro the fend
Piers fruyt the Plowman,
And legge it ther hym liketh,
And Lucifer bynde,
And for-bete and a-doun brynge
Bale deeth for evere."
O mors, ero mors tua.
Thanne cam Pilatus with muche peple,
Sedens pro tribunali,
To se how doghtiliche Deeth sholde
And deme hir botheres right.
The Jewes and the justice
Ayeins Jhesu thei weere,
And al the court on hym cryde
Crucifige sharpe.
Tho putte hym forth a pilour
Bifore Pilat, and seide,
"This Jhesus of oure Jewes temple
Hath japed and despised,
To for-doon it on o day,
And in thre dayes after
Edifie it eft newe;

Here he stant that seide it;
And yit maken it as muche
In alle manere poyntes,
Bothe as long and as large,
Bi lofte and by grounde."
"*Crucifige!*" quod a cachepol;
"I warrante hym a wicche."
"*Tolle! tolle!*" quod another,
And took of kene thornes,
And bigan of kene thorn
A garland to make,
And sette it sore on his heed,
And seide in envye,
"Ave, Raby," quod that rybaud,
And threw reedes at hym,
Nailed hym with thre nailes
Naked on the roode,
And poison on a poole.
Thei putte up to hise lippes,
And beden hym drynken his deeth yvel,
Hise daies were y-done,
"And if that thow sotil be,
Help now thiselve;
If thow be Crist and kynges sone,
Com down of the roode;
Thanne shul we leve that lif thee loveth,
And wol nought lete thee deye."
"*Consummatum est,*" quod Crist,
And comsede for to swoune
Pitousliche and pale,
As a prison that deieth.
The lord of lif and of light
Tho leide hise eighen togideres.

The day for drede withdrough,
And derk bicam the sonne;
The wal waggede and cleef,
And al the world quaved;
Dede men for that dene
Come out of depe gravès,
And tolde why that tempeste
So longe tyme durede;
"For a bitter bataille,"
The dede body seide,
"Lif and deeth in this derknesse
Hir oon for-dooth hir oother.
Shal no wight wite witterly
Who shal have the maistrie
Er Sonday aboute sonne risyng;"
And sank with that til erthe.
Some seide that he was Goddes sone
That so faire deide.
Vere filius Dei erat iste.
And some seide he was a wicche,
"Good is that we assaye
Wher he be deed or noght deed,
Doun er he be taken."
Two theves also
Tholed deeth that tyme,
Upon a croos besides Crist,
So was the comune lawe.
A cachepol cam forth
And craked bothe hire legges,
And the armes after
Of either of tho theves.
Ac was no body so boold
Goddes body to touche;
For he was knyght and kynges sone,

Kynde for-yaf that tyme,
That noon harlot were so hardy
To leyen hond upon hym.
Ac ther cam forth a knyght,
With a kene spere y-grounde,
Highte Longeus, as the lettre telleth,
And longe hadde lore his sighte.
Bifore Pilat and oother peple
In the place he hoved;
Maugree his manye teeth,
He was maad that tyme
To take the spere in his hond,
And justen with Jhesus.
For alle thei were unhardy,
That hoved on horse or stode,
To touchen hym or to tasten hym,
Or taken doun of roode.
But this blynde bacheler
Baar hym thorugh the herte;
The blood sprong doun by the spere,
And unspered the knyghtes eighen.
Thanne fil the knyght upon knees,
And cryde hym mercy;
"Ayein my wille it was, Lord,
To wownde yow so soore."
He sighed and seide,
"Soore it me a-thynketh,
For the dede that I have doon
I do me in youre grace.
Have on me ruthe! rightful Jhesu!"
And right with that he wepte.
Thanne gan Feith felly
The false Jewes despise,

Callede hem caytyves
Acorsed for evere;
"For this foule vileynye
Vengeaunce to yow falle!
To do the blynde bete hym y-bounde,
It was a boyes counseille.
Cursede caytif!
Knyghthood was it nevere
To mys-do a deed body
By daye or by nyghte.
The gree yit hath he geten,
For al his grete wounde.
"For youre champion chivaler,
Chief knyght of yow alle,
Yilt hym recreaunt rennyng
Right at Jhesus wille.
For be this derknesse y-do,
His deeth worth avenged;
And ye, lurdaynes, han y-lost,
For lif shal have the maistrye;
And youre fraunchise, that fre was,
Fallen is in thraldom,
And ye, cherles, and youre children
Cheve shulle nevere
To have lordshipe in londe,
Ne no lond tilye,
But al barayne be,
And usurie usen,
Which is lif that oure Lord
In alle lawes acurseth.
Now youre goode dayes arn doon,
As Daniel prophecied,
Whan Crist cam, of hir kyngdom
The crowne sholde cesse."

Cum veniat sanctus sanctorum, cessabit unctio vestra.
What for feere of this ferly,
And of the false Jewes,
I drow me in that derknesse
To *descendit ad inferna;*
And there I saugh soothly
Secundum Scripturas
Out of the west coste
A wenche, as me thoughte,
Cam walkynge in the wey,
To helle-ward she loked.
Mercy highte that mayde,
A meke thyng withalle,
A ful benigne burde,
And buxom of speche.
Hir suster, as it semed,
Cam soothly walkynge,
Evene out of the est,
And west-ward she lokede,
A ful comely creature,
Truthe she highte,
For the vertue that hire folwede
A-fered was she nevere.
Whan thise maydenes mette,
Mercy and Truthe,
Either asked oother
Of this grete wonder,
Of the dyn and of the derknesse,
And how the day rowed,
And which a light and a leme
Lay bifore helle.
" Ich have ferly of this fare,
In feith !" seide Truthe,

"And am wendynge to wite
What this wonder meneth."
"Have no merveille," quod
"Murth it bitokneth. [Mercy,
A maiden that highte Marie,
And moder withouten felyng
Of any kynnes creature,
Conceyved thorugh speche
And grace of the Holy Goost,
Weex greet with childe,
Withouten wem
Into this world she broghte hym;
And that my tale be trewe,
I take God to witnesse.
"Sith this barn was y-bore
Ben .xxx.ti wynter passed,
Which deide and deeth tholed
This day aboute myd-day,
And that is cause of this clips
That closeth now the sonne,
In menynge that man shal
Fro merknesse be drawe,
The while this light and this leme
Shal Lucifer a-blende.
For patriarkes and prophetes
Han preched herof ofte:
That man shal man save
Thorugh a maydenes helpe;
And that was tynt thorugh tree,
Tree shal it wynne;
And that deeth a-down broughte,
Deeth shal releve."
"That thow tellest," quod Truthe,
"Is but a tale of Waltrot.

For Adam and Eve,
And Abraham, with othere,
Patriarkes and prophetes,
That in peyne liggen,
Leve thow nevere that yon light
Hem a-lofte brynge,
Ne have hem out of helle.
Hold thi tonge, Mercy!
It is but a trufle that thow tellest;
I, Truthe, woot the sothe.
For he that is ones in helle,
Out cometh he nevere.
Job the prophete patriark
Repreveth thi sawes."
Quia in inferno nulla est redemptio.
Thanne Mercy ful myldely
Mouthed thise wordes,
"Thorugh experiénce," quod she,
"I hope thei shul be saved.
For venym for-dooth venym;
And that preve I by reson.
For of alle venymes
Foulest is the scorpion,
May no medicyne helpe
The place ther he styngeth,
Til he be deed, and do therto,
The yvel he destruyeth,
The firste venymousté
Thorugh venym of hymselve.
"So shal this deeth for-do,
I dar my lif legge,
Al that deeth for-dide first
Thorugh the develes entisyng;
And right as thorugh gile

Man was bi-giled,
So shal grace that bi-gan
Make a good sleighte."
Ars ut artem falleret.
"Now suffre we," seide Truthe;
"I se, as me thynketh,
Out of the nyppe of the north
Noght ful fer hennes
Rightwisnesse come rennynge.
Reste we the while;
For he woot moore than we,
He was er we bothe."
"That is sooth," seide Mercy;
"And I se here by sowthe
Where Pees cometh pleyinge,
In pacience y-clothed.
Love hath coveited hire longe,
Leve I noon oother,
But he sente hire som lettre,
What this light by-meneth
That over-hoveth helle thus,
She us shal telle."
When Pees in pacience y-clothed
Approched ner hem tweyne,
Rightwisnesse hire reverenced,
By hir riche clothyng,
And preide Pees to telle hire
To what place she wolde,
And in hire gaye garnementz
Whom she grete thoughte.
"My wil is to wende," quod she,
"And welcome hem alle
That many day myghte I noght se
For merknesse of synne,

Adam and Eve,
And othere mo in helle;
Moyses and many mo
Mercy shul have,
And I shal daunce therto,"
Do thow so, suster.
For Jhesus justede wel,
Joy bigynneth dawe.
Ad vesperum demorabitur fletus, et ad matutinum lætitia.
"Love, that is my lemman,
Swiche lettres me sente,
That Mercy, my suster, and I
Mankynde sholde save,
And that God hath for-gyven
And graunted me pees and mercy,
To be mannes meynpernour
For evere moore after.
Lo here the patente!" quod Pees,
"*In pace in idipsum.*
And that this dede shal dure,
Dormiam et requiescam."
"What! ravestow?" quod Right-wisnesse,
"Or thow art right dronke?
Levestow that yond light
Unlouke myghte helle,
And save mannes soule?
Suster, wene it nevere.
For God the bigynnère
Gaf the doom hymselve,
That Adam and Eve,
And alle that hem suwede,
Sholden deye down righte,

And dwelle in pyne after,
If that thei touchede a tree,
And the fruyt eten.
"Adam afterward
Ayeins his defence
Freet of that fruyt,
And forsook, as it weere,
The love of oure Lord
And his loore bothe,
And folwede that the fend taughte,
And his felawes wille,
Ayeins reson and rightwisnesse,
Recorde thus with truthe,
That hir peyne be perpetuel,
And no preiere hem helpe.
For-thi lat hem chewe as thei chosen,
And chide we noght, sustres;
For it is bote-lees bale,
The byte that thei eten."
"And I shal preve," quod Pees,
"Hir peyne moot have ende,
And from wo into wele
Mowe wenden at the laste.
For hadde thei wist of no wo,
Wele hadde the noght knowen.
For no wight woot what wele is,
That nevere wo suffrede;
Ne what is hoot hunger,
That hadde nevere defaute.
"If no nyght ne weere,
No man, as I leeve,
Sholde nevere wite witterly
What day is to meene.
Sholde nevere right riche man,

That lyveth in reste and ese,
Wite what wo is,
Ne were the deeth of kynde.
"So God, that bigan al
Of his goode wille,
Bicam man of a mayde
Mankynde to save;
And suffrede to be sold,
To se the sorwe of deying,
The which unknytteth alle care,
And comsynge is of reste.
For til *modicum* mete with us,
I may it wel avowe,
Woot no wight, as I wene,
What y-nogh is to mene.
"For-thi God of his goodnesse
The firste gome Adam
Sette hym in solace,
And in sovereyn murthe;
And siththe he suffred hym synne,
Sorwe to feele,
To wite what wele was
Kyndeliche and knowe it.
And after God auntrede hymself,
And took Adames kynde,
To wite what he hath suffred
In thre sondry places,
Bothe in hevene and in erthe,
And now til helle he thenketh
To wite what alle wo is,
And what is alle joye.
"So it shal fare by this folk,
Hir folie and hir synne
Shal lere hem what langour is

And lisse withouten ende.
Woot no wight what werre is
Ther that pees regneth,
Ne what is witterly wele
Til weylawey! hym teche."
Thanne was ther a wight
With two brode eighen,
Book highte that beau-peere,
A bold man of speche; [Book,
"By Goddes body!" quod this
"I wol bere witnesse
That tho this barn was y-bore,
Ther blased a sterre
That alle the wise of this world
In o wit acorden,
That swich a barn was y-bore
In Bethleem the citee,
That mannes soule sholde save,
And synne destroye.
And alle the elementz," quod the
"Herof beren witnesse, [Book,
That he was God that al wroghte,
The wolkne first shewed.
"Tho that weren in hevene
Token *stella cometa*,
And tendeden it as a torche
To reverencen his burthe;
The light folwede the Lord
Into the lowe erthe.
"The water witnessed that he was
For he wente on it. [God,
Peter the apostel
Parceyved his gate,
And as he wente on the water,

Wel hym knew, and seide,
Jube me venire ad te super aquas.
"And lo! how the sonne gan louke
Hire light in hirselve,
Whan she seigh hym suffre,
That sonne and see made.
"The erthe for hevynesse
That he wolde suffre,
Quaked as quyk thyng,
And al biquasshed the roche.
"Lo! helle myghte nat holde,
But opnede tho God tholede,
And leet out Symondes sone
To seen hym hange on roode.
And now shal Lucifer leve it,
Though hym looth thynke;
For *Gigas* the geaunt
With a gyn hath engyned
To breke and to bete a-doun
That ben ayeins Jhesus.
And I, Book, wole be brent,
But Jhesus rise to lyve
In alle myghtes of man,
And his moder gladie,
And conforte al his kyn
And out of care brynge,
And al the Jewene joye
Unjoynen and unlouken,
And but thei reversen his roode,
And his resurexion,
And bileve on a newe lawe,
Be lost lif and soule."
"Suffre we," seide Truthe;
"I here and see bothe

How a spirit speketh to helle,
And biddeth unspere the yates."
Attolite portas, etc.
A vois loude in that light
To Lucifer crieth,
"Prynces of this place,
Unpynneth and unlouketh!
For here cometh with crowne
That kyng is of glorie."
Thanne sikede Sathan,
And seide tō hem alle,
"Swich a light ayeins oure leve
Lazar out fette;
Care and encombraunce
Is comen to us alle!
If this kyng come in,
Mankynde wole he fecche,
And lede it ther hym liketh,
And lightliche me bynde.
Patriarkes and Prophetes
Han parled herof longe,
That swich a lord and light
Sholde lede hem alle hennes."
"Listneth," quod Lucifer,
"For I this lord knowe.
Bothe this lord and this light,
Is longe a-go I knew hym.
May no deeth hym dere,
Ne no develes queyntise;
And where he wole is his wey,
Ac ware hym of the perils.
If he reveth me my right,
He robbeth me by maistrie;
For by right and by reson

The renkes that ben here
Body and soule beth myne,
Bothe goode and ille.
For hymself seide,
That sire is of hevene,
If Adam ete the appul,
Alle sholde deye
And dwelle with us develes;
This thretynge he made.
And he that soothnesse is,
Seide thise wordes.
And sithen I seised
Sevene hundred wynter,
I leeve that lawe nyl noght
Lete hym the leeste."
"That is sooth," seide Sathan;
"But I me soore drede.
For thow gete hem with gile,
And his gardyn breke,
And in semblaunce of a serpent
Sete upon the appul-tree,
And eggedest hem to ete,
Eve by hirselve;
And toldest hire a tale,
Of treson were the wordes;
And so thow haddest hem out,
And hider at the laste.
It is noght graithly geten,
Ther gile is the roote.
For God wol noght be bi-giled,"
Quod Gobelyn, "ne by-japed;
We have no trewe title to hem,
For thorugh treson were thei
dampned."

"Certes, I drede me," quod the devel,
"Lest Truthe wol hem fecche;
Thise thritty wynter, as I wene,
Hath he gon and preched.
I have assailled hym with synne,
And som tyme y-asked
Wheither he were God or Goddes sone;
He yaf me short answere.
And thus hath he trolled forth
Thise two and thritty wynter.
And whan I seigh it was so,
Lepynge I wente
To warne Pilates wif
What done man was Jhesus.
For Jewes hateden hym,
And han doon hym to dethe.
I wolde have lengthed his lif;
For I leved if he deide,
That his soule wolde suffre
No synne in his sighte.
For the body, while it on bones yede,
Aboute was evere
To save men from synne,
If hemself wolde.
And now I se wher a soule
Cometh hiderward seillynge,
With glorie and with gret light,—
God it is, I woot wel.
I rede that we fle," quod he,
"Faste alle hennes;
For us were bettre noght be,
Than biden his sighte.
For thi lesynges, Lucifer,

Lost is al oure praye.
" First thorugh the we fellen
Fro hevene so heighe,
For we leved on thi lesynges;
Y-lorn we have Adam,
And al oure lordshipe, I leve,
A-londe and a-watre." [*foras.*
Nunc princeps hujus mundi ejicietur
Eft the light bad unlouke;
And Lucifer answerede,
" What lord artow?" quod Lucifer.
Quis est iste?
" *Rex Gloriæ,*"
The light soone seide,
" And lord of myght and of man,
And alle manere vertues.
Dominus virtutum.
Dukes of this dymme place,
Anoon undo thise yates,
That Crist may come in,
The kynges sone of hevene!"
And with that breeth helle brak,
With Belialles barres,
For any wye or warde,
Wide opned the yates.
Patriarkes and prophetes,
Populus in tenebris,
Songen seint Johanes song,
Ecce agnus Dei.
Lucifer loke ne myghte,
So light hym a-blente.
And tho that oure Lord lovede
Into his light he laughte;
And seide to Sathan,

"Lo! here my soule to amendes
For alle synfulle soules,
To save tho that ben worthi.
Myne thei ben and of me,
I may the bet hem cleyme.
And though Reson recorde
And Right, of myselve,
That if he ete the appul
Alle sholde deye;
I bi-highte hem noght here
Helle for evere.
For the dede that thei dide,
Thi deceite it made;
With gile thow hem gete,
Ageyn alle reson.
For in my paleis Paradis,
In persone of an addre,
Falsliche thow fettest
Thyng that I lovede.
"Thus y-lik a lusard,
With a lady visage,
Thefliche thow me robbedest;
And the olde lawe graunteth
That gilours be bigiled,
And that is good reson.
Dentem pro dente et oculum pro oculo.
Ergo soule shal soule quyte,
And synne to synne wende,
And al that man hath mys-do
I, man, wole amende;
Membre for membre
By the olde lawe was amendes,
And lif for lif also,

And by that lawe I clayme it,
Adam and al his issue
At my wille herafter,
And that deeth in hem for-dide
My deeth shal releve,
And bothe quykne and quyte
That queynt was thorugh synne,
And that grace gile destruye,
Good feith it asketh.
So leve I noght, Lucifer,
Ayein the lawe I fecche hem;
But by right and by reson
Raunsone here my liges.
Non veni solvere legem, sed adimplere.
"Thow fettest myne in my place
Ayeins alle reson,
Falsliche and felonliche;
Good feith me it taughte,
To recovere hem thorugh raunson,
And by no reson ellis.
So that thorugh gile thow gete,
Thorugh grace it is y-wonne.
Thow Lucifer in liknesse
Of a luther addere
Getest bi gile
Tho that God lovede.
"And I in liknesse of a leode,
That lord am of hevene,
Graciousliche thi gile have quyt;
Go gile ayein gile.
And as Adam and alle
Thorugh a tree deyden;
Adam and alle thorugh a tree

Shul turne ayein to lyve;
And gile is bi-giled,
And in his gile fallen.
Et cecidit in foveam quam fecit.
"Now bi-gynneth thi gile
Ageyn thee to turne,
And my grace to growe
Ay gretter and widder;
That art doctour of deeth,
Drynk that thow madest.
For I that am lord of lif,
Love is my drynke;
And for that drynke to-day
I deide upon erthe.
I faught so, me thursteth yit,
For mannes soule sake;
May no drynke me moiste,
Ne my thurst slake,
Til the vendage falle
In the vale of Josaphat,
That I drynke right ripe must,
Resurrectio mortuorum;
And thanne shal I come as a kyng,
Crouned with aungeles,
And have out of helle
Alle mennes soules.
"Fendes and fyndekynes
Bifore me shul stande,
And be at my biddyng
Wher so evere me liketh;
And to be merciable to man
Thanne my kynde asketh.
For we beth bretheren of blood,
But noght in baptisme alle.

Ac alle that beth myne hole bre-
In blood and in baptisme, [theren,
Shul noght be dampned to the deeth
That is withouten ende.
Tibi soli peccavi, etc.
"It is noght used in erthe,
To hangen a feloun
Ofter than ones,
Though he were a tretour.
And if the kyng of that kyngdom
Come in that tyme
There feloun thole sholde
Deeth or oother juwise,
Lawe wolde he yeve hym lif,
If he loked on hym.
And I, that am kyng of kynges,
Shal come swich a tyme
Ther doom to the deeth
Dampneth alle the wikked;
And if lawe wole I loke on hem,
It lith in my grace
Wheither thei deye or deye noght
For that thei diden ille;
Be it any thyng a-bought
The boldnesse of hir synnes,
I do mercy thorugh rightwisnesse,
And alle my wordes trewe;
And though holy writ wole that I be wroke
Of hem that diden ille,—
Nullum malum impunitum, etc.—
Thei shul be clensed clerliche,
And wasshen of hir synnes,
In my prisone Purgatorie,

Til *parce* it hote,
And my mercy shal be shewed
To manye of my bretheren.
For blood may suffre blood,
Bothe hungry and a-cale;
Ac blood may noght se blood
Blede, but hym rewe.
Audivi arcana verba quæ non licet homini loqui.
" Ac my rightwisnesse and right
Shul rulen al helle,
And mercy al mankynde
Bifore me in hevene.
For I were an unkynde kyng,
But I my kynde helpe,
And nameliche at swich a nede.
Ther nedes help bihoveth.
Non intres in judicium cum servo tuo.
" Thus by lawe," quod oure Lord,
" Lede I wole fro hennes
Tho that me lovede
And leved in my comynge.
And for thi lesynge, Lucifer,
That thow leighe til Eve,
Thow shalt abyen it bittre;"—
And bond hym with cheynes.
Astroth and al the route
Hidden hem in hernes; [Lord,
They dorste noght loke on oure
The boldeste of hem alle,
But leten hym lede forth whom hym liked,
And lete whom hym liste.

Manye hundred of aungeles
Harpeden and songen,
Culpat caro, purgat caro,
Regnat Deus Dei caro.
Thanne pipede Pees
Of Poesie a note,
Clarior est solito post maxima nebula Phœbus,
Post inimicitias, etc.
"After sharpe shoures," quod Pees,
"Moost shene is the sonne;
Is no weder warmer
Than after watry cloudes;
Ne no love levere,
Ne lever frendes,
Than after werre and wo,
Whan Love and Pees ben maistres.
Was nevere werre in this world,
Ne wikkednesse so kene,
That ne Love, and hym liste,
To laughynge ne broughte,
And pees thorugh pacience
Alle perils stoppeth."
"Trewes," quod Truthe;
"Thow tellest us sooth, by Jhesus!
Clippe we in covenaunt,
And ech of us clippe oother."
"And leteth no peple," quod Pees,
"Perceyve that we chidde.
For inpossible is no thyng
To hym that is almyghty."
"Thow seist sooth," quod Rightwisnesse;
And reverentliche hire kiste.

"Pees and pees here!
Per sæcula sæculorum."
Misericordia et veritas obviaverunt sibi, justitia et pax osculatæ sunt.
Truthe trumpede tho,
And song *Te Deum laudamus;*
And thanne lutede,
In a loud note,
Ecce quam bonum et quam jocundum, etc.
Til the day dawed
Thise damyseles dauncede,
That men rongen to the resurexion.
And right with that I wakede,
And callede Kytte my wif,
And Calote my doghter;
And bad hem rise and reverence
Goddes resurexion;
And crepe to the cros on knees,
And kisse it for a juwel,
For Goddes blissede body
It bar for oure boote;
And it a-fereth the fend,
For swich is the myghte,
May no grisly goost
Glide there it walketh.

Passus Decimus Nonus, explicit Do-bet, et incipit Do-best.

THUS I awaked and wroot
What I hadde y-dremed;
And dighte me derely,
And dide me to chirche,
To here holly the masse,
And to be housled after.
In myddes of the masse,
Tho men yede to offryng,
I fel eft-soones a-slepe;
And sodeynly me mette
That Piers the Plowman
Was peynted al blody,
And com in with a cros
Bifore the comune peple,
And right lik in alle thynges
To oure Lord Jhesus.
And thanne called I Conscience,
To kenne me the sothe;
"Is this Jhesus the justere," quod I,
"That Jewes dide to dethe?
Or it is Piers the Plowman.
Who peynted hym so rede?"
Quod Conscience, and kneled tho,
"Thise arn Piers armes,

Hise colours and his cote armure;
Ac he that cometh so blody
Is Crist with his cros,
Conquerour of cristene."
"Why calle hym Crist," quod I,
"Sithen Jewes calle hym Jhesus?
Patriarkes and prophetes
Prophecied bifore
That alle kynne creatures
Sholden knelen and bowen,
Anoon as men nempned
The name of God Jhesu.
Ergo is no name
To the name of Jhesus;
Ne noon so nedeful to nempne
By nyghte ne by daye..
For alle derke develes
Arn a-drad to heren it;
And synfulle aren solaced
And saved by that name.
And ye callen hym Crist;
For what cause telleth me?
Is Crist moore of myght,
And moore worthi name,
Than Jhesu or Jhesus,
That al oure joye com of?"
"Thow knowest wel," quod Conscience,
"And thow konne reson,
That knyght, kyng, conquerour,
May be o persone.
To be called a knyght is fair,
For men shul knele to hym;
To be called a kyng is fairer,

For hé may knyghtes make;
Ac to be conquerour called,
That cometh of special grace,
And of hardynesse of herte,
And of hendenesse,
To make lordes of laddes
Of lond that he wynneth,
And fre men foule thralles
That folwen noght hise lawes.
"The Jewes that were gentil men,
Jhesus thei despised,
Bothe his loore and his lawe;
Now are thei lowe cherles.
As wide as the world is,
Noon of hem ther wonyeth
But under tribut and taillage,
As tikes and cherles;
And tho that bicome cristene
Bi counseil of the baptisme,
Aren frankeleyns, free men,
Thorugh fullynge that thei toke,
And gentil men with Jhesu;
For Jhesu was y-fulled,
And upon Calvarie on cros
Y-crouned kyng of Jewes.
"It bicometh to a kyng
To kepe and to defende;
And conquerour of conquest
Hise lawes and his large.
And so dide Jhesus the Jewes,
He justified and taughte hem
The lawe of lif,
That laste shal evere;
And defended from foule yveles,

Feveres and fluxes,
And from fendes that in hem were,
And false bileve.
Tho was he Jhesus of Jewes called,
Gentile prophete,
And kyng of hir kyngdom,
And croune bar of thornes.
"And tho conquered he on cros,
As conquerour noble.
Mighte no deeth hym for-do,
Ne a-doun brynge,
That he naroos and regnede,
And ravysshed helle:
And tho was he conquerour called
Of qúyke and of dede.
For he yaf Adam and Eve
And othere mo blisse,
That longe hadde y-leyen bifore
As Luciferis cherles.
"And sith he yaf largely
Alle hise lele liges
Places in Paradis,
At hir partynge hennes;
He may wel be called conquerour,
And that is Crist to mene.
"Ac the cause that he cometh thus
With cros of his passion,
Is to wissen us therwith
That whan that we ben tempted,
Therwith to fighte and defenden us
Fro fallynge to synne.
And so bi his sorwe,
That who so loveth joye
To penaunce and to poverte

He moste puten hymselven,
And muche wo in this world.
To willen and suffren.
"Ac to carpe moore of Crist,
And how he com to that name,
Faithly for to speke,
His firste name was Jhesus;
Tho he was born in Bethleem,
As the book telleth,
And cam to take mankynde,
Kynges and aungeles
Reverenced hym faire
With richesses of erthe,
Aungeles out of hevene
Come knelynge and songe,
Glòria in excelsis Deo, etc.
"Kynges that come after
Knelede, and offrede
Mirre and muche gold,
Withouten mercy askynge
Or any kynnes catel,
But knowelichynge hym sovereyn
Bothe of lond, sonne, and see,
And sithenes thei wente
Into hir kyngene kith,
By counseil of aungeles.'
And there was that word fulfilled
The which thow of speke.
Omnia cœlestia terrestria flectantur in hoc nomine Jhesu.
"For alle the aungeles of hevene
At his burthe knelede,
And al the wit of the world
Was in tho thre kynges,

Reson and rightwisnesse
And ruthe thei offrede;
Wherfore and why
Wise men that tyme,
Maistres and lettred men,
Magi hem callede.
"That o kyng cam with reson,
Covered under sense.
"The seconde kyng siththe
Soothliche offrede
Rightwisnesse under reed gold,
Resones felawe.
For gold is likned to leautee
That laste shal evere.
"The thridde kyng tho kam
Knelynge to Jhesu,
And presented hym with pitee,
Apperynge by mirre.
For mirre is mercy to mene
And mylde speche of tonge.
"Thre y-liche honeste thynges
Were offred thus at ones,
Thorugh thre kynne kynges
Knelynge to Jhesu,
"Ac for alle thise preciouse pre-
Oure Lord kyng Jhesus [sentz,
Was neither kyng ne conquerour,
Til he gan to wexe
In the manere of a man,
And that by muchel sleighte,
As it bi-cometh a conquerour
To konne manye sleightes,
And manye wiles and wit,
That wole ben a ledere.

And so dide Jhesu in hise dayes,
Who so hadde tyme to telle it.
"Som tyme he suffrede,
And som tyme he hidde hym;
And som tyme he faught faste,
And fleigh outher while;
And som tyme he gaf good,
And grauntede heele bothe,
Lif and lyme,
As hym liste he wroghte.
As kynde is of a conquerour,
So comsede Jhesu,
Til he hadde alle hem
That he for bledde.
"In his juventee this Jhesus
At Jewene feeste
Water into wyn turnede,
As holy writ telleth.
And there bigan God
Of his grace to do-wel.
For wyn is likned to lawe
And lif-holynesse,
And lawe lakkede tho,
For men lovede noght hir enemys.
And Crist counseileth thus,
And comaundeth bothe,
To lered and to lewede
To lovyen oure enemys.
So at the feeste first,
As I bifore tolde,
Bigan God of his grace
And goodnesse to do-wel.
And thanne was he called
Noght holy Crist, but Jhesu,

A faunt fyn ful of wit, 13187
Filius Mariæ.
For bifore his moder Marie
Made he that wonder;
That she first and formest
Ferme sholde bileve
That he thorugh grace was gete,
And of no gome ellis.
He wroghte that by no wit,
But thorugh word one;
After the kynde that he cam of,
There comsede he do-wel. 13198
"And whan he woxen was moore,
In his moder absence,
He made lame to lepe,
And yaf light to blynde,
And fedde with two fisshes,
And with fyve loves,
Sore a-fyngred folk
Mo than fyve thousand.
"Thus he confortede carefulle
And caughte a gretter name,
The which was Do-bet, 13209
Where that he wente, [here
For deve thorugh hise doynges to
And dombe speke he made,
And alle he heeled and halp
That hym of grace askede.
And tho was he called in contré
Of the comune peple,
For the dedes that he dide,
Fili David, Jhesus.
For David was doghtiest
Of dedes in his tyme. 13220

The burdes tho songe,
Saul interfecit mille, et David decem millia.
"For-thi the contree ther Jhesu
Called hym *fili David,*
And nempned hym of Nazareth,
And no man so worthi
To be kaiser or kyng
Of the kyngdom of Juda,
Ne over Jewes justice,
As Jhesus was, hem thoughte.
"Wherof Cayphas hadde envye,
And othere of the Jewes;
And for to doon hym to dethe
Day and nyght thei casten,
Killeden hym on cros wise
At Calvarie on Friday,
And sithen buriede his body,
And beden that men sholde,
Kepen it fro nyght comeris
With knyghtes y-armed,
For no frendes sholde hym fecche.
For prophetes hem tolde
That that blissede body
Of burieles risen sholde,
And goon into Galilee,
And gladen hise apostles,
And his moder Marie;
Thus men bifore demede.
"The knyghtes that kepten it
Bi-knewe it hemselven,
That aungeles and archaungeles
Er the day spronge
Come knelynge to the corps,

And songen *Christus resurgens*,
Verray men bifore hem alle,
And forth with hem he yede.
"The Jewes preide hem be pees,
And bi-soughte the knyghtes
Telle the comune that ther cam
A compaignie of hise apostles,
And bi-wicched hem as thei woke,
And awey stolen it.
"Ac Marie Maudeleyne
Mette hym by the weye,
Goynge toward Galilee
In godhede and manhede,
And lyves and lokynge,
And she a-loud cride
In ech a compaignie ther she cam,
Christus resurgens.
"Thus cam it out that Crist over-coom,
Recoverede and lyvede.
Sic oportet Christum pati et intrare, etc.
For that that wommen witeth,
May noght wel be counseille.
"Peter parceyved al this,
And pursued after,
Bothe James and Johan,
Jhesu for to seke,
Thaddee and ten mo,
With Thomas of Inde.
And as alle thise wise wyes
Weren togideres,
In an hous al bi-shet,
And hir dore y-barred,
Crist cam in, and al closed

Bothe dore and yates,
To Peter and to thise apostles,
And seide *pax vobis!*
And took Thomas by the hand,
And taughte hym to grope,
And feele with hise fyngres
His flesshliche herte.
"Thomas touched it,
And with his tonge seidè,
'*Deus meus et Dominus meus*—
Thow art my lord, I bi-leve,
My God, lord Jhesu;
Thow deidest and deeth tholedest,
And deme shalt us alle,
And now art lyvynge and lokynge,
And laste shalt evere.'
"Crist carpede thanne,
And curteisliche seide,
'Thomas, for thow trowest this,
And treweliche bi-levest it,
Blessed mote thow be,
And be shalt for evere;
And blessed mote thei alle be
In body and in soule
That nevere shul se me in sighte,
As thow doost nowthe,
And lelliche bi-leve al this,
I love hem and blesse hem.'
Beati qui non viderunt, etc.
"And whan this dede was doon,
Do-best he taughte,
And yaf Piers power,
And pardon he grauntede,
To alle maner men

Mercy and forgifnesse,
Hym myght to assoille
Of alle manere synne,
In covenaunt that thei come
And kneweliched to paie
To Piers pardon the Plowman,
Redde quod debes.
"Thus hath Piers power,
By his pardon paied,
To bynde and unbynde,
Bothe here and ellis where:
And assoille men of alle synnes,
Save of dette one.
"Anoon after an heigh
Up into hevene
He wente, and wonyeth there,
And wol come at the laste,
And rewarde hym right wel
That *reddit quod debet,*
Paieth parfitly,
As pure truthe wolde;
And what persone paieth it nought,
Punysshen he thenketh,
And demen hem at domes day
Bothe quyke and dede.
The goode to the godhede
And to greet joye,
And wikkede to wonye
In wo withouten ende."
Thus Conscience of Crist
And of the cros carpede,
And counseiled me to knele therto.
And thanne cam, me thoughte,
Oon *spiritus paraclitus*

To Piers and to hise felawes,
In liknesse of a lightnynge
He lighte on hem alle,
And made hem konne and knowe
Alle kynne langages.
I wondred what that was,
And waggede Conscience,
And was a-fered of the light,
For in fires lightnesse
Spiritus paraclitus
Over-spradde hem alle.
Quod Conscience, and knelede,
"This is Cristes messager,
And cometh fro the grete God,
And Grace is his name.
Knele now," quod Conscience,
"And if thow kanst synge,
Welcome hym and worshipe hym
With *Veni creator spiritus.*"
Thanne song I that song,
So dide manye hundred,
And cride with Conscience,
"Help us, God of Grace!"
And thanne bigan Grace
To go with Piers Plowman,
And counseillede hym and Conscience
The comune to sompne;
"For I wole dele to-day
And gyve divine grace
To alle kynne creatures
That han hir fyve wittes,
Tresour to lyve by
To hir lyves ende,
And wepne to fighte with

That wole nevere faille.
For Antecrist and hise
Al the world shul greve,
And acombre thee, Conscience,
But if Crist thee helpe.
" And false prophetes fele,
Flatereris and gloseris,
Shullen come and be curatours
Over kynges and erles,
And Pride shal be pope,
Prynce of holy chirche,
Coveitise and unkyndenesse
Cardinals hym to lede;
For-thi," quod Grace, " er I go,
I wol gyve yow tresor,
And wepne to fighte with
Whan Antecrist yow assailleth."
And gaf ech man a grace
To gide with hymselven,
That ydelnesse encombre hym noght,
Envye ne pride.
Divisiones gratiarum sunt, etc.
Some he yaf wit
With wordes to shewe,
Wit to wynne hir liflode with,
As the world asketh,
As prechours and preestes,
And prentices of lawe,
They lelly to lyve
By labour of tonge,
And by wit to wissen othere
As grace hem wolde teche.
And some he kennede craft
And konnynge of sighte,

With sellynge and buggynge
Hir bilyve to wynne.
And some he lered to laboure,
A lele lif and a trewe;
And some he taughte to tilie,
To dyche and to thecche,
To wynne with her liflode
Bi loore of his techynge.
And some to devyne and divide,
Noumbres to kenne;
And some to compace craftily,
And colours to make;
And some to se and to seye
What sholde bi-falle,
Bothe of wele and of wo,
Telle it er it felle,
As astronomyens thorugh astronomye,
And philosofres wise.
And some to ryde, and to recovere
That wrongfully was wonne;
He wissed hem to wynne it ayein
Thorugh wightnesse of handes,
And fecchen it fro false men
With folvyles lawes.
And some he lered to lyve
In longynge to ben hennes,
In poverte and in penaunce,
To preie for alle cristene.
And alle he lered to be lele,
And ech a craft love oother;
And forbad hem alle debat,
That noon were among hem.
"Though some be clenner than some,
Ye se wel," quod Grace,

"That he that useth the faireste
craft,
To the fouleste I kouthe have put
Thynketh alle," quod Grace, [hym.
"That grace cometh of my gifte;
Loketh that no man lakke oother,
But loveth alle as bretheren.
"And who that moost maistries
Be myldest of berynge; [kan
And crouneth Conscience kyng,
And maketh Craft youre stiward,
And after Craftes conseil
Clotheth yow and fede.
For I make Piers the Plowman
My procuratour and my reve,
And registrer to receyve,
Redde quod debes.
My prowor and my plowman
Piers shal ben on erthe,
And for to tilie truthe
A teeme shal he have."
Grace gaf Piers a teeme
Of foure grete oxen.
That oon was Luk, a large beest,
And a lowe chered;
And Mark, and Mathew the thridde,
Myghty beestes bothe;
And joyned to hem oon Johan,
Moost gentil of alle,
The pris neet of Piers Plow,
Passynge alle othere.
And Grace gaf Piers
Of his goodnesse foure stottes;
Al that hise oxen eriede,

Thei to harewen after.
Oon highte Austyn,
And Ambrose another,
Gregori the grete clerk,
And Jerom the goode.
Thise foure the feith to teche
Folweth Piers teme,
And harewede in an hand while
Al holy Scripture,
With two harewes that thei hadde,
An oold and a newe.
Id est, vetus testamentum et novum.
And Grace gaf greynes,
The cardynal vertues,
And sew hem in mannes soule,
And sithen he tolde hir names.
Spiritus prudentiæ
The firste seed highte;
And who so ete that,
Ymagynen he sholde
Er he deide any deeth,
Devyse wel the ende;
And lerned men a ladel bugge
With a long stele,
And caste for to kepe a crokke
To save the fatte above.
The seconde seed highte
Spiritus temperantiæ.
He that ete of that seed
Hadde swich a kynde,
Sholde nevere mete ne drynke
Make hym to swelle,
Ne no scornere ne scolde
Out of skile hym bringe,

Ne wynnynge ne wele
Of worldliche richesse,
Waste word of ydelnesse
Ne wikked speche moeve;
Sholde no curious clooth
Comen on his rugge,
Ne no mete in his mouth
That maister Johan spicede.
  The thridde seed that Piers sew
Was *spiritus fortitudinis.*
And who ete that seed,
Hardy was he evere
To suffren al that God sente,
Siknesse and angres;
Mighte no lesynges ne lyere,
Ne los of worldly catel,
Maken hym for any mournynge
That he nas murie in soule,
And bold and abidynge
Bismares to suffre;
And pleieth al with pacience
And *parce mihi domine;*
And covered hym under conseille
Of Caton the wise:
Esto forti animo, cum sis dampnatus inique.
  The ferthe seed that Piers sew
Was *spiritus justitiæ.*
And he that ete of that seed,
Sholde be evere trewe,
With God, and naught a-gast,
But of gile one;
For gile gooth so pryvely,
That good feith outher while

Maye nought ben espied,
For *spiritus justitiæ*.
Spiritus justitiæ
Spareth noght to spille
Hem that ben gilty,
And for to correcte
The kyng, if he falle
In gilt or in trespas.
For counteth he no kynges wrathe,
Whan he in court sitteth
To demen as a domesman,
A-drad was he nevere
Neither of duc ne of deeth,
That he ne dide lawe,
For present or for preiere,
Or any prynces lettres;
He dide equité to alle
Evene forth his power.
Thise foure sedes Piers sew;
And siththe he dide hem harewe
With olde lawe and newe lawe,
That love myghte wexe
Among tho foure vertues,
And vices destruye.
For comunliche in contrees
Cammokes and wedes
Foulen the fruyt in the feld,
Ther thei growen togideres;
And so doon vices
Vertues worthi.
Quod Piers, "Hareweth alle that konneth kynde wit,
By conseil of thise doctours;
And tilieth after hir techynge

The cardynale vertues."
"Ayeins thei greynes," quod
"Bi-gynneth for to ripe, [Grace,
Ordeigne thee an hous, Piers,
To herberwe inne thi cornes."
"By God! Grace," quod Piers,
"Ye moten gyve tymber,
And ordeyne that hous,
Er ye hennes wende."
And Grace gaf hym the cros,
With the croune of thornes,
That Crist upon Calvarie
For mankynde on pyned,
And of his baptisme and blood
That he bledde on roode
He made a manere morter,
And mercy it highte.
And therwith Grace bi-gan
To make a good foundement,
And watlede it and walled it
With his peyne and his passion,
And of al holy writ
He made a roof after,
And called that hous *Unitee*,
Holy chirche on Englisshe.
And whan this dede was doon,
Grace devysede
A cart highte cristendom
To carie Piers sheves;
And gaf hym caples to his carte,
Contricion and confession;
And made preesthod hayward,
The while hymself wente
As wide as the world is

With Piers to tilie truthe.
Now is Piers to the plow;
And Pride it aspide,
And gadered hym a greet oost,
For to greven he thynketh
Conscience and alle cristene
And cardinale vertues,
Blowe hem doun and breke hem,
And bite a-two the mores;
And sente forth Surquidous,
His sergeaunt of armes,
And his spye Spille-love,
Oon Spek-yvel bihynde.
Thise two coome to Conscience,
And to cristen peple,
And tolde hem tidynges,
That tyne thei sholde the sedes
That Piers there hadde y-sowen,
The cardynale vertues;
" And Piers bern worth y-broke,
And thei that ben in *Unitee*
Shulle come out, and Conscience
And youre two caples,
Confession and Contricion;
And youre carte the bileeve
Shal be coloured so queyntely,
And covered under sophistrie,
That Conscience shal noght
Knowe by Contricion
Ne by Confession
Who is cristene or hethene;
Ne no manere marchaunt
That with moneie deleth,
Wheither he wynne with right,

With wrong, or with usure.
" With swiche colours and queyn-
Cometh Pride y-armed, [tise
With the lord that lyveth after
The lust of his body,
To wasten on welfare,
And in wikked lyvyng,
Al the world in a while
Thorugh oure wit," quod Pryde.
Quod Conscience to alle cristene
" My counseil is to wende [tho,
Hastiliche into Unitee,
And holde we us there;
And praye we that a pees weere
In Piers berne the Plowman.
For witterly I woot wel,
We beth noght of strengthe
To goon agayn Pride,
But Grace weere with us."
And thanne kam Kynde Wit
Conscience to teche,
And cryde and comaundede
Alle cristene peple
For to delven a dych
Depe aboute Unitee,
That holy chirche stode in Unitee,
As it a pyl weere.
Conscience comaundede tho
Alle cristene to delve,
And make a muche moot,
That myghte ben a strengthe
To helpe holy chirche
And hem that it kepeth.
Thanne alle kynne cristene,

Save comune wommen,
Repenteden and refused synne,
Save thei one,
And false men, flatereris,
Usurers, and theves,
Lyeris, and queste-mongeres
That were for-sworen ofte,
Witynge and wilfully
With the false helden,
And for silver were for-swore,
Soothly they wiste it.
  Ther nas no cristene creature
That kynde wit hadde,
Save sherewes one
Swiche as I spak of,
That he ne halp a quantité
Holynesse to wexe,
Some thorugh bedes biddynge,
And some thorugh pilgrymages
And othere pryvé penaunces,
And somme thorugh penyes delynge.
  And thanne wellede water
For wikkede werkes,
Egreliche ernynge
Out of mennes eighen,
Clennesse out of comune,
And clerkes clene lyvynge,
Made Unitee holy chirche
In holynesse to stonde.
  "I care noght," quod Conscience,
"Though Pride come nouthe.
The lord of lust shal be letted
Al this lente, I hope.
Cometh," quod Conscience,

"Ye cristene, and dyneth,
That han laboured lelly
Al this lenten tyme.
Here is breed y-blessed,
And Goddes body therunder:
Grace, thorugh Goddes word,
Yaf Piers power
And myghtes to maken it,
And men to ete it after
In helpe of hir heele
Onès in a monthe,
Or as ofte as thei hadde nede,
Tho that hadde y-paied
To Piers pardon the Plowman.
Redde quod debes."
"How?" quod al the comune,
"Thow conseillest us to yelde
Al that we owen any wight,
Er we go to housel?"
"That is my conseil," quod Con-
"And cardinale vertues, [science,
That ech man for-gyve oother,
And that wol the pater-noster.
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra, etc.
And so to ben assoilled,
And siththen ben houseled."
"Ye, baw!" quod a brewere,
"I wol noght be ruled,
By Jhesu! for al youre janglynge
With *spiritus justitiæ*,
Ne after Conscience, by Crist!
While I kan selle
Bothe dregges and draf,
And drawe it out at oon hole

Thikke ale and thynne ale,
For that is my kynde,
And noght hakke after holynesse.
Hold thi tonge, Conscience!
Of *spiritus justitiæ*
Thow spekest muche on ydel."
"Caytif!" quod Conscience,
"Cursede wrecche!
Un-blessed artow, brewere,
But if thee God helpe.
But thow lyve by loore
Of *spiritus justitiæ*,
The chief seed that Piers sew,
Y-saved worstow nevere.
But Conscience the comune fede,
And cardinale vertues,
Leve it wel, thei ben lost,
Bothe lif and soule."
"Thanne is many a man lost,"
Quod a lewed vicory.—
"I am a curatour of holy kirke,
And cam nevere in my tyme
Man to me, that me kouthe telle
Of cardinale vertues,
Or that acountede Conscience
At a cokkes fethere or an hennes.
I knew nevere cardynal,
That he ne cam fro the pope;
And we clerkes, whan thei come,
For hir comunes paieth,
For hir pelure and hirpalfreyes mete,
And pilours that hem folweth.
"The comune *clamat cotidie*
Ech a man til oother,

The contree is the corseder
That cardinals comme inne;
And ther thei ligge and lenge moost,
Lecherie there regneth.
"For-thi," quod this vicory,
"By verray God! I wolde
That no cardynal coome
Among the comune peple;
But in hir holynesse
Helden hem stille
At Avynone among the Jewes,—
Cum sancto sanctus eris, etc.—
Or in Rome, as hir rule wole,
The relikes to kepe;
And thow, Conscience, in kynges court,
And sholdest nevere come thennes;
And Grace, that thow graddest so of,
Gyour of alle clerkes;
And Piers with his newe plow,
And ek with his olde,
Emperour of al the world,
That alle men were cristene.
"Inparfit is that pope
That al the world sholde helpe,
And sendeth swiche that sleeth hem
That he sholde save.
"And wel worthe Piers the Plowman,
That pursueth God in doynge,
Qui pluit super justos
Et injustos at ones,
And sent the sonne to save
A cursed mannes tilthe,
As brighte as to the beste man,
Or to the beste womman.

"Right so Piers the Plowman
Peyneth hym to tilye
As wel for a wastour
And wenches of the stewes,
As for hymself and his servauntz,
Save he is first y-served;
And travailleth and tilieth
For a tretour also soore
As for a trewe tidy man,
Alle tymes y-like.
And worshiped be he that wroghte al,
Bothe good and wikke,
And suffreth that synfulle be,
[Tyl som tyme that thei repenten].
And God amende the pope!
That pileth holy kirke,
And cleymeth bifore the kyng
To be kepere over cristene;
And counteth noght though cristene
Killed and robbed; [ben
And fynt folk to fighte,
And cristen blood to spille,
Ayein the olde lawe and newe lawe,
As Luc therof witnesseth.
Non occides, mihi vindictam, etc.
"It semeth, bi so
Hymself hadde his wille,
That he reccheth right noght
Of al the remenaunt.
And Crist of his curteisie
The cardinals save,
And torne hir wit to wisdom,
And to welthe of soule! [tour,
For the comune," quod this cura-

" Counten ful litel
The counseil of Conscience,
Or cardinale vertues.
But if thei seighe, as by sighte,
Som what to wynnyng,
Of gile ne of gabbyng
Gyve thei nevere tale.
For *spiritus prudentiæ*
Among the peple is gyle;
And alle tho faire vertues
As vices thei semeth.
Ech man subtileth a sleighte
Synne for to hide,
And coloureth it for a konnynge,
And a clene lyvynge."
Thanne lough ther a lord,
And " By this light!" seide,
" I holde it right and reson
Of my reve to take
Al that myn auditour,
Or ellis my styward,
Counseilleth me bi hir acounte
And my clerkes writyng.
With *spiritus intellectus*
Thei seke the reves rolles;
And with *spiritus fortitudinis*
Fecche it I wole after."
And thanne cam ther a kyng,
And, by his croune! seide,
" I am kyng with croune
The comune to rule,
And holy kirke and clergie
From cursed men to fende;
And if me lakketh to lyve by,

The lawe wole I take it
Ther I may hastilokest it have.
For I am heed of lawe;
And ye ben but membres,
And I above alle.
And sith I am youre aller heed,
I am youre aller heele,
And holy chirches chief help,
And chieftayn of the comune;
And what I take of yow two,
I take it at the techynge
Of *spiritus justitiæ*,
For I jugge yow alle.
So I may boldely be housled,
For I borwe nevere,
Ne crave of my comune,
But as my kynde asketh."
"In condicion," quod Conscience,
"That thow konne defende
And rule thi reaume in reson,
Right wel and in truthe,
Take thow mayst in reson
As thi lawe asketh.
Omnia tua sunt ad defendendum,
sed non ad deprædandum."
The viker hadde fer hoom,
And faire took his leeve;
And I awakned therwith,
And wroot as me mette.



Passus Vicesimus de Visione, et Primus de Do-best.

THANNE as I wente by the wey, 13928
Whan I was thus awaked,
Hevy-chered I yede,
And elenge in herte;
I ne wiste wher to ete,
Ne at what place,
And it neghed neigh the noon,
And with Nede I mette
That afrounted me foule,
And faitour me called:
" Kanstow noght excuse thee,
As dide the kyng and othere, 13939
That thow toke to thy bilyve,
To clothes and to sustenaunce;
And by techynge and by tellynge
Of *spiritus temperantiæ*,
And thow nome na-moore
Than nede thee taughte,
And nede he hath no lawe,
Nc nevere shal falle in dette;
For thre thynges he taketh,
His lif for to save. [werneth
" That is mete, whan men hym

And he no moneye weldeth,
Ne wight noon wol ben his borugh,
Ne wed hath noon to legge;
And he caughte in that caas,
And come therto by sleighte,
He synneth noght, soothliche,
That so wynneth his foode.
"And though he come so to a clooth,
And kan no bettre chevyssaunce,
Nede anoon righte
Nymeth hym under maynprise.
"And if hym list for to lape,
The lawe of kynde wolde
That he dronke at ech dych,
Er he for thurst deide.
So Nede al gret nede
May nymen, as for his owene,
Withouten counseil of Conscience
Or cardynale vertues,
So that he sewe and save
Spiritus temperantiæ.
"For is no vertue bi fer
To *spiritus temperantiæ;*
Ne *spiritus justitiæ*
Ne *spiritus fortitudinis.*
For *spiritus fortitudinis*
Forfeteth ful ofte.
He shal do moore than mesure
Many tyme and ofte,
And bete men over bittre,
And some of hem to litel,
And greve men gretter
Than good feith it wolde

"And *spiritus justitiæ* 13984
Shal juggen, wol he nele he,
After the kynges counseil,
And the comune like.
And *spiritus prudentiæ*
In many a point shal faille
Of that he weneth wolde falle,
If his wit ne weere.
Wenynge is no wysdom,
Ne wys ymaginacion.
Homo proponit, et Deus disponit,
And governeth alle goode vertues;
Ac Nede is next hym,
For anoon he meketh,
And as lowe as a lomb,
For lakkyng of that hym nedeth.
Wise men forsoke wele,
For thei wolde be nedy,
And woneden in wildernesse,
And wolde noght be riche.
"And God al his grete joye
Goostliche he lefte,
And cam and took mankynde,
And bi-cam nedy.
So nedy he was, as seith the book,
In manye sondry places,
That he seide in his sorwe
On the selve roode,
Bothe fox and fowel
May fle to hole and crepe,
And the fissh hath fyn
To flete with to reste,
Ther Nede hath y-nome me
That I moot nede abide 14017

And suffre sorwes ful soure
That shal to joye torne,
For-thi be noght abasshed
To bide and to be nedy;
Sith he that wroghte al the world
Was wilfulliche nedy,
Ne nevere noon so nedy
Ne poverer deide."

WHAN Nede hath under-nome me thus,
Anoon I fil a-slepe;
And mette ful merveillously,
That in mannes forme
Antecrist cam thanne,
And al the crop of Truthe
Torned it up-so-doun,
And over-tilte the roote;
And fals sprynge and sprede,
And spede mennes nedes,
In ech a contree ther he cam
He kutte awey truthe,
And gerte gile growe there,
As he a Good weere.
Freres folwede that fend,
For he gaf hem copes;
And religiouse reverenced hym,
And rongen hir belles,
And al the covent forth cam
To welcome that tyraunt,
And alle hise as wel as hym,
Save oonly fooles.
Whiche foolis were wel levere
To deye than to lyve

Lenger, sith Lenten
Was so rebuked.
And as a fals fend, Antecrist
Over alle folk regnede,
Save that were mylde men and holye,
That no meschief dradden,
Defyed alle falsnesse
And folk that it usede;
And what kyng that hem conforted,
Knowynge hem any while,
They cursed and hir conseil,
Were it clerk or lewed.
  Antecrist hadde thus soone
Hundredes at his baner,
And Pride it bar
Boldely aboute,
With a lord that lyveth
After likyng of body,
That kam ayein Conscience,
That kepere was and gyour
Over kynde cristene
And cardynale vertues.
  "I conseille," quod Conscience tho,
"Cometh with me, ye fooles,
Into Unité holy chirche,
And holde we us there;
And crye we to kynde
That he come and defende us,
Fooles, fro thise fendes lymes,
For Piers love the Plowman;
And crye we to al the comune,
That thei come to Unitee,
And there abide and bikere
Ayeins Beliales children."

Kynde Conscience tho herde,
And cam out of the planetes,
And sente forth his forreyours,
Feveres and fluxes,
Coughes and cardiacles,
Crampes and tooth-aches,
Rewmes and radegundes,
And roynous scabbes,
Biles and bocches,
And brennynge agues,
Frenesies and foule yveles,
Forageres of kynde,
Hadde y-priked and prayed
Polles of peple,
That largeliche a legion
Loste hir lif soone.
There was, "Harrow and help!
Here cometh Kynde,
With Deeth that is dredful
To undo us alle!"
The lord that lyved after lust
Tho aloud cryde
After Confort, a knyght,
To come and bere his baner;
"*A l'arme! à l'arme!*" quod that lord,
"Ech lif kepe his owene!"
And thanne mette thise men,
Er mynstrals myghte pipe,
And er heraudes of armes
Hadden discryved lordes,
Elde the hoore
That was in the vaunt-warde.
And bar the baner bifore Deeth,
Bi right he it cleymede.

Kynde cam after,
With many kene soores,
As pokkes and pestilences,
And muche peple shente;
So Kynde thorugh corrupcions
Kilde ful manye.
Deeth cam dryvynge after,
And al to duste passhed
Kynges and knyghtes,
Kaysers and popes,
Lered and lewed,
He leet no man stonde
That he hitte evene,
That evere stired after.
Manye a lovely lady,
And lemmans of knyghtes,
Swowned and swelted
For sorwe of hise dyntes.
Conscience of his curteisie
To Kynde he bi-soughte
To cesse and suffre,
And see wher thei wolde
Leve Pride pryvely,
And be parfite cristene.
And Kynde cessede tho
To se the peple amende.
Fortune gan flatere thanne
Tho fewe that were alyve,
And bi-highte hem long lif,
And Lecherie he sente
Amonges alle manere men,
Wedded and unwedded,
And gaderede a greet hoost
Al agayn Conscience.

This Lecherie leide on
With a janglynge chiere,
And with pryvee speche
And peyntede wordes;
And armede hym in ydelnesse,
And in heigh berynge.
He bar a bowe in his hand,
And manye brode arewes,
Weren fethered with fair bi-heste
And many a fals truthe.
With hise un-tidy tales
He tened ful ofte
Conscience and his compaignye,
Of holy chirche the techeris.
Thanne cam Coveitise,
And caste how he myghte
Overcome Conscience
And cardinale vertues,
And armed hym in avarice,
And hungriliche lyvede.
His wepne was al wiles
To wynnen and to hiden;
With glosynges and with gabbynges
He giled the peple.
Symonye hym sente
To assaille Conscience,
And preched to the peple;
And prelates thei hem maden
To holden with Antecrist,
Hir temporaltees to save;
And cam to the kynges counseille
As a kene baroun,
And kneled to Conscience
In court afore hem alle,

And garte good feith flee,
And fals to abide;
And boldeliche bar a-doun,
With many a bright noble,
Muche of the wit and wisdom
Of Westmynstre Halle.
He jogged to a justice,
And justed in his eere,
And over-tilte al his truthe
With "Tak this up amendement."
And to the Arches in haste
He yede anoon after,
And tornede cyvyle into symonye,
And siththe he took the official
For a mantel of menever,
And made lele matrymoyne
Departen er deeth cam,
And devors shapte.
"Allas!" quod Conscience, and cryde tho,
"Wolde Crist of his grace
That coveitise were cristene!
That is so kene a fightere,
And boold and bidynge
While his bagge lasteth."
"And thanne lough Lyf,
And leet daggen hise clothes,
And armed hym an haste
With harlotes wordes;
And heeld holynesse a jape,
And hendenesse a wastour;
And leet leautee a cherl,
And lyere a fre man;
Conscience and his counseil
He counted at a flye

Thus relyede Lif,
For a litel fortune;
And priketh forth with Pride,
Preiseth he no vertue,
Ne careth noght how Kynde slow,
And shal come at the laste,
And kille alle erthely creatures,
Save Conscience oone.
Lyf lepte aside,
And laughte hym a lemman;
"Heele and I," quod he,
And heighnesse of herte,
Shal do thee noght drede
Neither deeth ne elde,
And to forgyte sorwe,
And gyve noght of synne."
This likede Lif,
And his lemman Fortune;
And geten in hir glorie
A gadelyng at the laste,
Oon that muche wo wroghte,
Sleuthe was his name.
Sleuthe wax wonder yerne,
And soone was of age,
And wedded oon Wanhope,
A wenche of the stuwes.
Hir sire was a sysour
That nevere swoor truthe,
Oon Tomme Two-tonge,
Atteynt at ech enqueste.
This Sleuthe was war of werre,
And a slynge made,
And threw drede of dispair
A dozeyne myle aboute.

For care Conscience tho
Cryde upon Elde,
And bad hym fonde to fighte,
And a-fere Wanhope.
And Elde hente good hope,
And hastiliche he shifte hym,
And wayved awey Wanhope,
And with Lif he fighteth.
And Lif fleigh for feere
To phisik after helpe,
And bi-soughte hym of socour,
And of his salve he hadde.
He gaf hym gold good woon,
That gladede his herte;
And thei gyven hym ageyn
A glazene howve.
Lyf leeved that lechecraft
Lette sholde elde,
And dryven awey deeth
With dyas and drogges.
And Elde auntred hym on lyf,
And at the laste he hitte
A phisicien with a furred hood,
That he fel in a palsie,
And there dyed that doctour
Er thre dayes after.
"Now I se," seide Lif,
"That surgerie ne phisik
May noght a myte availle
To mede ayein Elde."
And in hope of his heele
Good herte he hente,
And rood forth to a revel,
A ryche place and a murye;

The compaignye of confort
Men cleped it som tyme.
And Elde anoon after me
And over myn heed yede;
And made me balled bifore,
And bare on the crowne.
So harde he yede over myn heed,
It wole be sene evere. [quod I,
"Sire yvele y-taught, Elde!"
"Unhende go with the!
Sith whanne was the wey
Over mennes heddes?
Haddestow be hende," quod I,
"Thow woldest have asked leeve."
"Ye, leve lurdeyn!" quod he;
And leyde on me with age,
And hitte me under the ere,
Unnethe myghte ich here. [mouth,
He buffetted me so aboute the
That out my teeth he bette;
And gyved me in goutes,
I may noght goon at large.
And of the wo that I was inne
My wif hande ruthe,
And wisshed ful witterly
That I were in hevene;
For the lyme that she loved me fore,
And leef was to feele,—
On nyghtes, namely,
Whan we naked weere,—
I ne myghte in no manere
Maken it at hir wille;
So Elde and she, soothly,
Hadden it for-beten.

And as I sceet in this sorwe,
I saugh how Kynde passede;
And Deeth drogh neigh me.
For drede gan I quake,
And cryde to Kynde,
"Out of care me brynge!
Lo! Elde the hoore
Hath me bi-seye.
Awreke me! if youre wille be,
For I wolde ben hennes."
"If thow wolt be wroken,
Wend into Unitee,
And hold thee there evere,
Til I sende for thee;
And loke thow konne som craft,
Er thow come thennes."
"Counseille me, Kynde," quod I,
"What craft is best to lerne."
"Lerne to love," quod Kynde,
"And leef of alle othere."
"How shal I come to catel so,
To clothe me and to feede?"
"And thow love lelly," quod he,
"Lakke shal thee nevere
Mete ne worldly weede,
While thi lif lasteth."
And thiere by conseil of Kynde
I comsed to rome
Thorugh Contricion and Confession,
Til I cam to Unitee.
And there was Conscience cone-stable
Cristene to save,
And bisegede soothly
With sevene grete geauntz

That with Antechrist helden
Harde ayein Conscience.
  Sleuthe with his slynge
An hard assaut he made.
Proude preestes coome with hym
Mo than a thousand,
In paltokes and pyked shoes,
And pisseris longe knyves,
Coomen ayein Conscience,
With Coveitise thei helden.
  "By Marie!" quod a mansed
Of the Marche of Walys, [preest
"I counte na-moore Conscience,
By so I cacche silver,
Than I do to drynke
A draughte of good ale."
And so seiden sixty
Of the same contree;
And shotten ayein with shot
Many a sheef of othes,
And brode hoked arwes,
Goddes herte and hise nayles;
And hadden almoost Unitee,
And holynesse a-down. [gie!
  Conscience cryede, "Helpe, Cler-
Or ellis I falle,
Thorugh inparfite preestes
And prelates of holy chirche."
Freres herden hym crye,
And comen hym to helpe;
Ac for thei kouthe noght wel hir
Conscience forsook hem. [craft,
  Nede neghede tho neer,
And Conscience he tolde

That thei come for coveitise
To have cure of soules; [ture,
" And for thei are povere, peraven-
For patrymoyne thei faille,
They wol flatere and fare wel
With folk that ben riche.
And sithen thei chosen chele
And cheitiftee poverte,
Lat hem chewe as thei chose,
And charge hem with no cure.
For lomere he lyeth,
That liflode moot begge,
Than he that laboureth for liflode,
And leneth it beggeris.
And sithen freres forsoke
The felicité of erthe,
Lat hem be as beggeris,
Or lyve by aungeles foode."
" Conscience of this counseil tho
Comsede for to laughe,
And curteisliche conforted hem,
And called in alle freres,
And seide, " Sires, soothly
Welcome be ye alle
To Unitee and holy chirche;
Ac o thyng I yow preye,
Holdeth yow in Unitee,
And haveth noon envye
To lered ne to lewed,
But lyveth after youre reule,
And I wol be youre borugh
Ye shal have breed and clothes
And othere necessaries y-nowe,
Yow shal no thyng faille,

With that ye leve logik,
And lerneth for to lovye.
For love lafte thei lordshipe,
Bothe lond and scole,
Frere Fraunceys and Domynyk,
For love to be holye.
"And if ye coveite cure,
Kynde wol yow teche
That in mesure God made
Alle manere thynges,
And sette hem at a certein
And a siker nombre,
And nempnede names newe,
And noumbrede the sterres.
Qui numerat multitudinem stellarum, et omnibus eis, etc.
"Kynges and knyghtes
That kepen and defenden,
Han officers under hem,
And ech of hem a certein.
And if thei wage men to werre,
Thei write hem in noumbre;
Alle othere in bataille
Ben y-holde brybours,
Pylours and pyke-harneys,
In ech a place y-cursed,
Wol no man tresore hem paie,
Travaille thei never so soore.
"Monkes and moniales,
And alle men of religion,
Hir ordre and hir reule wole
To han a certein noumbre,
Of lewed and of lered,
The lawe wole and asketh

A certein for a certein, 14458
Save oonliche of freres. [Crist!
"For thi," quod conscience, "by
Kynde wit me telleth
It is wikked to wage yow,
Ye wexen out of noumbre;
Hevene hath evene noumbre,
And helle is withoute noumbre.
For-thi I wolde witterly
That ye were in the registre,
And youre noumbre under notaries
And neither mo ne lasse." [signe,
Envye herde this,
And heet freres to go to scole
And lerne logyk and lawe,
And ek contemplacion,
And preche men of Plato,
And preve it by Seneca,
That alle thynges under hevene
Oughte to ben in comune.
And yet he lyeth, as I leve,
That to the lewed so precheth;
For God made to men a lawe, 14480
And Moyses it taughte.
Non concupisces rem proximi tui.
And yvele in this y-holde
In parisshes of Engelonde;
For persons and parissh-preestes
That sholde the peple shryve,
Ben curatours called,
To knowe and to hele
Alle that ben hir parisshens,
Penaunce to enjoigne; [shrift;
And sholden be ashamed in his

Ac shame maketh hem wende
And fleen to the freres,
As fals folk to Westmynstre,
That borweth, and bereth it thider,
And thanne biddeth frendes
Yerne of forgifnesse,
Or lenger yeres loone.
Ac while he is in Westmynstre,
He wol be bifore,
And maken hym murie
With oother mennes goodes.
And so it fareth with muche folk
That to the freres hem shryveth,
As sisours and executours,
Thei wol gyve the freres
A parcel to preye for hem,
And make hemself murye
With the residue and the remenaunt
That othere men bi-swonke,
And suffre the dede in dette
To the day of doome.
Envye herfore
Hatede Conscience;
And freres to philosophie
He fond thanne to scole,
The while Coveitise and Unkyndenesse
Conscience assaillede.
In Unitee holy chirche
Conscience held hym,
And made Pees porter
To pynne the yates,
Of alle tale-telleris
And titeleris in ydel.

Ypocrisie and he
An hard assaut thei made,
And woundede wel wikkedly
Many a wis techere
That with Conscience acordede
And cardynale vertues.
  Conscience called a leche,
That koude wel shryve,
To go salve tho that sike ben
And thorugh synne y-wounded.
Shrift shoop sharpe salve,
And made men do penaunce
For hir mys-dedes
That thei wroght hadde,
And that Piers were y-payed:
Redde quod debes.
  Some liked noght this leche,
And lettres thei sente,
If any surgien were the segge
That softer koude plastre.
Sire Leef-to-lyve-in-lecherie
Lay there and gronede,
For fastynge of a Frydaye
He ferde as he wolde deye.
  "Ther is a surgien in this sege
That softe kan handle,
And moore of phisik bi fer
And fäirer he plastreth,
Oon frere Flaterere,
Is phisicien and surgien."
  Quod Contricion to Conscience,
"Do hym come to Unitee;
For here is many a man

Hurt thorugh Ypocrisye." [science,
"We han no nede," quod Con-
"I woot no bettre leche
Than person or parisshe-preest,
Penitauncer or bisshope,
Save Piers the Plowman,
That hath power over hem alle,
And indulgence may do,
But if dette lette it."
"I may wel suffre," seide Con-
"Syn ye desiren [science,
That frere Flaterere be fet 14569
And phisike yow sike."
The frere herof herde
And hiede faste
To a lord for a lettre,
Leve to have to curen,
As a curatour he were;
And cam with hise lettres
Boldely to the bisshope,
And his brief hadde,
In contrees ther he coome
Confessions to here, 14580
And cam there Conscience was,
And knokked at the yate.
Pees unpynned it,
Was porter of Unitee,
And in haste askede
What his wille were.
"In faith!" quod this frere,
"For profit and for helthe
Carpe I wolde with Contricion,
And therfore cam I hider."
"He is sik," seide Pees, 14591

"And so are manye othere.
Ypocrisie hath hurt hem,
Ful hard is if thei kevere."
"I am a surgien," seide the segge,
"And salves kan make.
Conscience knoweth me wel,
And what I kan do bothe."
"I praye thee," quod Pees tho,
"Er thow passe ferther,
What hattestow? I praye thee;
Hele noght thi name."
"Certes," seide his felawe,
"Sire *Penetrans-domos*."
"Ye, go thi gate," quod Pees,
"By God! for al thi phisik,
But thow konne som oother craft,
Thow comest nought herinne.
I knew swich oon ones,
Noght eighte wynter hennes,
Coom in thus y-coped
At a court there I dwelde,
And was my lordes leche,
And my ladies bothe.
And at the laste this lymytour,
Tho my lord was oute,
He salvede so oure wommen
Til some were with childe."
Hende-speche heet Pees
Open the yates,
"Lat in the frere and his felawe,
And make hem fair cheere;
He may se and here,
So it may bifalle
That lif thorugh his loore

Shal leve Coveitise,
And be a-drad of Deeth,
And withdrawe hym fram Pryde,
And acorde with Conscience,
And kisse hir either oother."
Thus thorugh Hende-speche
Entred the frere,
And cam in to Conscience,
And curteisly hym grette.
"Thou art welcome," quod Conscience,
"Kanstow heele the sike?
Here is Contricion," quod Conscience,
"My cosyn, y-wounded:
Conforte hym," quod Conscience,
"And tak kepe to hise soores.
The plastres of the person
And poudres biten to soore;
He lat hem ligge over longe,
And looth is to chaunge hem;
Fro lenten to lenten
He lat hise plastres bite."
"That is over longe," quod this lymytour,
"I leve I shal amende it."
And gooth and gropeth Contricion,
And gaf hym a plastre
Of 'a pryvee paiement,
And I shal praye for yow
For al that ye ben holden to,
Al my lif tyme,
And make yow, my lady,
In masse and in matyns
As frere of oure fraternytee

For a litel silver.' 14658
Thus he gooth and gadereth,
And gloseth there he shryveth,
Til Contricion hadde clene foryeten
To crye and to wepe;
And wakê for hise wikked werkes,
As he was wont to doone,
For confort of his confessour
Contricion he lafte,
That is the soverayneste salve
For alle kynne synnes.
Sleuthe seigh that, 14669.
And so dide Pryde,
And comeñ with a kene wille
Conscience to assaille.
Conscience cryed eft,
And bad Clergie helpe hym,
And also Contricion,
For to kepe the yate. [Pees,
"He lyth and dremeth," seide
"And so do manye othere,
The frere with his phisyk
This folk hath enchaunted, 14680
And plastred hem so esily,
Thei drede no synne."
"By Crist!" quod Conscience tho,
"I wole bicome a pilgrym,
And walken as wide
As the world lasteth,
To seken Piers the Plowman,
That Pryde may destruye;
And that freres hadde a fyndyng,
That for nede flateren,
And countrepledeth me, Conscience.

Now Kynde me avenge, 14692
And sende me hap and heele,
Til I have Piers the Plowman."
And siththe he gradde after Grace,
Til I gan awake. 14696

Explicit hic Dialogus Petri Plowman.

THE CREED OF PIERS PLOUGHMAN.

PIERS PLOUGHMAN'S CREED.

CROS and curteis Christ
This begynnyng spede,
For the faders frendshipe
That fourmed heaven,
And through the special spirit
That sprong of hem tweyne,
And al in one God-hed
Endles dwelleth.
A, and all myn a.b.c.
After have I lerned,
And patred in my pater-noster
Iche poynt after other;
And after al, myne Ave-marie
Almost to the end;
But al my care is to comen,
For I can nought my Crede.
Whan I shall shewen my shrift,
Shent mote I worthen;
The preeste wil me punyche,
And penaunce enjoyne;
The lengthe of a lenton
Flesh moot I leve,
After that Estur is y-come,
And that is hard fare;

And Wedenesday iche wyke
Withouten flesh-mete.
And also Jesu hymselfe
To the Jewes he saide,
"He that leeveth nought on me,
He leseth the blisse."
Therfor lerne the byleve
Levest me were,
Gif any worldly wight
Wil me [it] couthe;
Other lewed or lered,
That lyveth thereafter
And fulliche folweth the feith,
And feyneth non other;
That no worldeliche wele
Wilneth no tyme,
But liveth in lovyng of God,
And his lawe holdeth;
And for no gettyng of good
Never his God greveth,
But folweth hym the full way,
As he the folke taughte.
But to many maner of men
This matter is asked,
Both to lered and to lewed,
That seyn that they liveden
Hollich on the grete God,
And holden al his hestes.
But by a fraynyng for than
Faileth ther manye.
For first I frayned the freres,
And they me fulle tolden,
That al the fruyt of the fayth
Was in her foure orders;

And the cofres of Christendom,
And the keie bothen,
And the lock of byleve,
Lieth loken in her hondes,
  Then wennede I to wytten,
And with a whight I mette,
A Minoure in a morwe-tide;
And to this man I saide,
"Sire, for greate Godes love!
The graith thou me tell,
Of what myddel-erde man
Myght I best lerne
My Crede? For I can it nought,
My kare is the more.
And therfore, for Christes love!
Thy counseyl I preie.
A Carm me hath y-covenant,
The nede me to teche;
But for thou knowest Carmes wel,
Thy counsail I aske."
  This Minour loked on me,
And laughyng he sayde,
"Leve christen man,
I leve that thou [art] madde:
Whough shulde thei techen the god,
That con non hemselve?
They ben but jugulers,
And japers of kynde;
Lorels and lechures,
And lemans holden,
Neyther in order ne out,
But unneth lybbeth,
And by-japeth the folk
With gestes of Rome.

It is but a faynt folke,
Y-founded upon japes.
They maketh hem Maries men,
And so thei men tellen;
And leieth on oure Lady
Many a long tale.
And that wicked folk
Wymmen betraieth,
And begileth hem her good
With glaverynge wordes,
And therwith holden her hous
In harlotes warkes.
And, so save me God!
I hold it greate synne
To gyven hem any good,
Swiche glotones to fynde,
To mayntaynen swiche maner men
That michel good destruieth.
Yet seyn they in her sutiltie
To sottes in townes,
Thei comen out of Carmeli
Christ for to folwen,
And feyneth hem with holynesse,
That yvele hem bisemeth.
Thei lyven more in lecherie,
And lyeth in her tales,
Than suen any good liif;
But lurken in her selles,
And wynnen werdliche good,
And wasten it in synne.
And ghif thei couthen her Crede,
Other on Christ leveden,
Thei weren nought so hardy
Swyche harlotri usen.

Sikerli I can nought fynden
Who hem first founded;
But the foles foundeden hemselfe
Freres of the Pye,
And maken hem mendynans,
And marre the puple.
But what glut of tho gomes
May any good kachen,
He wyl kepen it hemself,
And cofrene it faste;
And thoigh his felawes fayle good,
For hym he may sterven.
Her monei mai byquest,
And testament maken,
And none obedience bere,
But don as hym luste.
And ryght as Robartes men
Raken aboute
At feyres and at full ales,
And fyllen the cuppe;
And precheth al of pardon,
To plesen the puple.
Her pacience is al pased,
And put out to ferme;
And pride is in her povertie,
That litel is to preisen.
And at the lullyng of oure lady
The wymmen to lyken,
And miracles of mydwyves,
And maken wymmen to wenen
That the lace of oure Lady smok
Lighteth hem of children.
Thei ne prechen nought of Powel,
Ne penaunce for synne;

But al of merci and mensk,
That Marie may helpen.
With sterne staves and stronge
Thei over lond straketh,
Thider as here lemmans liggeth,
And lurketh in townes,
Grey grete-heded quenes
With gold by the eighen,
And seyne that her sustern thei ben,
That sojurneth aboute.
And thus abouten the gon,
And Godes folke betrayeth.
It is the puple that Powel
Preched of in his tyme;
He seyde of swich folke
That so aboute wente,
Wepyng, I warne you
Of walkers aboute,
It beth enemyes of the cros
That Christ upon tholede.
Swiche slomrers in slepe,
Slaughte in her ende,
And glotonye is her God,
With gloppynge of drynk,
And gladnesse in glees,
And grete joye y-maked.
In the shendyng of swiche
Shal mychel folk lawghe;
Therfore, frend, for thy feith
Fond to don beter;
Leve nought on tho losels,
Put let hem forth pasen,
For thei ben fals in her faith,
And feele mo other."

"Alas! frere," quath I tho,.
"My purpos is y-failed;
Now is my comfort a-cast.
Canstou no bote,
Wher I myght meten with a man
That myghte me wyssen
For to conne my Crede,
Christ for to folwen?"
"Certeyn, felawe," quath the frere,
"Withouten any fayle,
Of al men upon mold,
We Minorities most sheweth
The pure aposteles liif,
With penance on erthe,
And suen hem in sanctité,
And sufferen wel harde.
We haunten no tavernes,
Ne hobelen abouten;
At marketes and miracles
We medeleth us never;
We hondlen no moneye,
But monelich faren,
And haven hunger at the mete,
At ich a mel ones.
We haven forsaken the world,
And in wo libbeth,
In penaunce and poverte,
And prechethe the puple
By ensample of oure liif
Soules to helpen;
And in poverte preien
For al oure parteneres,
That gyveth us any good
God to honouren,

Other bel other book,
Or bred to our foode,
Other catel, other cloth
To coveren with oure bones.
For we buldeth a burwgh,
A brod and a large,
A chirch and a chapitle,
With chaumbers a-lofte;
With wide wyndowes y-wrought,
And walles wel heye,
That mote ben portreid and paint,
And pulched ful clene,
With gay glitering glas
Glowyng as the sunne.
And mightestou amenden us
With moneye of thyn owen,
Thou shouldest knely bifore Christ
In compas of gold,
In the wyde window west-ward
Wel neigh in the myddel,
And saint Fraunceis hymselfe
Shal folden the in his cope,
And present the to the Trinité,
And praye for thy synnes.
Thy name shal noblich ben wryten
And wrought for the nones,
And in remembraunce of the
Y-rad there for evere.
And, brother, be thou nought a-ferd;
Bythenk in thyne herte,
Though thou conne nought thy [Crede,
Care thou no-more!
I shal asoilen the, syr,
And setten it on my soule;

And thou may maken this good,
Thenk thou non other."
"Sir," I sayde, "in certaine
I shal gon and asaye."
And he set on me his hond,
And asoiled me clene,
And there I parted him fro
Wythouten and peyne;
In covenaunt that I come agayne,
Christ he me be-taught.
Then saide I to myself,
"Here semeth litel treuthe!
First to blame his brother,
And bakbyten hym foule,
There as curteis Christ
Clerliche saide,
Whow myght thou in thy brothers eighe
A bare mote loken,
And in thyn owen eighe
Nought a beme toten?
See fyrst on thyself,
And sithen on another,
And clense clene thy syght,
And kepe wel thyne eighe,
And for another mannes eighe
Ordeyne after.
And also I see coveitise
Catel to fongen,
That Christ hath clerliche forboden,
And clenliche destrueden;
And sayde to his sueres
For sothe on this wyse,
'Nought thy neighbors good
Coveyte in no tyme.'

But charité and chastité
Ben chased out clene.
But Christ seide by her fruit
Men shal hem ful knowen."
Thanne saide I, " certeine, syr,
Thou demest ful trewe."
Than thought I to frayne the first
Of this foure ordres;
And presed to the Prechoures,
To proven her wille.
Ich highed to her house,
To herken of more;
And when I came to that court,
I gaped aboute,
Swich a bild bold
Y-buld upon erthe heighte
Say I nought in certeyn
Syththe a long tyme.
I semed opon that hous,
And yerne theron loked,
Whow the pileres weren y-paint,
And pulchud ful clene,
And queyntly y-corven
With curious knottes;
With wyndowes wel y-wrought,
Wyde up a-lofte,
And thanne I entred in,
And even forth wente;
And al was walled that wone,
Though it wiid were,
With posternes in privité
To pasen when hem liste;
Orcheyardes and erberes
Evesed wel clene,

And a curious cros
Craftly entayled,
With tabernacles y-tight
To toten al abouten.
The pris of a plough-lond
Of penies so rounde
To aparaile that pyler
Were pure litel.
Than I munte me forth
The mynstre to knowen,
And awaytede a woon
Wonderly wel y-bild,
With arches on everiche half,
And bellyche y-corven,
With crochetes on corneres,
With knottes of gold,
Wyde wyndowes y-wrought,
Y-wryten ful thikke,
Shynen with shapen sheldes,
To shewen aboute,
With merkes of merchauntes
Y-medeled betwene,
Mo than twentie and two
Twyse y-noumbbred.
Ther is non heraud that hath
Half swich a rolle,
Right as a rageman
Hath rekned hem newe.
Tombes upon tabernacles
Tylde opon lofte,
Housed in hornes,
Harde set abouten,
Of armede alabaustre
Clad for the nones,

Maad opon marbel
In many manner wyse,
Knyghtes in ther conisante
Clad for the nones;
Alle it semed seyntes
Y-sacred opon erthe;
And lovely ladies y-wrought
Leyen by her sydes
In manye gay garnemens,
That weren gold beten.
Though the tax of ten yere
Were trewely y-gadered,
Nolde it nought maken that hous
Half, as I trowe.
Than cam I to that cloystre,
And gaped abouten,
Whough it was pilered and peynt,
And portreyed wel clene,
Al y-hyled with leed
Lowe to the stones,
And y-paved with poynttyl
Ich point after other;
With cundites of clene tyn
Closed al aboute,
With lavoures of latun
Loveliche y-greithed.
I trowe the gaynage of the ground
In a gret shyre
Nold aparaile that place
Oo poynt tyl other ende.
Thanne was that chapitre house
Wrought as a greet chirche,
Corven and covered;
And queyntelyche entayled,

With semliche selure
Y-seet on lofte,
As a parlement-hous
Y-peynted aboute.
Thanne ferd I into fraytoure,
And fond there another,
An halle for an hygh kynge
An houshold to holden,
With brode bordes abouten
Y-benched wel clene,
With wyndowes of glaas
Wrought as a chirche
Than walkede I ferrer,
And went al abouten,
And seigh halles full heygh,
And houses ful noble,
Chambres with chymeneys,
And chapeles gaye,
And kychenes for an high kynge
In casteles to holden;
And her dortoure y-dight
With dores ful stronge;
Fermerye and fraitur,
With fele mo houses,
And al strong ston wal
Sterne upon heithe,
With gaye garites and grete,
And iche hole y-glased,
And other houses y-nowe
To herberwe the queene.
And yet thise bilderes wiln beggen
A bagge ful of whete
Of a pure pore man,
That may onethe paye

Half his rent in a yere,
And half ben byhynde.
Than turned I ayen,
Whan I hadde all y-toted,
And fond in a freitoure
A frere on a benche,
A greet chorl and a grym,
Growen as a tonne,
With a face so fat
As a ful bleddere
Blowen bretful of breth,
And as a bagge honged
On bothen his chekes, and his chyn
With a chol lollede
So greet as a gos ey,
Growen al of grece;
That al wagged his fleish
As a quick myre.
His cope, that bi-clypped hym,
Wel clene was it folden,
Of double worstede y-dyght
Doun to the hele.
His kyrtel of clene whiit,
Clenlyche y-sewed,
Hit was good y-now of ground
Greyn for to beren.
I haylsede that hirdman,
And hendlich I sayde,
"Gode sire, for Godes love!
Canstou me graith tellen
To any worthely wiight
That wissen me couthe,
Whǒw I shulde conne my Crede,
Christ for to folwe,

That levede lelliche hymselfe
And lyvede therafter,
Thát feynede no falshede,
But fully Chrise suwede?
For sich a certeyn man
Syker wold I trosten,
That he wolde telle me the trewthe,
And turne to non other.
And an Austyn this ender day
Egged me faste,
That he wolde techen me wel,
He plyght me his treuthe,
And seyde me "certeyn,
Syghthen Christ deyed
Oure ordre was euelles
And erst y-founde."
"First, felawe," quath he,
"Fy on his pilche!
He is but abortiif,
Eked with cloutes,
He holdeth his ordynaunce
With hores and theves,
And purchaseth hem pryvyleges
With penyes so rounde.
It is a pur pardoners craft,
Prove and asay;
For have they thy money,
A moneth therafter
Certes, theigh thou come agen,
He wil the nought knowen.
But, felawe, oure foundement
Was first of the othere,
And we ben founded fulliche
Withouten fayntise,

And we ben clerkes y-cnowen,
Cunnyng in schole,
Proved in processyon
By processe of lawe.
Of oure order ther beth
Bichopes wel manye,
Seyntes on sundri stedes
That suffreden harde;
And we ben proved the priis
Of popes at Rome,
And of grettest degré,
As godspelles telleth."
"A! syre," quath I thanne,
"Thou seyst a grete wonder;
Sithen Christ sayd hymselfe
To alle his diciples,
'Which of you that is most,
Most shal he werche;
And who is goere byforne,
First shal he serven.'
And seyde he saugh Satan
Sytten ful heyghe,
And ful low ben y-leid.
In lyknesse he tolde,
That in povernesse of spyrit
Is spedfullest hele;
And hertes of heyne
Harmeth the soule.
And therefore, frere, farewel;
Here fynd I but pride.
I preise nought thy prechyns,
But as a pur myte."
And angerich I wandrede
The Austyns to prove,

And mette with a maistre of tho men,
And meklich I seyde,
" Maistre, for the moder love
That Marie men calleth!
Knowest thou ought there thou comest
A creature on erthe
That coude me my Crede teche,
And trewelich enfourme,
Withouten flateryng fare,
And nothing feyne,
That folweth fulliche the feith,
And non other fables,
Withouten gabinge of glose,
As the godspelles telleth?
A Minoure hath me holly behyght
To helen my soule,
For he seith that her secte
Is sykerest on erthe,
And ben kepers of the keye
That Chrystendom helpeth,
And puriche in poverte
The apostles they suweth."
" Allaas!" quath the frere,
" Almost I madde in mynde,
To seu hough this Minoures
Many men bygyleth.
Sothly somme of tho gomes
Hath more good hymselve
Than ten knyghtes that I knowe,
Of catel in cofres.
In fraytoure they faren best
Of al the foure ordres,
And usun ypocricie
In al that thei werchen,

And prechen al of perfitnesse;
But loke now, I the prey,
Nought but profre hem in privité
A peny for a masse,
And, but his name be prest,
Put out myn eighe,
Though he had more money hid
Than marchauntes of wolle.
Loke hough this loresmen
Lordes betrayen,
Seyn that they folwen
Fully Fraunceyses rewle,
That in cotinge of his cope
Is more cloth y-folden
Than was in Fraunceis froc
Whan he hem first made.
And yet under that cope
A cote hathe he furred
With foyns, or with fichewes,
Other fyn bevere,
And that is cutted to the kne,
And queyntly y-botend,
Lest any spiritual man
Aspie that gyle.
Fraunceys bad his brethern
Bar-fot to wenden;
Now han they buclede shone,
For blenyng of her heles,
And hosen in harde weder
Y-hamled by the ancle,
And spicerie sprad in her purs
To parten where hem luste.
Lordes loveth hem wel,
For they so lowe crouchen;

But knowen men her cautel
And her queynte wordes,
Thei wolde worshypen hem
Nought but a litle,
The ymage of ypocricie
Ymped upon fendes.
But, sone, gif thou wilt ben seker,
Seche thou no ferther,
We freres beth the firste,
And founded upon treuthe;
Paule *primus heremita*
Put us hymselve
Away into wildernesse,
The world to despisen,
And there we lengeden ful long,
And leveden ful harde;
For to alle this freren folke
Weren founden in tounes,
And taughten untrewely,
And that we wel aspiede.
And for chef charyté,
We chargeden us selven
In amendyng of this men,
We maden oure celles
To ben in cytés y-set,
To styghtle the puple,
Prechyng and prayeng
As profetes shoulden.
And so we holden us the hetheved
Of al holy chirche.
We han power of the Pope
Purliche assoylen
Al that helpen oure hous
In helpe of her soules;

To dispensen hem with
In dedes of synne,
Al that amendeth oure hous
In money other elles,
With corne other catel,
Or clothes to beddes,
Other bedys or broche,
Or breed for our fode.
And gif thou hast any good,
And wilt thyself helpen,
Help us hertelich therwith,
And here I undertake
Thou shalt ben brother of oure hous,
And a book habben
At the nexte chapitre
Clerliche enseled.
And than oure provincial
Hath power to assoylen
Alle sustren and bretheren
That beth of oure ordre.
And though thou conne nought the Crede,
Knele down here,
My soule I sette for thyn,
To asoile the clene,
In covenaunt that thou come ageyne,
And katel us brynge."
And thanne loutede I adoun,
Add he me leve grauntede;
And so I parted hym fro,
And the frere lefte.
Than seide I to myself,
"Here is no bote;
Here pride is the pater-noster
In preying of synne;

Her Crede is coveytise:—
Now can I no ferthere.
Yet wil I fonden forth,
And fraynen the Carmes.
Than toted I into a taverne,
And there I aspyede
Two frere Carmes
With a ful coppe.
There I auntrede me in,
And aisliche I seyde,
"Leve sire, for the Lordes love
That thou on levest!
Lere me to som man
My Crede for to lerne,
That lyveth in lel liif,
And loveth no synne,
And gloseth nought the godspel,
But halt Godes hetes,
And neyther money ne mede
Ne may hym nought letten,
But werchen after Godes word,
Withouten any faile.
A Prechoure y-professed
Hath plight me his trewthe
To techen me trewely;
But wouldest thou me tellen,
For they ben certeyne men,
And syker on to trosten,
I would quiten the thy mede
As my myght were."
"A trefle," quath he, "trewely!
His treweth is ful litel;
He dynede nought with Dominic,
Sithe Christ deide.

For with the prynces of pryde
The Prechours dwellen;
They ben so digne as the devel
That droppeth fro heven,
With hartes of heynesse,
Whough halwen the cherches,
And deleth in devynyté
As dogges doth bones.
Thei medeleth with mesages
And mariages of grete;
Thei leeven with lordes
With lesynges y-nowe;
Thei biggeth hem bichopriches
With bagges of gold;
Thei wilneth worchipes:—
But waite on her dedes.
Harkne at Herdforthe
How that they werchen,
And loke when that they lyven
And leeve as thou fyndest.
They ben counseylours of kynges,
Christ wot the sothe,
Whou thei curreth kynges
And her bak claweth.
God leve hem laden wel
In lyvynge of hevene,
And glose hem nought for her good
To greven her soules.
I pray the, where ben they pryvé
With any pore whightes
That may nought amenden her hous,
Ne amenden hemselven?
They prechen in proud herte,
And preyseth her ordre,

And werdlich worchype
Wilneth in erthe.
Leeve it wel, lef man,
And men right lokede,
There is more pryvé pryde
In Prechoures hertes,
Than there lefte in Lucifere,
Or he were lowe fallen.
They bene dygne as dich-watere,
That dogges in bayteth.
Lok a ribaut of hem
That can nought wel reden
His Rewel ne his Respondes,
But be pure rote;
Als as he were a connyng clerk,
He casteth the lawes
Nought lowly, but lordly,
And lesynges lyeth.
For right as Minoures
Most hypocrice useth,
Ryght so ben Prechoures proude
Purlyche in herte.
"But, chrysten creatoure,
We Carmes firste comen,
Even in Elyes tyme,
First of hem alle;
And lyven by oure Lady,
And lelly her serven,
In clene commun liif
Kepen us out of synne;
Nowt proude as Prechoures beth,
But preyen ful stylle.
We couuen on no quentyse,
Christ wot the southe!

But bisyeth us in oure bedes,
As us best holdeth.
And, therfore, leeve leelman,
Leeve that iche sigge,
A masse of us meene men
Is of more mede,
And passeth alle prayers
Of this proude freres.—
And thou wilt ghyven us any good,
I wolde ye here graunten
To taken al thy penaunce
In peril of my soule;
And tho thou conne nought thy Crede,
Clene the assoyle,
So that thou mowe amenden oure house
With money other elles,
With som catel, other corn,
Or cuppes of sylvere."
"Trewely, frere," quath I tho,
"To tellen the the sothe,
There is no peny in my pakke
To payen for my mete.
I have no good, ne no golde,
But go thus abouten,
And travaile ful trewely
To wynnen with my fode.
But woldest thou for Godes love
Lerne me my Crede,
I shulde don for the wil,
Whan I wele hadde."
"Trewely," quath the frere,
"A fole I the holde:—
Thou woldest nought wetten thy fote,
And woldest fich kachen.

Oure pardon and oure preieres
So beth they nought parten,
Oure power lasteth nought so feer,
But we som peny fongen.
"Fare wel," quath the frere,
"For I mot hethen fonden,
And hyen to an house-wiif
That hath us byquethen
Ten pound in hir testament.
To tellen the sothe,
Ho draweth to the deth-ward;
But yet I am in drede
Leste ho turne hire testament,
And therfore I hyghe
To haven hire to oure hous,
And henten, gif I mighte,
An anuel for myne owen use,
To helpen to clothe."
"Godys forbode!" quath his felawe,
"But ho forth passe
Whil ho is in purpos
With us to departen!
God let hir no lengere lyven!
For letteres ben manye."
Thanne turnede I me forth,
And talked to myselfe
Of the falshede of this folke,
Whow feythles thei weren.
And as I wente by the way
Wepynge for sorowe,
I seigh a sely man me by,
Opon the plough hongen.
His cote was of a cloute
That cary was y-called;

His hod was ful of holes,
And his heare oute;
With his knoppede shon
Clouted ful thykke;
His ton toteden out,
As he the lond tredede;
His hosen over-hongen his hokshynes
On everich a syde,
Al beslomered in fen,
As he the plow folwede.
Tweye myteynes as meter
Maad al of cloutes,
The fyngres weren for-werd,
And ful of fen honged.
This whit waselede in the feen
Almost to the ancle;
Foure rotheren hym byforne,
That feble were worthi;
Men myghte reknen ich a ryb,
So rentful they weren.
His wiif walked hym with,
With a long gode,
In a cuttede cote,
Cutted fulheyghe,
Wrapped in a wynwe shete
To weren hire fro wederes,
Bar-fot on the bare iis,
That the blod folwede.
And at the londes ende lath
A little crom-bolle,
And theron lay a lytel chylde
Lapped in cloutes,
And tweyne of tweie yeres olde
Opon another syde.

And al they songen o songe,
That sorwe was to heren;
They crieden alle o cry,
A kareful note.
The sely man sighed sore,
And seyde, "Children, beth stille!"
This man lokede opon me,
And leet the plough stonden;
And seyde, "Sely man,
Whi syghest thou so harde?
Gif the lakke liiflode,
Lene the ich wille
Swich good as God hath sent;
Go we, leeve brother."
I sayde thanne, "Nay, syre,
My sorowe is wel more.
For I can nought my Crede,
I care wel harde;
For I can fynden no man
That fulli byleveth,
To techen me the heyghe weie,
And therfore I wepe.
For I have fonded the freres
Of the foure ordres;
For there I wende have wist,
But now my wit lakketh;
And al myn hope was on hem,
And myn herte also,
But thei ben fulli faithles,
And the fend sueth."
"A! brother," quath he tho,
"Be ware of tho foles;
For Christ seyde hymself,
'Of swiche I you warne,'

And false profetes in the feith
He fulliche hem calde,
In vestimentis ovium,
But only withinne
They ben wilde werwolves
That wiln the folke robben.
The fen [d] founded hem first,
The feyth to distrie;
And by his craft thei comen in,
To combren the chirche,
By the covetise of his craft
The curates to helpen.
But nowe they haven an hold,
They harmen ful manye;
They don nought after Dominik,
But dreccheth the puple.
He folwen nought Fraunceis,
But falsliche lybben;
And Austynes rewle
They rekeneth but a fable;
And purchaseth hem privilege
Of popes at Rome.
They coveten confessiones,
To kachen some hyre;
And sepulturus also,
Somme wayten to lacchen;
But other cures of Christen
They coveten nought to have,
But there as wynnynge liith,
He loketh non other."
"Whough shal I nemne thy [name,
That neyghbores the calleth?"
"Peres," quath he, "the pore man,
The Ploughman I hatte."

"A! Peres!" quath I tho,
"I pray the thou me telle
More of thise tryflers,
Hou trechurly they libbeth;
For ichon of hem hath tolde me
A tale of that other,
Of her wikked liif,
In werld that he libbeth.
I trowe that som wicked wight
Wroughte this ordres.
Trow ye that gleym of that gest
That Golias is y-cald,
Other els Satan hymself,
Sente hem fro helle,
To combren men with her crafte,
Christendome to shenden."
"Dere brother," quath Peres,
"The devel is ful queynte,
To encombren holy chirche
He casteth ful harde,
And flurieheth his falsnesse
Opon fele wise,
And fer he casteth to-forn
The folk to dystroye.
"Of the kynrede of Caym
He cast the freres,
And founded hem on Sarysenes,
Feyned for God.
But they with her falshe faith
Mychel folk shendeth.
Christ calde hem hymself
Kynd ipocrites;
How often he cursed hem,
Wel can I tellen.

He seide ons hymself
To that sory puple:
'Who worthe you, wyghtes,
Wel lerned of the lawe!'
Eft he seyde to hem selfe,
'Wo mote you worthen
That the toumbes of profetes
Bildeth up heighe!
Youre faderes for-deden hem,
And to the deth hem broughte.'
Here I touche this two,
Twynnen hem I thenke.
Who wilneth be wiser of lawe
Than lewede freres,
And in multitude of men
Ben maistres y-called,
And wilneth worship of the werld,
And sytten with heye,
And leveth lovyng of God
And lownesse byhynde,
And in beldyng of toumbes
Thei traveileth grete,
To chargen her chirche flore,
And chaungen it ofte.
And the fader of the freres
Defouled her soules,
That was the dyggyng devel,
That dreccheth men ofte.
The devel by his dotage
Dissaveth the chirche,
And put in the Prechours,
Y-paynted withouten,
And by his queyntise they comen in
The curates to helpen;

But that harmed hem harde,
And halp hem ful littel.
But Austynes ordinaunce
Was on a good treuthe;
And also Dominikes dedes
Weren dernelich y-used;
And Fraunceis founded his folke
Fulliche on treuthe,
Pure parfit prestes
In penaunce to libben,
In love and in lownesse
And lettynge of pryde,
Grounded on the Godspel,
As God baad hymselve.
But now the glose is so greet
In gladdyng tales,
That turneth up two-fold
Un-teyned upon treuthe,
That they ben cursed of Christ,
I can hem wel prove
Withouten his blissyng,
Bare beth thei in her werkes.
For Christ seyde hymselfe
To swiche as him folwede:
'Y-blissed mot they ben
That mene ben in soule;'
And alle power in gost
God hymself blisseth.
Whou fele freres fareth so,
Fayne wolde I knowe,
Prove hem in proces,
And pynch at her ordre,
And deme hem after that the don,
And dredles, Y leve,

Thei wiln wexon pure wroth
Wonderliche sone,
And shewen the a sharp wil
In a short tyme
To wiln wilfully wrathe,
And werche therafter.
Wytnes on Wyclif,
That warned hem with trewthe.
For he in goodnesse of gost
Graythliche hem warned
To wayven her wikednesse
And werkes of synne.
Whou sone this sorimen
Seweden hys soule,
And overal lolled hym
With heritikes werkes!
And so of the blissyng of God
Thei bereth little mede.
"Afterward another,
Onliche he blissede
The meke of the myddel-erde
Through myght of his fader.
Fynd foure freres in a flok
That folweth that rewle,
Than have I tynt al my tast,
Touche and assaye.
Lakke hem a littel wight,
And her liif blamen;
But he lepe up on heigh
In hardenesse of herte,
And nemne the anon nought,
And thy name lakke,
With proude wordes apert
That passeth his rewle,

Bothe with 'thou leyst,' and 'thou lext,'
In heynesse of soule,
And turnnen as a tyraunt
That turmenteth hymselve.
A lord were lother
For to leyne a knave,
Thanne swich a begger,
The best in a toun.
Loke now, leve man,
Beth nought thise y-lyke
Fully to the Pharisens,
In fele of these poyntes.
Al her brad beldyng
Ben belded with synne,
And in worshipe of the world
Here wynnyng they holden;
They shapen her chapolories,
And strecchet hem brode,
And launceth heighe her hemmes
With babelyng in stretes.
They ben y-sewed with whight silke,
And semes ful queynte,
Y-stongen with stiches
That stareth as sylver.
And but freres ben fyrst y-set
At sopers and at festes,
They wiln ben wonderly wroth
Y-wis, as I trowe;
But they ben at the lordes borde,
Louren they willeth.
He mot bygynne that bord,
A beggere with sorowe;
And first sitten in se
In her synagoges,

That beth her heigh helle hous,
Of Caymes kynd.
For though a man in her mynstre
A masse wolde heren,
His sight shal so by set
On sondrye werkes,
The penonnes and the pomels
And poyntes of sheldes
Withdrawen his devocion,
And dusken his herte.
I likene it to a lim-yerde
To drawen men to helle,
And to worchipe of the fend,
To wraththen the soules.
And also Christ himself seide
To swich ypocrites,
He loveth in marketes ben met
With gretynges of povere,
And lowynge of lewed men
In Lentenes tyme;
For thei han of bichopes y-bought
With her propre silver
And purchased of penaunce
The puple to asoyle.
But money may maken
Mesure of the peyne;
After that his power is to payen,
His penaunce shal fayle.
God leve it be a good help
For hele of the soules!
And also this myster men
Ben maysters i-called,
That the gentill Jesus
Generalliche blamed,

And that poynt to his apostles
Purly defended.
But freres haven forgeten this,
And the fend suweth,
He that maystri loved,
Lucifer the olde.
Where Fraunceys or Dominik,
Other Austyn ordeynde,
And of this dotardes
Doctur to worthe,
Maysters of divinité
Her matynes to leve,
And cherlich as a cheveteyn
Hys chaumbre to holden,
With chymené, and chaple,
And chosen whan hem lyste,
And served as a sovereyn,
And as a lord sytten.
Swich a gome Gods wordes
Grysliche gloseth;
I trowe he toucheth nought the text,
But taketh it for a tale.
God forbad to his folk,
And fullyche defendede,
They shoulden nought stodyen bi-
Ne sturren her wyttes, [forne
But sodenly the same word
With here mouth shewe,
That weren given hem of God,
Thorugh gost of hemselve.
Now mot a frere studyen
And stumlen in tales,
And leven his matynes,
And no masse syngen,

And loken hem lesynges
That liketh the puple,
To purchasen hym his purs ful,
To paye for the drynke.
And, brother, when bernes ben ful,
And holy tyme passed,
Thanne comen cursed freres,
And croucheth ful lowe,
A losel, a lymytoure,
Over al the lond lepeth.
And loke that he leve non hous,
That somwhat he ne laiche;
And there thei gylen hemself,
And Godes word turneth.
Bagges and beggyng
He bad his folke leven,
And only serven hymself,
And his ruwel sechen,
And al that nedly nedeth,
That shulden hem nought lakken.
Wherto beggen thise men,
And ben nought so feble?
Hem fayleth no furryng,
Ne clothes atte fulle,
But for a lustful liif
In lustes to dwellen;
Withouten any travail
Untrulych libbeth;
Thei beth nought maymed men,
Ne no mete lakketh;
Thei [ben] clothed in curious cloth,
And clenliche arayed.
It is a lawles liif,
As lordynges usen,

Nether ordeyned in ordre,
But onethe libbeth.
"Christ bad blissen
Bodies on erthe
That wepen for wikkednesse
That he byforn wroughte.
That ben few of tho freres,
For thei ben nere dede,
And put al in pur clath,
With pottes on her hedes;
Thanne he warieth, and wepeth,
And wicheth after heven,
And fyeth on her falshedes
That thei before deden.
And therfore of that blissyng,
Trewely, as I trowe,
Thei may trussen her part
In a terre powghe.
"Alle tho blissed beth
That bodyliche hongreth;
That ben the pore penyles,
That han over-passed
The poynt of her pris liif,
In penaunce of werkes,
And mown nought swynken ne [sweten,
But ben swith feble,
Other mayned at meschef,
Or meseles lyke,
And her god is a-gon,
And greveth hem to beggen.
Ther is no frere, in feith,
That fareth in this wyse,
That he may beggen his bred,
His bed is y-greithed.

Under a pot he shall be put
In a pryvye chaumbre,
That he shal lyven ne last
But lytel whyle after.
Almyghti God and man,
The merciable blessed,
That han mercy on men
That mis-don hem here.
But who so for-gabbed a frere
Y-founden at the stues,
And brought blod of his bodi,
On back or on syde,
Hym were as good greven
A grete lord of rentes;
He shoulde sonnere ben shryven,
Shortly to tellen,
Though he kilde a comly knyght,
And compasd his mother,
Then a buffet to beden
A beggere frere.
"The clene hertes Christ
He curteyliche blissed
That coveten no catel
But Christes fulle blysse,
That leveth fulliche on God,
And lelliche thenketh
On his lore and his lawe,
And lyveth opon trewthe.
Freres han forgetten this,
And folweth another,
That they may henten they holden,
By-hirneth it sone;
Here hertes ben clen y-hid
In her heighe cloystre,

As curres from careyne
That is cast in diches.
" And parfiit Christ
The pesible blissede,
That ben suffrant and sobre,
And susteyne anger.
Asay of her sobernesse,
And thou might y-knowen
Ther ne is no waspe in this world
That wil folloke styngen,
For stappyng on a too
Of a styncand frere.
For neyther soveren ne seget
Thei ne suffereth never.
Al thei blessyng of God
Beouten thei walken,
For of her suffraunce, for sothe,
Men say but lytel.
"Alle that persecution
In pure liif suffren,
They han the beneson of God,
Blissed in erthe.
I pray, parceyve now
The pursut of a frere,
In what mesure of a mekenesse
Thise men deleth.
Byhold upon Water Brut
Whou bisiliche thei pursueden,
For he seid hem the sothe.
And yet, syre, ferther
Hy may no more marren hem,
But men telleth
That he is an heretik,
And yvele beleveth.

And precheth it in pulpit
To blenden the puple.
They wolden awyrien that wight
For his wel dedes,
And so they chewen charité,
As chewen shaf houndes.
And thei pursueth the povere,
And passeth pursutes,
Bothe they wyln and thei wolden
Y-worthen so grete,
To passen any manes myght,
To mortheren the soules:
First to brenne the body
In a bale of fiir,
And sythen the sely soule slen,
And senden hyre to helle.
And Christ clerly forbad
His christene, and defended,
They shoulden nought after the face
Never the folke demen."
"Sire," I seide myself,
"Thou semest to blamen.
Why dispisest thou thus
Thise sely pore freres,
None other men so mychel,
Monkes ne prestes,
Chanons ne charthous
That in chirche serveth?
It semeth that thise sely men
Han somewhat the greved,
Other with word, or with werk,
And therfore thou wilnest
To shenden other shamen hem
With the sharp speche,

And bannen holliche,
And her hous greven."
"I prey the," quath Peres,
"Put that out of thy mynde;
Certeyn for soule hele
I say the this wordes.
I preise nought pocessioneres
But pur lytel;
For falshed of freres
Hath fulliche encombred
Manye of this maner men,
And maad hem to leven
Her charité and chasteté,
And shosen hem to lustes,
And waxen to werly,
And wayven the trewethe,
And leven the love of her God,
And the werld serven.
But for falshed of freres
I fele in my soule,
Seyng the synful liif,
That sorweth myn herte,
Hou they ben clothed in cloth
That clennest sheweth,
For angeles and archangeles
Alle they whiit useth,
And al aldremen
That ben *ante thronum.*
Thise toknes haven freres taken;
But I trowe that a fewe
Folwen fully that cloth,
But falslyche that useth.
For whiit, in trowthe, bytokeneth
Clennes in soule:—

Gif he have underfiethen whiit,
Thanne he above wereth
Black, that betokeneth
Bale for oure synne,
And mournyng for mis-dede
Of hem that this useth,
And sorwe for synful liif,
So that cloth asketh.
I trowe there ben nought ten freres
That for synne wepen.
For that liif is her lust,
And therby thei libben,
In fraytour and in fermori
Her fostryng is synne;
It is her mete at ich a mel,
Her most sustinaunce.
Herkne opon Hildegare
Hou homlich he telleth
How her sustinaunce is synne;
And syker, as I trowe,
Weren her confessiones
Clenly destrued,
Hy shoulde nought beren hem so [brag,
Ne belden so heyghe.
For the fallyng of synne
Socoreth the folcs,
And begileth the grete
With glaverynge wordes;
With glosyng of godspels
Thei Godes word turneth,
And passen al the pryvylege
That Peter after used.
The power of the apostles
Thei pasen in speche,

For to sellen the synnes
For selver other mede.
And purliche *a pœna*
The puple asoyleth,
And *a culpa* also,
That they may kachen
Money other money-worth,
And mede to fonge;
And ben at lone and at bode,
As burgeises useth.
Thus they serven Sathanas,
And soules bygyleth,
Marchaunes of malisones,
Mansede wrecches.
Thei usen russet also
Some of this freres,
That bitokeneth travaile
And treuth upon erthe.
But loke whou this lorels
Laboren the erthe,
But freten the fruyt that the folke
Ful lellich beswynketh;
With travail of trewe men
Thei tymbren her houses,
And of the curiouse cloth
Her copes they beggen;
And als his gettyng is grete
He shal ben good holden.
And right as dranes doth nought
But drynketh up the huny,
Whan been with her busynes
Han brought it to hepe,
Right so fareth freres
With folk opon erthe;

They freten up the firste froyt,
And falsliche lybbeth.
But alle freres eten nought
Y-liche good mete,
But after that his wynnyng is
Is his wel-fare,
And after that he bringeth hom
His bed shal ben graythed,
And after that his richesse is raught
He shal ben redy served.
But se thiself in thi sight
Whou somme of hem walketh
With clouted shon,
And clothes ful feble,
Wel neigh for-werd,
And the wlon offe;
And his felawe in a frok
Worth swhich fiftene,
Arayd in rede stone,
And elles were reuthe:
And sexe copes or seven
In his celle hongeth;
Though for fayling of good
His felawe shulde sterve,
He wolde nought lenen hym a peny
His liif for to holden.
I myght tymen tho troiflardes
To toylen with the erthe,
Tylyen, and trewlich lyven,
And her flesh tempren.
Now mot ich soutere hys sone
Seten to schole,
And ich a beggeres brol
On the book lerne.

And worth to a writere
And with a lorde dwelle;
Other falsly to a frere
The fend for to serven;
So of that beggares brol
An abbot shal wortlien,
Among the peres of the lond
Prese to sytten,
And lordes sones lowly
To tho losels aloute,
Knyghtes crouketh hem to
And cruccheth ful lowe;
And his syre a soutere
Y-suled in grees,
His teeth with toylyng of lether
Tatered as a sawe.
Alaas! that lordes of the londe
Leveth swiche wrechen,
And leveth swych lorels
For her lowe wordes.
They shulden maken abbots
Her owen bretheren childre,
Other of som gentil blod,
And so yt best semed,
And fostre none forytoures,
Ne swich false freres,
To maken fat and fulle
And her flesh combren.
For her kynde were more
To y-clense diches,
Than ben to sopers y-set first,
And served with sylver.
A grete bolle-ful of benen
Were beter in hys wombe,

And with the bandes of bakun
His baly for to fillen,
Then pertryches, or plovers,
Or pecokes y-rosted,
And comeren her stomakes
With curiuse drynkes,
That maketh swyche harlotes
Hordom usen,
And with her wikked word
Wymmen bitrayeth.
God wold her wonyynge
Were in wildernesse,
And fals freres forboden
The fayre ladis chaumbres.
For knewe lordes her craft,
Treuly I trowe,
They shulden nought haunten her house
So holy on nyghtes,
Ne bedden swich brothels
In so brode shetes;
But sheten her heved in the stre,
To sharpen her wittes;
Ne ben kynges confessours of custom,
Ne the counsel of the rewme knowe.
For Fraunceis founded hem nought
To faren on that wise,
Ne Domynyk dued hem nevere
Swyche drynkers to worthe,
Ne Helye ne Austyn
Swyche liif never used,
But in povert of spirit
Spended her tyme.
We have seyn ourself
In a short tyme

Whou freres wolden no flesh
Among the folk usen;
But now the harlotes
Han hyd thilke reule,
And for the love of oure Lord
Han leyd hire in water.
Wenest thou ther wolde so fele
Swich warlawes worthen?
Ne were werliche wele
And her welfare,
Thei shulden delven and dyken,
And dongen the erthe,
And menemong corn breed
To her mete fongen,
And wortes fleshles wrought,
And water to drynken,
And werchen and wolward gon,
As we wrecches usen!
An aunter gif ther wolde on,
Among an hol hundred,
Lyven so for Godes love
In tyme of a wyntere."
"Leve Peres," quath I tho,
"I pray that thou me telle
Whou I may conne my Crede
In Christen byleve."
"Leve brother," quath he,
"Hold that I segge,
I wil techen the the trouthe,
And tellen the the sothe.—

THE CREDE.

"Leve thou in oure Loverd God
That al the werld wrought,

Holy heven eke on hey
Holliche he fourmede,
And is almyghti hymself
Over alle his werkes.
And wrought as his wil was
The werld and the heven;
And on gentil Jesu Christ,
Engendred of hymselven,
His owen onlyche sone,
Lord over all y-knowen,
That was clenlich conceived
Clerli in trewthe
Of the heye Holy Gost,
This is the holy beleve.
And of the maiden Marye
Man was he born,
Withouten synful seed,
This is fully the byleve.
With thorn y-crouned, crucified,
And on the cros dyede,
And sythen his blessed body
Was in a stone byried,
And descended a-doun
To the derk helle,
And fet out our formfaderes,
And hy ful fayn weren.
The thyrd day redeliche
Hymself ros fram deeth,
And, on a ston there he stod,
He steigh up to hevene,
And on his fader ryght hand
Redelich he sitteth,
That almyghti God,
Over alle other whyghtes;

And is herafter to commen,
Christ all himselven,
To demen the quyke and the dede,
Withouten any doute.
And in the heighe Holy Gost
Holly I beleve;
And generall holy chirche also,
Hold this in the minde;
The communion of sayntes,
For soth I to the sayn;
And for our great sinnes
Forgivenes for to getten,
And only by Christ
Clenlich to be cleused;
Our bodies again to risen
Right as we been here;
And the liif everlasting
Leve ich to habben. Amen.

"Although this flatterynge freres
Wyln, for her pryde,
Disputen of Godes deyté,
As dotardes shulden,
The more the matere is moved
The masedere hi worthen.
Lat the loseles alone,
And leve thou the trewthe;
For these maystres of dyvynité
Many, als I trowe,
Folwen nought fully the feith,
As fele of the lewede.
Whough may mannes wiit,
Through werk of himselve,
Knowen Christes privité,

That alle kynde passeth ?
It mot ben a man
Of also mek an herte,
That myght with his good liif
The Holy Gost fongen;
And thanne nedeth him nought
Nevere for to studyen;
He myght no maistre ben cald,
For Christ that defended,
Ne puten no pylion
On his pild pate,
But prechen in parfit liif,
And no pryde usen.
But al that ever I have seyd,
Soth it me semeth;
And al that evere I have wryten
Is soth, as I trowe;
And for amendyng of thise men
Is most that I write.
God wolde hy wolden ben war,
And werchen the betere!
But for I am a lewed man,
Paraunter I myghte
Passen par adventure,
And in some poynt erren,
I wil nought this matere
Maistrely avowen.
But gif ich have mys-said,
Mercy ich aske,
And pray al mannere men
This matere amende,
Ich a word by hymself,
And al, gif it nedeth.
God of his grete myght,

And his good grace, 1669
Save alle freres
That feithfulli lybben!
And alle tho that ben fals,
Fayre hem amende,
And gyve hem wiit and good wil
Swiche dedes to werch,
That thei may wynnen the liif
That evere shal lesten."
Amen.

52522



NOTES AND GLOSSARY.





NOTES.

LINE 1. Bale, quoting the first two lines, translates them *In æstivo tempore, cum sol caleret.* The printers of the early editions altered *softe* to *set.*

4, 5. *shroudes . . . sheep.* The other text of this poem reads *Yshop into shrobbis | as y shepherde were.* See the Introduction.

28. The text represented in Whitaker's edition here differs much from the other. Our dreamer is there introduced very unadvisedly telling us of this tower, 'truthe was therynne,' a piece of information which he only learns afterwards from dame 'Holy Churche:'

> Ich was aferd of hure face,
> Thauh hue faire were,
> And saide, mercy, madame,
> Wat may this be to mene,
> *The tour upon toft*, quath hue,
> Treuthe ys therynne.
> (Passus Secundus, ed. Whit.)

Where there is an evident reference to the "tour on a toft," which has been previously mentioned in the more correct text.

43, 44. Dr. Whitaker, misunderstanding this passage, has printed 'ther' for 'that,' which is in all the MSS. In his gloss. he interprets 'wonnen' by 'to dwell;" and he paraphrases the sentence, 'some destroying themselves by gluttony and excess,' translating it, I suppose, "And there dwell wasters whom gluttony destroyeth." The meaning is, the ploughmen worked hard, "and obtained (wan) that which wasters destroy with their gluttony." The writer of the second Trin. Coll. MS. seems to have understood the meaning of the passage, but not the words, and has 'whom that thise wastours.'

68. I have here to preserve the alliteration, adopted 'giltles,' from the second Trin. Coll. MS., and one of the printed editions, in place of 'synneles,' which the other MS. has. Though we find instances of irregularity in the sub-letters (or alliterative letters in the first line) in Pierce Plowman, the chief letter is not so

often neglected. In Whitaker's text the account of the minstrels is very confused. Here the minstrels get gold by their song without sin, but the japers and janglers are condemned as getting their living by what is afterwards called 'turpiloquium,' when they had ability to get it in an honester way.

88. *Roberdes knaves.* These are the same class of malefactors who are named *Roberdesmen* in the Statutes, 5 Ed. III. c. 14. "Et diverses roberies, homicides, et felonies ont esté faitz eintz ces heures par gentz qui sont appellez Roberdesmen, Wastours, et Draghelatche, si est acordé et establi que si homme eit suspecion de mal de nuls tielx, soit-il de jour soit-il de nuyt, que meintenant soient arestus par les conestables des villes." This law was confirmed by 7 Ric. II. c. 5, where the word is again introduced. Whitaker supposes, without any reason, the 'Roberdes knaves' to be Robin Hood's men. The other Trin. Coll. MS. reads *Robertis knaves.*

93. *Seint Jame.* St. James of Compostello was a famous resort of pilgrims in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. An amusing song on the inconveniences which attended the voyage is printed in the Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. i, p. 2.

107. *Walsyngham.* The shrine of the Virgin Mary at Walsingham in Norfolk, also enjoyed an extraordinary celebrity, as a resort of English pilgrims. It appears that the first complaints of the Wicliffite reformers were strongly expressed against this pilgrimage. "Lolardi sequaces Johannis Wiclif . . . . prædicaverunt peregrinationes non debere fieri, et præcipue apud Walsingham," etc. Th. Walsingh. p. 340.

116. The four orders of friars were, of course, the Franciscans, Augustines, Dominicans, and Carmelites.

131. These four lines stand thus in Whitaker's text, *Bote holy churche and charité | choppe a-doun swich shryvers, | the moste myschif of molde | mounteth up faste.* Whitaker has translated it quite wrong, "May true charity and church discipline knock down these, the greatest pests on earth, who are rapidly increasing!" The simple meaning of the passage, as given by Whitaker, is, "Unless holy church and charity chop down such shrivers (confessors), the greatest mischief of the world is increasing fast." The present text affords a better and equally clear meaning, "Unless holy church and they hold better together, the greatest mischief in the world is increasing, or gaining ground, very fast."

141. *of falshede of fastynge,* the comma has slipped in by accident. The meaning is "of breaking fast-days."

147. *He bunchith hem*, MS. Trin. 2.

168. *the pestilence tyme*. See further on, the note on l. 2497. The great plague of 1349 and 1350 had carried off so much people, that hands were wanting to cultivate the lands in many parishes, and the distress which followed, with the failure of tithes which naturally accompanied it, drove the parsons to plead poverty as an excuse for going to London and seeking other occupations.

192. Whitaker's text inserts the following passage between this line and the one following:—

Conscience cam and acusede hem,
And the commune herde hit,
And seide, 'Ydolatrie ye soffren
In sondrye places menye,
And boxes ben y-set forth
Bounden with yren,
To undertake the tool
Of untrewe sacrifice,
In menynge of miracles
Muche wex hongeth there,
Al the worldle wot wel
Hit myghte nat be trywe.
Ac for it profitith yow to pors-warde,
Ye prelates soffren
That lewede men in mysbylyve
Leven and deien.
Ich lyve wel, by oure Lorde!
For love of youre covetyse,
That al the worlde be the wors;
As holy wryght telleth
What cheste and meschaunce
To children of Israel
Ful on hem that free were,
Thorwe two false preestes.
For the synne of Ophni
And of Fines hus brother,
Thei were disconfit in bataille,
And losten *Archa Dei*,
And fore hure ayre sauh hem syngen,
And soffred hem don ylle,
And noght chasted hem therof,
And wolde noght rebukie hem,
Anon as it was y-told hyme
That the children of Israel
Weren disconfit in bataille,
And *Archa Dei* y-lore,
And hus sones slayen,
Anon he ful for sorwe
Fro hus chaire thare he sat,
And brak hus necke a-tweyne;
And al was for venjaunce
That he but noght hus children.
And for they were preestes,
And men of holy churche,
God was wel wrother,
And toke the rathor venjaunce.
For-thi ich seye, ye preestes,
And men of holy churche,
That soffren men do sacrifice
And worsheppen mawmettes,
And ye sholde be here fadres,
And techen hem betere;
God shal take venjaunce
In alle swiche preestes
Wel harder and grettere,
On suche shrewede faderes,
Than ever he dude on Ophni
And Finees, or in here fadere.
For youre shrewede suffraunce,
And youre owen synne,
Youre masse and youre matynes,
And meny of youre houres, etc.

225. This is the constitutional principle which was universally acknowledged by our early political writers, and of which some strong declarations will be found in my "Political Songs" (published by the Camden Society). The doctrine of "right divine" was certainly not a prevalent one in the middle ages.

291. This fable appears to be of middle-age formation, for it is not found in any of the ancient collections. It does not occur in the fables of Marie. It is however found in the old collection,

in French verse of the fourteenth century, entitled Ysopet; and M. Robert has also printed a Latin metrical version of the story from a MS. of the same century. La Fontaine has given it among his fables. It may be observed that the fable is nowhere so well told as in Piers Ploughman. (See Robert, Fables Inédites, des xiie, xiiie, et xive siècles, i, pp. 98–101.) The readers of Scottish history will remember the application of this fable in 1481, by the earl of Angus (popularly named, from this circumstance, Archibald Bell-the-cat), in the conspiracy against the royal favourites, which forms an excellent illustration of our text.

381. *Væ terræ, etc.* Ecclesiastes, x, 16. "Væ tibi, terra, cujus rex puer est, et cujus principes mane comedunt."

423. *and pointeth the lawe.* MS. Trin. 2.

429. after this line the following are inserted in the second MS. of Trin. Coll.

I saugh bisshopis bolde,
And bacheleris of devyn,
Become clerkis of acountis
The king for to serve,
Archidekȝnes and denis,
That dignités haven,
To preche the peple
And pore men to fede,
Ben y-lope to Lundone
Be leve of hire bisshop,
And ben clerkis of the kinges bench
The cuntré to shende.

438. *Taillours, tanneris,* | *And tokkeris bothe.* MS. Trin. 2.

453. The Cottonian MS. Vespas. B. xvi, from which Price has given a long extract in his edition of Warton, has here "With wyne of Oseye | and wyn of Gascoyne." Whitaker's reading is "Whit wyn of Oseye and of Gascoyne." Price observes, in a note, "good wyne of Gaskyne, and the wyne of Osee [is the reading of MS. Harl. No. 875].—The same hand already noticed has corrected *wyn* to *weyte* (wheat) *of Gascoyne;* —an obvious improvement." I by no means partake in this opinion: *wine* of Gascony, and *not wheat* of Gascony, is perpetually alluded to in the literature of France and England from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. The reading of the text now printed is evidently the original one, which has been corrupted in the others: the wine more particularly known as Gascon, was a red wine. The writer of "La Desputoison du Vin et de l'Iaue," says of it—

Vin de Gascoigne, sa coulour
N'est pas de petite valour;
Les autres vins fet honnorer,
Quant de soi les veult coulourer:
Force donne, aide, et confort,
Et d'un vin foible, fet. i. fort.
Il a de vin plaine sustance;
Il nourrist sans faire grevance:
Aus testes est bons et au flanc.
Et du rouge y a et du blanc.

(*Jubinal, Nouveau Recueil de Contes, &c.* i, 399.)

The 'wyn of the Rochel' (vin de la Rochelle) was also a favourite wine.—

Rochelle, qui tant a de pris,
Que l'en la va de partout querre;
Chascun si l'enclot et l'enserre,
Car il n'est pas à garçonner,
N'en ne la doit q'aus bons donner;—
Por les grans seignors l'en salache.
(*ib.* p. 300).

The "wyn of Oseye" (vin d'Oüe) was a foreign wine, very rare and dear, and sought up by 'gourmands:' it is mentioned with those of Malvoisia, Rosetta, and Muscadet. (Depping Réglemens sur les Arts et Métiers de Paris, p. lxiii.) It is unnecessary to explain what was 'wyn of the Ryn' (Rhine).

456. *of the Reule | and of the Rochel.* Whitaker.

458. These two lines, omitted in the MS. from which our text is printed, have been added from MS. Trin. 2.

489. *fyve wittes.* The five wits were equivalent to the five *senses.* One of the characters in the early interlude of The Four Elements, a production of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, says:—

I am callyd Sensuall Apetyte,
All craturs in me delyte;
I comforte the *wyttys fyve*,
The tastyng, smellyng, and herynge,
I refresh the syght and felynge,
To all creaturs alyve.

Stephen Hawes, in his Pastime of Pleasure (chap. xxiv), belonging to this same age, refines upon this notion, and talks of five "internall wittes," answering to the five external wits, or to those which were commonly understood by that name.

522. Genesis xix, 32. It is very singular that this story of Lot and his daughters was the favourite example of the medieval preachers against drunkenness.

563. Luke xx, 25.

595. *on an eller.* It was the prevailing belief during the middle ages, that the tree on which Judas hanged himself was an elder. Maundevile tells us that this tree was still in existence. when he visited Jerusalem. "Also streghte from Natatorie Siloe is an ymage of ston and of olde auncyen werk, that Absalon leet make; and because thereof, men clepen it the hond of Absalon. And faste by is yit the *tree of eldre* that Judas henge himself upon for despeyr that he hadde, whan he solde and betrayed oure Lord." The same notion continued to exist in the age of Shakespeare, and is alluded to by Shakespeare himself, Ben Jonson, and others.

Hol. What mean you, sir?
Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are *my elder.*
Biron. Well followed: *Judas was hang'd on an elder.*
Love's Labours Lost, v, 2.

681. *Lucifer with legions.* The story of Lucifer's rebellion and fall was extremely popular in the middle ages, and particularly among the Anglo-Saxons, who, in the fine poem ascribed to Cædmon, had given it almost as much detail as Milton had done at a later date. This legend is related in prose in an Anglo-Saxon tract in MS. Cotton. Vespas. D. xiv, fol. 2.

682. The second Trin. Col. MS. has, *Leride it in hevene,* | *and was the lovelokest* | *to loke on, aftir oure Lord.*

697—704. Instead of these lines, we find the following in Whitaker's text:

Lord, why wolde he tho,
Thulke wrechede Lucifer,
Lepen on a-lofte
In the northe syde,
To sitten in the sonne side
Ther the day roweth,
Ne were it for northerne men,
Anon ich wolde telle:
Ac ich wolle lacke no lyf,'
Quath that lady sotthly.
'Hyt is sykerer by southe,
Ther the sonne regneth,
Than in the north, by meny notes,
No man loyne other.
For theder as the fend flegh,
Hus fote for to sette,
Ther he failede and fuel,
And hus felawes alle.
And helle is ther he is,
And he ther y-bounde,
Evene contrarie suteth Criste,
Clerkus knowen the sothe,
Dixit Dominus Domino meo, sede a dextris meis.
'Ac of this matere
No more mene ich nelle,
He was in the halyday
After heten wayten,
They care noght thauh it be cold
Knaves wen thei worchen.'

Whitaker has translated the last four lines of the foregoing extract thus, "Excepting that hyndes on the holyday look out for warm places, but knaves (servants) when working hard, are indifferent to cold."

695. Isaiah xiv, 14. The citation varies a little from the text of the printed vulgate.

707. *Somme in the eyr.* The monks in the middle ages endeavoured to explain the existence of different classes of spirits and fairies, which the popular creed represented as harmless, or even beneficent creatures, by supposing that some of the angels who fell with Lucifer were less guilty than others, and were allowed to occupy the different elements on the earth instead of being condemned to "the pit." In "The Master of Oxford's Catechism," written early in the fifteenth century, and printed in the Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. i, p. 231, we have the following question and answer,—"*C.* Where be the anjelles that God put out of heven, and bycam devilles? *M.* Som into hell, and som reyned in the skye, and som in the erth, and som in waters and in wodys."

815. Mark iv, 24. In qua mensura mensi fueritis, remetietur vobis, et adjicietur vobis.

835. Epist. Jac. ii, 17. Sic et fides, si non habeat opera, mortua est in semetipsa.

862. Luke vi, 38.

901. The second Trin. Col. MS. has—

Frettid with rynges. And ribande with gold.
Of the pureste perreighe 'Ther nis no quen queyntere
That prince werde evere, That quyk is o-lyve,
In red scarlet robid 'What is this womman,' quod I.

934. Matth. vii, 17. *bonus* (for *bona*) is the reading of the MS. Perhaps it was thought allowable to use the masculine thus before a fem. noun beginning with *a*, for the sake of euphony, as the French still write *mon amie*, instead of *ma amie*, and the like. Whitaker's text has here—

Talis pater, talis filius. No on crokyd kene thorne
For shal never brere bere Kynde fygys wexe.
Beries as a vyne, *Bona arbor bonum fructum facit.*

The lines which follow differ considerably in the two texts.

958. Psalm xiv, 1.

991-994. Instead of these lines, the following are substituted in the second Trin. Coll. MS.:—

Sire Symonye is assent In myddis a mounteyne
To asele the chartres, At myd-morewe tide
That Fals and Favel Was pight up a pavyloun
Be any fyn halden, Proud for the nones,
And feffe Mede therwith And ten thousand of tentis
In mariage for evere. Teldit beside,
Ther nas halle ne hous Of knightes of cuntrés,
To herberwe the peple, Of conceres aboute,
That iche feld nas ful For sisours, for somonours, etc.
Of folk al aboute.

And the rest, as far as line 1100, differs very much in the two MSS.

1103. *of Banneburies sokne,* | *Reynald the reve,* | *and the redyngkynges menye,* | *Munde the mylnere.* Whit.

1128. Luke x, 7.

1177. *With floryns ynome.* Edward III had issued, not very long before the date of this poem, the first extensive English gold coinage, to which he gave the Italian name of florins, derived originally from that of the city of Florence.

1204. *to Westmynstre: i. e.* to the courts of law which were held there.

1404. *A moton of golde.* A mutton (mouton) was a small

French coin of gold, which bore the stamp of a lamb or sheep. See Ducange, v. *Multo*.

1501. Matth. vi, 3.

1523. Regrating, or the buying up of provisions and other things to make extravagant profits by retailing them, was one of the great sources of oppression of the poor by the rich in the middle ages, and was a constant subject of popular complaint.

1529. Whitaker's text adds here,—

Thei have no puteye of the puple
That parcel-mele mote biggen,
Thauh thei take hem untydy thyng,
Thei hold it no treson;
And thauh thei fulle nat ful,
That for lawe y-seelde,
He gripeth therfor as grete
As for the grete treuthe.
Meny sondry sorwes
In cyté fallen ofte,
Bothe thorw fyur and flod,
And al for false puple,
That bygyleth good men,
And greveth hem wronglieke,
The wiche cryen on hure kuees.
That Christ hem avenge
Here on this erthe,
Other elles on helle,
That so bygyleth hem of here good,
And God on hem sendeth
Feveres, other foulor hyveles,
Other fur on here houses,
Moreyne, other meschaunce.
And menye tyme hit falleth,
That innocence ys y-herde
In hevene amonge seyntes,
That louten for hem to oure Lorde,
And to oure Lady bothe,
To granten gylours on erthe
Grace to amende,
And have here penaunce on pure erthe,
And noght in the pyne of helle.
And thenne falleth the fur
On false menne houses,
And good men for here gultes
Gloweth on fuyr after.
Al thys have we seyen,
That some tyme thorw a brewere
Many burgages y-brent,
And bodyes therynne,
And thorw a candel cloming
In a cursed place,
Fel a-don and for-brende
Forth al the rewe,
For-thy mayres that maken free-men,
Me thynken that thei ouhten
For to spure and aspye,
For eny speche of selver,
What manere mester
Of merchaundise he usede,
Er he were underfonge free
And felawe in youre rolles.
Hit ys noght semly, for soth,
In cyté ne in borw-ton,
That usurers other regratours
For eny kynne geftes,
Be fraunchised for a free-man,
And have fals name.

1548. Job, xv, 34.

1611. *Youre fader the felled.* An allusion to the deposition and death of Edward II.

1652. Provisors were people who obtained from the pope the reversion of ecclesiastical dignities, and several severe statutes were made against them, one well-known one by Edward III.

1674. *Love-daies.* See further on, the note on l. 5634.

1734. *In Normandie.* 1750. *To Caleis.* Allusions, no doubt, to recent events in the wars of Edward III. See the Introduction.

1769. *Caytiflyche thow, Conscience,* | *Consailedist the kyng leten* | *In hus enemys honde* | *Ys heritage of Fraunce.* Whit.

1827. Psalm xiv, 1.—1835. Ps. xiv, 2.—1845. Ps. xiv, 5.

1862. Psalm xxv, 10.

1875. Matth. vi, 5.

1885. *Regum.* The reference is to 1 Sam. xv, which in the old Vulgate was called *primus liber regum.*

1985, 2019. Isaiah ii, 4.

2043. Prov xxii, 9. Victoriam et honorem acquiret qui dat munera; animam autem aufert accipientium.

2099. *lernest.* Whitaker's text has *ledest.*

2149. Psalm xiii, 3. The quotation which follows is from the same verse.

2171. *his sone.* The Black Prince, who was a great favourite with the people.

2175–2186. The variation in Whitaker's text deserves notice. This passage there stands as follows:—

Thenne cam Pees into parlement,
And putte up a bylle,
How that Wrong wilfullich
Hadde hus wif for-leyen;
And how he ravysed Rose,
The riche widewe, by nyghte;
And Margarete of here maidenhod,
As he met hure late.
'Both my goos, and my grys,
And my gras he taketh,
Ich dar nouht for is felaweshepe,
In faith!' Pees saide,
'Bere sickerlich eny selver
To seint Gyles doune;
He watteth ful wel,
Wan ich sulfere taketh,
Wat wey ich wende,
Wel yerne he aspieth,
To robbe me and to ryfle me,
Yf ich ride softe.
Yut he is bolde for to borwe,
And baldelich he payeth:
He borwede of me Bayarde,' etc.

2177. *How Wrong ayeins his wille.* What follows is a true picture of the oppressions to which the peasantry were frequently subjected by the king's purveyors, and by others in power. See the Political Songs, pp. 377, 378; and Hartshorne's Ancient Metrical Tales, pp. 41, 42.

2197. *taillé*, a tally. See the Political Songs, as above quoted. Whitaker translates this passage, which stands thus in his edition,

And taketh me bote a taile
For ten quarters other twelve,

by, "and for ten or twelve quarters of it repaid me but *a sheep's tail!*"

2298. *in my stokkes.* In my prison. Prisons were usually furnished with stocks, in which, instead of fetters, prisoners were set.

2323. *Beneyt.* St. Benedict, the founder of the Benedictine order; St. Bernard, of the order of Cistercians; St. Francis, of the Franciscans.

2335. *Galis.* Compostello in Galicia.

2473. *Passus Quintus.* In Whitaker's text, this section, which is called *Passus Sextus*, is prefaced by the following long exordium, intended as a satire against the mendicant friars:—

Thus ich awaked, God wot!
Wanne ich wonede on Cornhulle,
Kytte and ich in a cote,
Clothede as a lollere:
And a lytel-ich leb-by,
Leyve me, for sothe,
Among lolleres of London,
And lewede heremytes.
For ich-made of tho men,
As Reson me tauhte.
For as ich eam by Conscience,
Wit Reson-ich-mette,
In an hote harvest,
Wenne ich hadde myn hele,
And lymes to labore with,
And lovede wel fare,
And no dede to do
Bote drynke and to slepe,
In hele and in unité,
On me aposede,
Romynge in remembraunce.
Thus Reson me arated:
'Canstow sorven,' he seide,
'Other syngen in a churche?
Other loke for my eokers?
Other to the earte piecche?
Mowe, other mowen,
Other make bond-to sleves?
Repe, other be a repe-reyve
And arise erliche?
Other have an-horne and be hay-warde,
And liggen out a nyghtes,
And kepe my corn in-my croft
From pykers and theeves?
Other shap shoon other clothes?
Other shep other kyne kepe?
Eggen, other harwen,
Other swyne other gees dryve?
Other eny kyne craft
That to the comune nudeth,
Hem that bed-reden be
Bylyve to fynde?'
'Certes,' ich seyde,
'And so me God helpe!
Ich am to waik to worche
With sykel other with sythe;
And to long, leyf me,
Lowe for to stoupe,
To worchen as workemen
Eny wyle to dure.'
'Then havest thow londes to lyve by,'
Quath Reson, 'other lynage ryche
That fynden the thy fode?
For an hydel-man thow semest,
A spendour that spende mot,
Other a spille-tyme;
Other beggest thy lyve
Aboute ate monne hatches;
Other faitest upon Fridnys;
Other feste dayes in churches;
Tho wiche is lollerene lyf,
That lytel is preysed
Ther ryghtfulnesse rewardeth
Ryght as men deserveth.
Reddit unicuique juxta opera sua.
Ether thow ert broke, so may be,
In body other in membre,
Other y-maymed therow som myshap,
Werby thow myght be excused.'
'Wanne ich yong was,' quath ich,
'Many yer hennes,
My fader and my frendes
Founden me to scole,
Tyl ich wiste wyterliche
Wat holy wryt menede,
And wat is best for the body,
As the bok telleth,
And sykerest for the soule,
By so ich wolle continue.
And yut fond ich never in faith,
Sytthen my frendes deyden,
Lyf that me lyked,
Bote in thes long clothes.
Hyf ich by labeure sholde lyf,
And lyflode deserven,
That labour that ich lerned best
Therwhit lyve ich sholde.
In eadem vocatione qua vocati estis.
And ich lyve in Londche
And on London bothe.
The lomes that ich labeure with
And lyflode deserve,
Ys paternoster and my prymer,
Placebo et dirige,
And my sauter some tyme,
And my sevene psalmes.
Thus ich synge for hure soules
Of suche as me helpen.
And tho that fynden me my fode
Vochen-saf, ich trowe,

To be welcome wan ich come
Other wyle in a mouthe,
Now with hym, and now with hure,
And thus gate ich begge
Withoute bagge other botel,
Bote my wombe one.
And also, moreover,
Me thynketh, syre Reson,
Men sholde constreyne
No clerke to knavene werkes.
For by law of Levitici,
That oure Lord ordeynede,
Clerkes that aren crowned
Of kynde understondyng,
Sholde nother swynke ne swete,
Ne swere af conquestes,
Ne fyghte in no vauntwarde,
Ne hus to-greve.
Non reddas malum pro malo.
For it ben aires of hevene,
And alle that ben crounede
And in queer in churches,
Cristes owene mynestres.
Dominus pars hereditatis meæ.
Et alibi, Clementia von constringit.
Hit bycometh for clerkus
Crist for to serven;
And knaves uncrouncde
To cart and to werche.
For shold no clerk be crouned
Bote yf he y-come were
Of frankeleus and freemen
And of folke y-weddede.
Bondmen and bastardes,
And beggers children,
Thuse bylongeth to labour,
And lordes children sholde serven,
Bothe God and good men,
As here degree asketh;
Some to synge masses,
Other sitten and wryte,
Rede and receyve
That Reson oughte spende.
And sith houdemenne barnes
Han be made bisshopes,
And barnes bastardes
Han ben archidekenes;
And sopers and here sones
For selver han be knyghtes,
And lordene sones here laboreres,
And leid here rentes to wedden
For the ryght of the reame,
Ryden ayens oure enemys,
In consort of the comune
And the kynges worshep.
And monkes and moniales,
That mendinaunts sholden synde,
Han mad here kyn knyghtes,
And knyght fees purchase.
Popes and patrones
Povre gentil blod refuseth,
And taken Symondes sonne
Seyntewarie to kepe.
Lyf-holynesse and love
Han ben longe hennes,
And wole, til hit be wered out,
Or otherwise y-chaunged.
For-thy rebuke me ryht nouht,
Reson, ich yow praye;
For in my conscience ich knowe
What Crist wolde that ich wroughte.
Prayers of perfyt man,
And pennunce discret,
Is the levest labour
That oure Lord pleseth.
Non de solo, ich seyde,
For sothe *vivit homo*,
Nec in pane et pabulo,
The paternoster witnesseth.
Fiat voluntas tua
Fynt-ous alle thynges.'
Quath Conscience, 'By Crist!
Ich can nat see this lyeth.
Ac it semeth nouht perfitnesse
In cyties for to begge,
Bote he be obedience
To-preyour other to mynstre.'
'That ys soth,' ich seide,
'And so ich by-knowe
That ich have tynt tyme,
And tyme mys-spended
And yut ich hope, as he
That ofte haveth chaffarede,
That ay lath lost and lost,
And at the latest hym happeth
He bouhte suche a bargayn
He was the bet overe,
And sette hus lost at a lef
At the laste ende;
Suche a wynnynge hym warth
Thorw wyrdes of his grace.
Simile est regnum cælorum thesauro abscondito in agro, etc.
Mulier quæ inveniet dragmam, etc.
So hope ich to have of hym
That his almyghty
A gobet of hus grace,
And bygynne a tyme
That alle tymes of my tyme
To profit shal turne.'
'Ich rede the,' quath Reson tho,
'Rathe the to bygynne

The lyf that ys lowable
And leel to the soule.'
'Ye, and continue,' quath Conscience.
And to the church ich wente.
And to the church gan ich go,
God to honourie,
Byfor the crois on my knees
Knocked ich my brest,
Sykinge for my sennes,
Seggynge my paternoster,
Wepyng and wailinge,
Tyl ich was a-slepe
Thenne mete me moche more
Than ich byfor tolde,
Of the mater that ich mete fyrst
On Malverne hulles.
Ich sawe the feld ful of folk
Fram ende to the other;
And Reson revested
Ryght as a pope,
And Conscience his crocer
Byfore the kynge stande.
Reson reverentliche
Byfor al the reame
Prechede and provede
That thuse pestilences
Was for pure synne, etc.

See l. 2497, of the present edition.

2497. *thise pestilences.*—There were three great pestilences in the reign of Edward III, the terrible effects of which were long fresh in people's minds, and they were often taken as points from which to date common events. Two of them had passed at the period when the Visions of Piers Ploughman are believed to have been written, and are the ones here alluded to. Of the first, or great pestilence, which lasted from 31 May, 1348, to 29 Sept. 1349, the contemporary chroniclers give a fearful account. In a register of the Abbey of Gloucester (MS. Cotton. Domit. A. VIII, fol. 124), we have the following entry:—"Anno Domini m°.ccc°.xlviij°. anno vero regni regis Edwardi III, post conquestum xxij°. incepit magna pestilentia in Anglia, ita quod *vix tertia pars* hominum remansit." This pestilence, known as the *black plague*, ravaged most parts of Europe, and is said to have carried off in general about two-thirds of the people. It was the pestilence which gave rise to the Decameron of Boccaccio. For an interesting account of it, see Michelet's Hist. de France, iii, 342–349. The second pestilence lasted from 15 Aug. 1361, to May 3, 1362, and was much less severe. The third pestilence raged from 2 July to 29 September, 1369.

2500. *The south-westrene wynd | on Saterday at even.* Tyrwhitt, in his Preface to Chaucer, first pointed out the identity of this wind with the one mentioned by the old chroniclers (Thorn, Decem. Script. col. 2122; Walsingham, p. 178; the continuator of Adam Murimuth, p. 115), as occurring on the evening of Jan. 15, 1362. The fifteenth of January in that year was a Saturday. The following is the account given by Walsingham: "Anno gratiæ millesimo trecentesimo sexagesimo secundo, qui est annus regni regis Edwardi a conquestu tertii tricesimus sextus, tenuit rex natale apud Wyndesor, et quinto decimo die sequente ventus vehemens, nothus auster affricus, tanta vi erupit, quod

flatu suo domos altas, ædificia sublimia, turres, et campanilia, arbores, et alia quæque durabilia et fortia violenter prostravit pariter et impegit, in tantum quod residua quæ modo extant, sunt hactenus infirmiora." The continuator of Murimuth is more particular as to the time of the day, and in other respects more exact. "A. D. m. ccc. lxii, xv die Januarii, *circa horam vesperarum*, ventus vehemens notus australis affricus tanta rabie erupit," etc.

2529. *And fecche Felis his wyf | Fro wyuene pyne.* MS. Trin. Col. 2.

2547. This was a very old and very common proverb in England. Thus in the Proverbs of Hending (Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. i, p. 110) :—

Ne hue thi child never so duere,
Ant hit wolle unthewes lerne,
Bet hit other whyle;
Mote hit al habben is wille,
Woltou nultou hit wolle spille,
Ant bicome a fule.
Luef child lore byhoveth;
Quoth Hendyng.

The proverb is a little varied in another copy of these "Proverbs," p. 194 of the same work. There is a German proverb closely resembling it, "Je lieberes Kind, je schärfere Ruthe."

2551. Prov. xiii, 24.

2569. After this line Whitaker's text has inserted a passage, answering nearly word for word (except in the few first lines) to the passage in our text, ll. 6218–6274.

2573. In the same text, the following lines are here added :—

'And also,' quath Reson,
'Ich rede yow, riche
And comuners, to acorden
In alle kynne treuthe.
Let no kynne consail
Ne covetyze yow departe,
That on wit and on wil
Alle youre wardes kepe.
Lo! in hevene on hy
Was an holy comune,
Til Lucifér the lyere
Leyved that hymselve
Were wittyour and worthiour
Than he that was hus maister.
Hold yow in unité,
And ye that hother wolde
Is cause of alle combraunce
To confoumde a reame.

2586. Matt. xxv, 12.

2594. Whitaker's *Passus Sextus* ends with this line.

2625. Before Envy's confession, and in the place of Lechery, Whitaker's text introduces the confession of Pride :—

Ich, Pruyde, patientliche
Penaunce ich aske;
For ich formest and ferst
To fader and to moder
Have y-be unboxome,
Ich beseche God of mercy;
And unboxome y-be,
Nouht abaissed to agulte

God and alle good men,
So gret was myn horte;
Inobedient to holy churche,
And to hem that ther serven,
Demed for hure yvel vices,
And excited othere
Thorw my word and al my wit
Hure yvel workes to shewe;
And scorned hem and othere,
Yf a skyle founde,
Lauhynge al aloude,
For lewede men sholde
Wene that ich were witty
And wyser than anothere;
Scorner and unskilful to hem
That skil shewede,
In all manere manners
My name to be y-knowe,
Semeng a sovereyn on,
Wer so me byfulle
To telle eny tale.
Ich trowede me wiser
To carpen other to counsaile
Than eny, lered other-lewede.
Proud of aparail
In porte amonge the puple,
Otherwise than ich have,
Withynne other withoute,
Me wilnede that men wende
Ich were in aveyr
Riche and resonable,
And ryghtful of lyvynge;
Bostynge and braggynge
Wyt-meny holde othes;
Avauntyng upon my veine glorie
For eny undernemynge;
And yut so syngeler by myself
Ne non so pomp holy,
Som tyme on a secte,
Sam-tyme on another;
In all kynne covetyse
Contrevede how ich myghte
Be holde for holy,
And hondred sithe by that encheison;
Wilnede that men wende
My werkes were the beste
And konnygest of my craft,
Clerkes other othere,
And strengest upon my stede,
And styvest under gurdell,
And lovelokest to loken on,
And lykynge[st] a-bedde;
And lykynge of such a lif
That no lawe preyseth;
Proud of my faire fetours;
And for ich songe shrille;
And what ich gat for Godes love,
To godayhes ich tolde,
Ther to wene that ich were
Wel-holy and wel almesful.
And non so bold begger
To byddon an[d] crave,
Tales to telle
In tavernes and in stretes,
Thyng that nevere was thouhte,
And yut ich swor ich sauh hit,
And lyed on my lykame
And on my lyf bothe.
Of werkes that ich wel dude
Witnesse ich take,
And syggen to such
That sytten me bysyde,
'Lo! yf ye leyve me nouht,
Other that ye wene ich lye,
Ask of hym other of hure,
And thei conne yow telle
What ich soffrede an[d] seih,
And som tyme hadde,
And wlnt ich knew and couthe,
Of wat kyn ich kam-of;
Al ich wolde that men wuste,
Whenne it to pruyde soncde,
As to preised among the pupie,
Thauh ich povre semede.'
Si hominibus placerem, Christi servus non essem. Nemo potest duobus dominis servire.
'Now God, of hus goodnesse,
Geve the grace to amende!'
Quath Repentaunce ryght with that;
And thenne roos Envye.

The description of Envy, which follows, is shorter in Whitaker's text, and differs much from our text.

2819–2822. The discipline here described seems to have been peculiar to the chapter-house of the monasteries. Matth. Paris, p. 848, has an anecdote which illustrates curiously this passage of Piers Ploughman. In speaking of the turbulent Falcasius de Breuté, who had been warned in a vision to offer himself to suffer penance in the monastery of St. Albans, in the reign of

Henry III, he says, "Vestibus igitur spoliatus cum suis militibus, similiter indumentis spoliatis, ferens in manu virgam quam vulgariter *baleis* appellamus, et confitens culpam suam, . . . a singulis fratribus disciplinas nuda carne suscepit."

2846. In the text which Whitaker has printed, the confession of Wrath was followed by that of Luxury or Lechery. It stands as follows in the copy of the same text in MS. Cotton. Vespas. B. xvi. (*See* l. 8713, of our present text.)

Thanne seide Lecherie, Alas!
And to oure Ladi criede,
'Ladi, for thi leve sone,
Loute for me nouthe,
That he have pité on me, putour,
For his pure merci.'
'With that I schal,' quod that schrewe,
'Saterdaies, for thi love,
Drynke with the doke,
And dine but ones.'
I, gulti in gost,
To God I me schrive,
As in likyng of lecherige
My licames gultes,
In wordes, in wedes,
In waityng of eyen;
To eche maide that I mette
I made here a sigge,
Semyng to synne-ward,
And summe can I taste
Aboute the mouth, and binethe
Bigon I to grope,
Til bothe oure wil was on,
To werke we yeden,
As wel fastyng daies,
And hi festes eves,
And wel in Lente as out of Lente,
Al tymes i-liche;
Swiche werkes with us
Weren nevere out of seson,
Til we mighten ne more.
Tho hadde we muri tales
Of putrige and of paramours,
And provede thorw specche,
Handelyng, and halsyng,
And also thorw cussyng,
Exeityng heither other
To oure elde synne;
Sotilde songes,
And sente out elde baudes
For te wynne to my wil
Wemmen with gile;
Bi sorcerie sum time,
And sum time be maistrie,
I lai bi the lovelokest,
And lovede hem nevere aftur.
Whan I was eld and hor,
And hadde i-lorn that kynde,
I hadde likyng to lige
Of lecherous tales.
Now, Lord, for thi lewté,
On lecheres have merci.

2850. *Sire Hervy.* Whitaker and Price (in Warton) suppose that there is here a personal allusion, which at the time had become proverbial.

2874. *Symme at the Style.* Whit.

2882. *To Wy and to Wynchestre | I wente to the feyre.* Warton (Hist. of Eng. p. ii, 55, edit. 1840) supposes Wy to be Weyhill, in Hampshire, "where a famous fair still subsists." In fact it is one of the greatest fairs in England, lasting ten days. For anecdotes of the celebrity of the great fair at Winchester in former times, and for some interesting observations on fairs in general, *see* Warton, loc. cit.

2933. *The Roode of Bromholm.* At the Priory of Bromholm, in Norfolk, there was a celebrated cross, said to be made of fragments of the real cross, and much resorted to by pilgrims. It was brought from Constantinople to England in 1223. The

history of this cross, and the miracles said to have been performed by it at Bromholm, are told by Matthew Paris (p. 268). In the MS. Chronicle of Barthol. de Cotton, it is recorded at the date 1223, "Eo tempore Peregrinatio de Bromholm incepit."

2949. *Frensshe . . . of Northfolk.* Norfolk, it would appear by this, was one of the least refined parts of the island.

3030. In this part of the poem, the smaller variations between the present text and Whitaker's are very numerous. After this line, the following passage is inserted:—

With false wordes and writes
Ich have wonne my goodes,
And with gyle and glosynge
Gadered that ich have;
Meddled my merchaundise,
And mad a good moustre,
The werst lay withynne,
A gret wit ich let hit.
And yf my neyhgebore had an hyne,
Other eny best ellys,
More profitable than myn,
Ich made meny wentes,
How ich myght have hit
Al my wit ich caste;
And bote ich hadde hit by othes away,
At last ich stal hit,
Other pryvyliche hus pors shok,
Unpiked his lokes.
And yf ich yede to the plouh,
Ich pynchede on hus half acre,
That a fot londe other a-forwe
Fetchen ich wolde
Of my neyhgeboris next,
Nymen of hus erthe.
And yf y repe, over reche,
Other gaf hem red that ropen
To sese to me with here sykel,
That ich sewe nevere.
In haly dayes at holy churche
Wenne ich hurde messe,
Ich hadde nevere witerlich
To hyseche mercy
For my mysdedes,
That ich ne mornede ofter
For lost of good, leyve me,
Then for lycames gultes.
Thauh ich dedliche synne dude;
Ich dradde hit nat so sore [lost,
As wenne ich lenede and leyvede hit
Other longe er hit were paied.
And yf [ich] sente over see
My servaunt to Brugges,
Other into Prus my prentys,
My profit to awaite,
To marchaunde with monye
And maken here eshaunge,
Myght nevere man comforty me
In the meyn tyme,
Neither matyns ne masse,
Ne othere manere syghtes,
And nevere penaunce performede,
Ne paternoster seyde,
That my myndo ne was
More in my goodes,
Than in Godes grace,
And hus grete myghte.
Ubi thesaurus tuus, ibi cor tuum.
See ll. 8751-8827.

3039. Psa. l. 8.

3083. The confessions of the robber and the glutton are reversed in Whitaker's text, and present many variations. The robber's confession is there preceded by the following curious lines:—

Then was ther a Walishman
That was wonderlich sory,
He hight Yyvan Ycid-ageyn;
'If ich so mochc have,
Al that ich wickedlich wan
Setthen ich hit hadde;
And thauh my lifode lache,
Loten ich nelle
That ech man shal have hus,
Er ich hennes wende.
For me ys levere in this lif
As a lorel beggen,
Than in lysse to lyve,
And lese lyf and soule.'

3162. Between this line and the next, MS. Trin. Col. 2, inserts *Bargoynes and beverechis | Begonne for to arise.*

3277, 3278. *rymes of Robyn Hood | and Randolf erl of Chestre.* This seems to be the earliest mention of the ballads of Robin Hood which can now be found. Ritson was quite mistaken (Robin Hood, Introd. p. xlix) in the supposed mention of him by the prior of Alnwick, the title of the Latin song being modern. The passage of Fordun, in which Robin Hood is spoken of, is probably an interpolation.

I am not sure that Ritson is right in taking the *Randolf erl of Chester* of Piers Ploughman, to be Ranulf de Blundeville: it is quite as probable that he was the Ranulf of Chester of the days of Stephen, whose turbulent deeds may have been the subject of popular ballads. Warton (H. E. P. ii, 373), quoting the passage of Piers Ploughman with the word *erl* omitted, conceives it to mean Ralph Higden, and imagines the *rymes* to be the Chester Mysteries, of which he conjectured that Ralph Higden was the author.

3311. *Ite missa est.* The concluding sentence of the service of the Mass.

3407. *the Rode of Chestre.* There was a celebrated cross or rood at Chester, which was long an object of great veneration, and even of pilgrimage, among our Roman Catholic forefathers. "I do not recollect any thing remarkable (says Mr. Pennant, speaking of Chester) on the outside of the walls which has been unnoticed, unless it be the Rood-eye, and the adjacent places."—"The name of this spot is taken from *eye*, its watery situation, and rood, the cross which stood there, whose base is still to be seen." Pennant's Tour in Wales, edit. 1778, p. 191. According to Gough's Camden, the base was still remaining in 1789.

3410. *Roberd the robbere.* This name is rather curious in conjunction with the term *Roberdesmen* mentioned in the note on l. 88. It was no uncommon practice to give punning names in this way to people or classes of people. In a Latin song of the reign of Henry III (Political Songs, p. 49), we have a very curious instance of it, one of the names being, as here, *Robert*:—

> Competentur per *Robert, robbur* designatur;
> Robertus excoriat, extorquet, et minatur.—
> Vir quicunque rabidus consors est Roberto.

Still earlier (12th cent.) a scribe says of one of his brothers, "Secundus dicebatur *Robertus*, quia a re nomen habuit, *spoliator* enim diu fuit et *prædo*." (Polit. Songs, p. 354.)

3419. *Dysmas.* In middle-age legends, Dismas and Gestas were the names of the two thieves who were crucified with Christ. The former was the one who believed in the Saviour, and received a promise of paradise.

3443. Before this line, Whitaker's text has the following passage:—

Ac whiche be the braunches
That bryngeth me to sleuthe,
Ys wanne a man mourneth nat
For hus mysdedes;
The penaunce that the prest enjoyneth
Parfourmeth uvele;
Deth non alwys dedes,
And drat nat of synne;
Lyveth ayens the byleyve,
And no lawe kepeth;
And hath no lykynge to lerne,
Ne of houre Lord hure,
Bote harlotrie other horedom,
Other elles of som wynnyng.
Wan men carpen of Crist
Other of clennesse of soule,
He wext wroth, and wol not huyre
Bote wordes of murthe,
Penaunce and povre men,
The passion of seyntes,
He hateth to huyre therof
And alle that therof carpen.
Thuse beth the braunches, be war,
That bryngeth man to wanhope.
Ye lordes and ladyes,
And legates of holy churche,
That feden fool sages,
Flaterers and lyers,
And han lykynge to lythen hem,
In hope to do yow lawe—
Væ! vobis qui ridetis, etc.
And geveth suche mede and mete,
And povre men refusen;
In youre deth deynge,
Ich drede me sore
Lest the maner men
To moche sorwe yow brynge. [*entur.*
Consensientes et agentes pari pœna puniu-
Patriarkes and prophetes,
Precheours of Godes wordes,
Saven thorgh here sermons
Mannes soule fro helle:
Ryght so flaterers and foles
Aren the fendes procuratores,
Entysen men thorgh here tales
To synne and to harlotrie.
Clerkus that knowen this,
Sholde kennen lordes
What David seide of suche men,
As the Sauter telleth:
Non habitabit in medio domus meæ qui
facit superbiam, qui loquitur iniquum.
Sholde non harlot have audience
In halle ne in chaumbre,
Ther that wys men were,
Whitnesse of Godes wordes;
Nother a mys-prout man
Among lordes alouwed.
Clerkus and knyghtes
Welcometh kynges mynstrales,
For love of here lordes
Lithen hem at festes;
Muche more, me thenketh,
Riche mon auhte
Have beggers bysore hem,
Wiche beth Godes mynstreles,
As he seith hymself,
Seynt Johan herith whittnesse:
Qui vos spernit, me etiam spernit.
Therfor ich rede yow, riche,
Reveles when ye maken,
For to solace youre soules,
Suche mynstrales to have,
The povre for a foul sage
Syttynge at thy table,
Whith a lered man to lere the
What oure Lord suffreth,
For to savy thy saule
Fram Satan thyn enemye,
And stayle the withoute flateryng
Of Good Friday the feste:
And a blynde man for a bordiour,
Other a bed-reden womman
To crye a bargesse byfor oure Lord,
Youre good loos to-shewe.
Thuse thre manere mynstrales
Maken a man to laughe;
In hus deth deyng
Thei don hym gret comfort,
That by hus lyfe loveth hem,
And loveth hem to huyre.
Thuse solaceth the soule,
Til hymself be falle
In a wele good hope, for he wroghte so,
Among worthy seyntes,

Ther flaterers and foles
Whith here foule wordes
Leden tho that lithen hem
To Luciferes feste,
With *Turpiloquio*, a lay of sorwe,
And Lucifers fitele,
To perpetual peyne
Other purgatorye as wykke,
For he litheth and loveth
That Godes lawe despiteth.
Qui histrionibus dat, dæmonibus sacrificat.

3466. *qui manet, &c.* Epist. Joan. iv, 16.
3477. Epist. Paul. ad Ephes. iv, 8.
3484. Isai. ix, 2.
3496. Matt. ix, 13.
3502. John i, 14.
3520. Psalm xxxv, 8.
3545. *Signes of Synay,* | *and shelles of Galice . . . keyes of Rome.* It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that the articles mentioned here were borne by the pilgrim to indicate the particular holy sites which he had visited. The reader will readily call to mind the lines of a modern poet:—

The summon'd Palmer came in place,
His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With *Peter's keys* in cloth of red
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The *scallop shell* his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought.

3622. *Seint Thomas shryne.* St. Thomas of Canterbury. It may not perhaps be generally known that an interesting description of this shrine, when in its glory, is given by Erasmus, Colloq. *Peregrinatio Religionis ergo.*
3713. *eten apples un-rosted.* One of the many specimens of the burlesque manner in which scripture was frequently quoted in these times. A very singular passage (but in a tract professedly burlesque) occurs in the Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. i, p. 83): —"Peter askud Adam a full greyt dowtfull question, and seyd, 'Adam, Adam, why ete thu the appull unpard?' 'For sothe,' quod he, 'for y had no wardyns fryde.'"
3826. *leven*, should be *lenen*.
3890. Luke xiv, 10.
3944, 3948. Psalm xlviii, 29.
3997. *the rode of Lukes.* The second Trin. Col. MS. has *be the rode of Chestre.* There was a famous cross at Lucca, but whether a part of the real cross, I have not ascertained. Calvin, in his most able and entertaining *Admonitio de Reliquiis*, declines undertaking a list of all the places where pieces of the real cross were shown. "Denique si congesta in acervum essent omnia

quæ reperiri possent, integrum navis onus efficerent: cum tamen evangelium testificetur ab unico homine ferri potuisse. Quantæ igitur audaciæ fuit, lignois frustis sic totum implere orbem, quibus ferendis ne trecenti quidem homines sufficiant?" *Calvini, Opusc.* p. 277. There was also at Lucca one of the impressions of our Saviour's face on the handkerchief of Veronica. The peculiar oath of William Rufus was by the holy face at Lucca.

4027. *with hey trolly lolly.* MS. Trin. Col. 2.

4154. In the second Trin. Col. MS. the passage stands as follows:—

Ne hadde Peris but a pese lof,
Thei preyede hym beleve,
And with a bene batte
He hadde betwene,
And hitte hunger therwith
Amydde hise lippes,
And blodde in it the bodyward
A bolle ful of growel,
Ne hadde the fisician ferst
Defendite him watir,
To abate the barly bred,
And the benis y-grounde,
Thei hadde be ded be this day,
And dolven al warm.
Faitours for fer, etc.

4194. *Thei corven here coppes,* | *and courtepies made.* Whitaker, who translates it, "They *carved wooden cups*, and made themselves short cloaks." It ought to be, "They cut their copes to make courtpies (a kind of short cloaks) of them."

4242. Paul Epist. ad Galat. vi, 2.

4251. Scimus enim qui dixit, mihi vindicta, et ego retribuam. Paul. ad Heb. x, 30; conf. Paul. ad Rom. xii, 19.

4256. Luke xvi, 9.

4272. Propter frigus piger arare noluit. Prov. xx, 4.

4306. Labores manuum tuarum quia manducabis, beatus es et bene tibi erit. Psal. cxxvii, 2.

4336. *His mawe is alongid.* MS. Trin. Coll. 2.

4336. Whitaker's text inserts here the following passage, which is curious as containing the same word, *latchdrawers*, that occurs in Edward's statute, quoted before in the note to l. 88;—

Thenk that Dives for hus delicat lyf
To the devel wente,
And Lazar the lene beggere
That longed after gromes,
And yut had he hem nat,
For ich Hunger culde hym,
And suthe ich sauh hym sute,
As he a syre were,
At alle manere ese
In Abrahame lappe.
An yf you be of power,
Peers, ich the rede,
Alle that greden at thy gate
For Godes love after fede,
Parte wit hem of thy payn,
Of potage and of soucl,
Lene hem som of thy loof,
Thauh thu the lesse chewe.
And thauh lyers and latchedrawers,
And lolleres knocke,
Let hem abyde tyl the bord be drawe,
Ac bere hem none gromes,
Tyl al thyn nedy neighebores
Have none y-maked.

4339. *Phisik . . . hise furred hodes . . . his cloke of Calabre.* Whitaker cites, in illustration of the dress of the physician, the costume still worn by the Doctors of Medicine in the universities. Chaucer gives the following description of the dress of the "Doctour of Phisike":—

> In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,
> Lyned with taffata, and with sendal."
> (Cant. T. Prolog. 441.)

Calabre appears to have been a kind of fur: a document in Rymer, quoted by Ducange, speaks of an *indumentum foderatum cum Calabre.*

4390. *ripe chiries manye.* This passage, joined with the mention of cherry-time in l. 2794, shows that cherries were a common fruit in the fourteenth century. "Mr. Gough, in his British Topography, says that cherries were first brought in by the Romans, but were afterwards lost and brought in again in the time of Henry VIII, by Richard Harris, the king's fruiterer; but this is certainly a mistake. When in the New Forest in Hampshire in the summer of 1808, I saw a great many cherry-trees, apparently, of much more considerable age than the time of Henry VIII. The *very old* trees were universally of the kind called *merries.*" H. E.

4431. Cato, Distich. i, 21:—

> Infantem nudum quum te natura crearit,
> Paupertatis onus patienter ferre memento.

4453. *so seide Saturne.* See the Introduction, p. xii.

4490. Whitaker's text reads after this line:—

> Leel and ful of love,
> And no lord dreden,
> Merciable to meek,
> And mylde to the goode,
> And bytynge on budde men
> Bote yf thei wolde amende,
> And dredeth nat for no deth
> To distruye by here powere
> Lecheric among lordes,
> And hure luther custymes,
> And sithen lyve as thei lereth men,
> Oure lorde Treuthe hem graunteth,
> To be peeres to Apostles, &c.

4525. *sette scolers to scole.* It was common in the *scholastic* ages for scholars to wander about gathering money to support them at the universities. In a poem in MS. Lansdowne, No. 762, the husbandman, complaining of the many burdens he supports in taxes to the court, payments to the church, and charitable contributions of different kinds, enumerates among the latter the alms to scholars:—

> Than cometh clerkys of Oxford, and mak their mone,
> To her scole-hire they most have money.

4547. Psa. xiv, 5. Qui pecuniam suam non dedit ad usuram, et munera super innocentem non accepit.

4571. Psa. xiv, 1.

4593. Matt. vii, 12. Luke vi, 31.

4619. *Catons techyng.* "Cui des videto," is the twenty-third of the "Distichorum Lemmata" of Dionysius Cato.

4620. *the clerc of stories.* Called, elsewhere, *maister of stories.* These names were given popularly to Peter Comestor, author of the famous Historia Scolastica, a paraphrase of the Bible history, with abundance of legendary matter added to it. The title given him by the author of Piers Ploughman is not uncommon in English treatises of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Lydgate, Minor Poems, p. 102 (Ed. Halliwell), speaks of Comestor thus:—

> *Maister of storyes*, this doctour ful notable,
> Holding a chalice here in a sonne cliere.

4621. Instead of ll. 4621–4658, the following long and curious passage is substituted in the text adopted by Mr. Whitaker:—

Wot no man, as ich wene,
Who is worthy to have.
The most needy aren oure neighebores,
And we ayme good hede;
As prisoners in puttes,
And poore folke in cotes
Charged with children
And chef lordes rente,
That thei spynnynge may spare,
Spynon flit in hous hyre,
Bothe in mylk and in mele,
To maken with papeletes
To aglotye with here gurles
That greden after fode.
Al so hemselve
Suffren muche hunger,
And wo in winter tyme;
With wakyng a-nyghtes
To ryse to the ruel,
To rocke the cradel,
Bothe to karde and to kembe,
To clouten and to wasche,
To rubbe and to rely,
Russhes to pilie,
That reuthe is to rede
Othere in ryme shewe
The wo that theese women
That wonyoth in cotes,
And of meny other meu
That muche wo suffren,
Bothe a-fyngrede and a-furst,
To turne the fayre outwarde;
And beth abasshed for to begge,
And wolle nat be y-knowe
What hem needeth att here neihebores
At non and at even.
This Wit wot witerly,
As the world techeth,
What other byhoveth
That hath meny children,
And hath no catel bote hus crafte
To clothy hem and to fede,
And fele to fonge therto,
And fewe pans taketh.
Ther is payn and peny ale,
As for a pytaunce y-take;
Cold flesch and cold fyssh,
For veneson y-bake.
Frydays and fastyng-dayes
Ferthyng worth of muscles
Were a feste for suche a folke,
Other so fele cockes.
Theese were aimes to helpe
That han suche charges,
And to comforte suche cotyers,
And crokede men and blynde.
Ac beggors with bagges, the wiche
Browhouses ben here churches,
Bote thei be blynde other broke,
Other elles syke,

Thauh he falle for defaute,
Hine faiteth for hus lyflode,
Reicheth nevere, ye ryche,
Thauh suche lorelles sterven;
For alf that han here hele
And here eyen syghte,
And hymes to laboryc with,
And lollares lyf usen,
Lyven ayens Godes lawe,
And love of holy churche.
And yut arn ther other beggers,
In hele, as it semeth;
Ac hem wanteth here witt,
Men and women bothe,
The wiche aren lunatik lollers
And leperes aboute,
And mad, as the mone sitt,
More other lasse:
Thei caren for no cold,
Ne counteth of no hete,
And are mevenge after the mone,
Moneyles thei walke,
With a good wil wit-lees,
Meny wyde contreys,
Ryght as Peter dude and Paul,
Save that thei preche nat,
Ne myracles maken;
Ac meny tymes hem happeth
To prophecion of the puple,
Playninge, as hit were.
And to-oure sighte, as hit semeth,
Suththe God hath the myghte
To yeven eche a whit wit,
Welthe, and his hele,
And suffreth suche so gon,
Hit semeth to myn inwitt,
Hit arn as hus apostoles suche puple,
Other as his prevye disciples;
For he sente hem forth selverles,
In a somer garnement,
Withoute bred and bagge,
As the Bok telleth.
Quando misi vos sine pane et pera.
Bar-fot and bred-les,
Beggeth thei of no man;
And thauh he mete with the meyere
In mydest the strete,
He revereneeth hym ryght nouht
No rather than another.
Neminem salutaveris per viam.
Suche manere of men,
Mathew ous techeth,
We sholde have hem to house,
And help hem when thei come.
Hospes eram.
Et egenos vagosque induc in domum
For hit aren murye mouthede mon,
Mynstrales of hevene
And Godes hoyes bordiours,
As the Bok telleth.
Si quis videtur sapiens, fiet stultus ut sit sapiens.
And alle manere mynstrales,
Men wot wel the sothe,
To underfonge hem faire
Byfalle for the ryche;
For the lordes love and ladies
That thei with lengen,
Men suffren al that suche seyn,
And in solas taken;
And yut more to suche men
Doth, er thei passe,
Gyven hem gyftes and gold,
For grete lordes sake.
Ryght so, ye riche,
Rather ye sholde, for sothe,
Welcomen and worsshepen
And with youre goode helpen
Godes mynstrales, and hus messagers,
And hus murye hurdiers,
The wiche are lunatik lollares
And leperes aboute.
For under Godes secré seel
Here synnes ben y-keveredc.
For thei bereth no bagges,
Ne non boteis under clokes,
The wiche is lollaren lyf
And fewelle cremyles,
That loken ful loukliche
To leechen mennes almesse,
In hope to suten at-even
By the hote coles,
Unlouke hus legges abrod,
Other lygge at hus ese,
Reste hym and reste hym,
And his ryg turne,
Drynke drue and deepe,
And drawe hym thanne to bedde,
And when hym lyketh and lust
Hus deve ys is to aryse;
When he rysen, romeih out,
And ryght wel aspieth
War he may rathest have a repast,
Other a roundo of bacon,
Sulver other sode-mete
And some tyme bothe,
A loof other alf a loof,
Other a lompe of chese,
And carieth it hom to hus cote,
And cast hym to lyve
In ydelnesse and in ese,
And by others travayle.
And wat frek of thys folde

Fisketh thus aboute
Withe bagge at hus bak,
Abegeneldes wyse,
And can som manere craft,
In cas he wolde hit use,
Thorgh wiche craft he couthe come
To bred and to ale,
And ovar more to an hater
To helye with hus bones,
And lyveth lyk a lollere,
Godes lawe him dampneth.
Lolleres lyvynge in sleuthe,
And overe lond stryken,
Beeth nat in thys bulle, quath Peers,
Til thei ben amended,
Nother beggars that beggen,
Bote yf thei have necde.
The Bok blameth alle beggerye,
And banneth in this manere: etc.

4645. Luke xix, 23.

4659. Ps. xxxvi, 25. Junior fui, etenim senui: et non vidi justum derelictum, nec semen ejus quærens panem.

4695. Here again, after many verbal variations from our text, Whitaker's text adds the following long passage, which is very curious, and well worthy to be preserved. Whitaker calls it "one of the finest passages in the whole poem."

Ac eremites that enhabiten hem
By the heye weyes,
And in borwes among brewesters,
And beggen in churches
Al that holy eremytes
Hateden and despisede,
As rychesses and reverences
And ryche mennes almesse,
These lolleres, latche-draweres,
Lewede eremytes,
Coveyten the contrarie,
As cotyers thei lybben,
For hit beth bote boyes,
Lolleres atten ale,
Of linguage of lettrure
Ne lyf-holy as eremytes
That wonnede wyle in wodes
With beres and lyones.
Some had lyflode of here lynage,
And of no lyf elles;
And some lyvede by here lettrure
And labour of here hondes;
Some had foreynes to frendes,
That hem fode sente;
And bryddes brouhten to some bred,
Werby thei lyveden.
Alle thuse holy eremytes
Were of hye kynne,
Forsoke londe and lordshep
And lykynges of the body;
Ac thuse eremytes, that edefyen
Thus by the hye weyes,
Wylen were workmen,
Webbes and taillours,
And carters knaves,
And clerkus without grace,
Heelden hungry hous,
And had much defaute,
Long labour and lyte wynnynge,
And atte laste aspiden
That faitours in frere clothynge
Had fatte chekus;
For-thi lefte thei here labour,
Theese lewede knaves,
And clothed hem in copes,
Clerkus as hit were,
Other on of som ordre,
Othere elles prophite,
Ayens the lawe he lyveth,
Yf Latyn be trywe:
Non licet nobis legem voluntate, sed voluntatem conjungere legi.
Now kyndeliche, by Crist!
Beth suche callyd lolleres,
As by Englisch of oure eldres,
Of olde menne techynge,
He that lolleth his lame,
Other his leg out of the joynte,
Other meymed in som membre,
For to meschief hit souneth;
And ryght so sothlyche
Suche manere eremytes
Lollen ayen the bylyeve
And lawe of holy churche.
For holy churche hoteth
Alle manere puple
Under obedience to bee,
And buxum to the lawe,
Furst religious of religion
Here rucle to holde,

And under obedience to be
By dayes and by nyghtes,
Lowede men to laborie,
Lordes to honte
In frythes and in forestes
For fox and other bestes
That in wilde woles ben,
And in wast places,
As wolves that wyrieyeth men,
Wommen, and children,
And upon Sonedayes to cesse,
Godes servise to huyre,
Bothe matyns and messe,
And after mete in churches
To huyre here eve song
Every man ouhte.
Thus it bylongeth for lorde,
For lorcd and lowede,
Eche halyday to huyre
Hollyche the service,
Vigiles and fastyng dayes
Forthere to knowe,
And fulfille the fastynges
Bote infirmité hit made,
Poverte othere penaunces,
As pilgrymages and travayles.
Under this obedience
Arn we echone.
Who so brekyeth this, be wel war,
Bot yf he repente,
Amenden hym and merey aske,
And meekliche hym shryve,
Ich drede me, and he deye,
Hit worth for dedlich synne
Acounted byfore Crist,
Bote Conscience excuse hym.
Loke now were theese lolleres
And lewede eremytes,
Yf thei breke thys obedience
That hen so fro churche,
Wher see we hem on Sonedays
The servise to huyre?
As matyns by the morwe
Tyl masse bygynne,
Other Sonedays at eve songe,
See we wol fewe;
Othere labory for our lyflode
As the lawe wolde
Ac at mydday meek tyme
Ich mete with hem ofte,
Conynge in a cope
As the a clerke were,
A bachelor other a beaupere
Best hym bysemeth,
And for the oloth that kovereth hem
Cald his here a frere,
Whassheth and wypeth,
And with the furste suteth.
Ac while he wrought in thys worlde,
And wan hus mete with Treuthe,
He sat atte syd beuche
And seconnde table,
Com no wyn in hus wombe
Thorw the weke longe,
Nother blankett in hus bed,
Ne white bred byfore hym.
The cause of al thys eaitiftê
Cometh of meny bisshopes,
That suffren suche sottes
And othere synnes regne.
Certes ho so thurste hit seggc,
Symon quasi dormit.
Vigilate were fairour,
For thow hast gret charge:
For meny waker wolves
Ben broke into foldes.
Thyne berkeres ben al blynde,
That bryngeth forth thy lambren;
Dispergunlur oves, thi dogge
Dar nat beerke.
The tarre is untydy
That to thyne sheep bylongeth;
Hure salve ys of *supersedeas*
In someneres boxes,
Thyne sheep are ner al shabbyd,
The wolf sheteth woolle.
Sub molli pastore lupus lanam cacat, et grex incustoditus dilaceratur eo.
Hoow hurde wher is thyn houndc,
And thyn hardy herte,
For to wyne the wolf
That thy woolle fouleth.
Ich leyve for thy lacchesse
Thow leest meny wederes,
And ful meny fayre flus
Falsliche wasshe.
When thy lord loketh to have
Alowance for hus bestes, [myd,
And of the monyo thow haddist ther-
Hus meable to save,
And the woolle worth weye,
Woo ys the thenne!
Redde rationem villicationis tuæ,
Other arerage falle.
Thon hyre Jurde, as ich hope,
Hath nouht to quyte thy dette,
Ther as mede ne merey
May nat a myte avayle,
Bote have this for that,
Who that thow toke
Mercy for mede,
And my lawe broke;

Loke now for thi lacchesse
Whether lawe wol the graunt
Purgatorie for thy paye,
Other perpetuel helle. [ther,
For shal no pardone praye for yowe
Nother princes letteres.

4708. Matth. xxv, 46. Et ibunt hi in supplicium æternum; justi autem in vitam æternam.

4721. Psal. xxii, 4.

4739. Psal. xli, 4.

4745. Luke xii, 22. Conf. Matth. vi, 25.

4764. "Dixit insipiens in corde suo, non est Deus," is the commencement of Psalms xiii. and lii.

4769. Prov. xxii, 10. Ejice derisorem, et exibit cum eo jurgium, cessabuntque causæ et contumeliæ.

4771. *Perkyn*, the diminutive of Peter, or Piers. Formerly the diminutives of people's names were constantly used as marks of familiarity or endearment, as Hawkyn or Halkyn for Henry, Tymkyn for Tim or Timothy, Dawkyn for David, Tomkyn for Thomas, &c.

4796. Cato, Distich. ii, 31.

Somnia ne cures, nam mens humana quod optans,
Dum vigilat, sperat, per somnum cernit id ipsum.

4847. Matth. xvi, 19.

4941. Prov. xxiv, 16. Septies enim cadet justus, *et resurget*: impii autem corruent in malum.

4963. *To falle and to stonde.* I by no means agree with Price's interpretation of this phrase, or in his preference of the reading *to falle if he stonde.* (Note on Warton ii, 67.) The motion of the boat causes the firm man alternately to fall and stand; be he ever so stable, he stumbles now and then, but his strength is shown in his being able to recover himself. Such are the moral slips which even the just man cannot avoid. But if the man in the boat be too weak to arise again and place himself at the helm, his boat and himself will be lost for want of strength and guidance. So it is with the wicked man. The completion of the phrase quoted from Proverbs, as given in the preceding note, shows the justice of this explanation.

5014. *if I may lyve and loke.* Price (in Warton) first pointed out the identity between this expression and the one so common in Homer: it is "one of those primitive figures which are common to the poetry of every country."

Οὔτις, ἐμεῦ ζῶντος καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ δερκομένοιο,
Σοὶ κοίλῃς παρὰ νηυσὶ βαρείας χεῖρας ἐποίσει.

Il. i, 88.

Whitaker's interpretation is nonsense, "If I have space to live

and look in the book." Other instances of this phrase occur in ll. 12132, 13268, and 13303 of Piers Ploughman.

5082. 2 Corinth. xi, 19.

5157. *of four kynnes thynges.* The medieval notion of the manner in which the elements were mixed together in the formation of the human body, here alluded to, appears to partake more of Western legend than of Eastern tradition. In the English verses on Popular Science (given in my "Popular Treatises of Science written during the Middle Ages," p. 138), we have the following curious account of the four things forming the body, and the influence of each:—

Man hath of urthe al his bodi, of water he haveth wete,
Of eyr he haveth wynd, of fur he haveth hete.
Ech quic thing of alle this foure, of some hath more other lasse;
Ho so haveth of urthe most, he is slou as an asse;
Of vad colour, of hard hide, boustes forme, and ded strong,
Of moche thoght, of lute speche, of stille grounynge, and wraththe long,
A slough wrecche and ferblet, fast and loth to geve his god,
Sone old, and noght wilful, stable and stedefast of mode.

And so on with the other elements. This doctrine of the composition of man from the four elements became a very popular one in the sixteenth century, when the poets frequently allude to it, as may be seen in the examples given by Nares (*v.* ELEMENTS). In the *Mirror for Magistrates* (*King Forrex*, page 76), it is said:—

If we behold the substance of a man,
How he is made of *elements* by kind,
Of earth, of water, aire, and fire, than
We would full often call unto our mind,
That all our earthly joys we leave behind.

Massinger (*Renegado* iii, 2) says:—

——— I've heard
Schoolmen affirm, man's body is compos'd
Of *the four elements.*

In Shakespeare (*Twel. N.* ii, 3), Sir Toby Belch inquires, "Does not our life consist of *the four elements?*" and Brutus is commended for possessing these elements properly blended, in which the perfection of a man's nature was supposed to consist:—

His life was gentle; and the *elements*
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This *was a man.* *Jul. Cæs.* v, 5.

On the other hand, the ill mixing of these elements was supposed to be accompanied with a corresponding derangement of the intellectual faculties. Thus, in one of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, a madman is addressed:—

I prithee, thou *four elements* ill brew'd,
Torment none but thyself: Away, I say,
Thou beast of passion.

B. and Fl. Nice Valour, act i, p. 312.

The more mythic form of this legend gives *eight things* to the formation of the body, instead of four. Our earliest notice of this legend in England occurs in the prose Anglo-Saxon Dialogue between Saturn and Solomon (Thorpe's Analecta, p. 95):—"Saga me þæt andwore þe Adám wæs of-ge-worht se ærusta man? Ic þe secge of viii. punda ge-wihte. Saga me hwæt hatton þage? Ic þe secge þæt æroste wæs fóldan pund, of ðam him wæs flesc ge-worht; oðer wæs fýres pund, þanon him wæs þæt blód read and hát; þridde wæs windes pund, þanon him wæs seo mðung ge-scald; feorðe wæs wolcnes pund, þanon him wæs his módes unstaðelfæstnes ge-scald; fifte wæs gyfe pund, þanon him wæs ge-scald se fat and geðang; syxte wæs blostmena pund, þanon him wæs eagena myssenlicnys ge-scald; scofoðe wæs deawes pund, þanon him becom swat; eahtothe wæs sealtes pund, þanon him wæron þa tearas sealte."—*Tell me the matter of which Adam the first man was made? I tell thee, of eight pound-weights. Tell me their names? I tell thee, the first was a pound of earth, of which his flesh was made; the second was a pound of fire, from which his blood was red and hot; the third was a pound of wind, of which breath was given him; the fourth was a pound of cloud, whereof was given him his instability of mood; the fifth was a pound of . . . , whereof was given him fat and sinew; the sixth was a pound of flowers, whereof was given him diversity of eyes; the seventh was a pound of dew, whereof he had sweat; the eighth was a pound of salt, whereof he had salt tears.* This legend was still prevalent in England as late as the fifteenth century, when we find it among the curious collection of questions (closely resembling those of Saturn and Solomon just quoted) entitled "Questions bitwene the Maister of Oxinford and his Scoler" (Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. i, p. 230),—"*C.* Whereof was Adam made? *M.* Of viij. thingis: the first of erthe, the second of fire, the iij^{de} of wynde, the iiijth of clowdys, the vth of aire wherethorough he speketh and thinketh, the vjth of dewe wherby he sweteth, the vijth of flowres, wherof Adam hath his ien, the viijth is salte wherof Adam hath salt teres." A similar account is given in an extract from an old Friesic manuscript communicated to the Zeitschrift für Deutsches Alterthum, by Dr. James Grimm,—"God scôp thene êresta meneska, thet was Adam, fon achta wendem; that bônete fon tha sfêne, thet flêsk fon there erthe, thet blôd fon tha wetere, tha herta fon tha winde, thene togta (i. thochta) fon tha wolken, the(ne) suôt fon tha dawe, tha lokkar fon tha gerse, tha ôgene fon there sunne, and tha blêrem on thene helga ôm."—*God created the first man, who*

was Adam, of eight elements: the bone from the stone, the flesh from the earth, the blood from the water, the heart from the wind, the thought from the cloud, the sweat from the dew, the hair from the grass, the eyes from the sun.

5169. *a proud prikere of Fraunce.* A proud rider of France. Until the fifteenth century there appears to have been a strong prejudice among the lower orders against horsemen: their name was connected with oppressors and foreigners. Horses appear to have been comparatively little used for riding among the Anglo-Saxons until they were introduced by the Norman favourites of Edward the Confessor, in whose reign we read that the Anglo-Saxon soldiers in Herefordshire were defeated by the Welsh owing to their awkwardness on horseback, having been unadvisedly mounted by their Norman commander. The Anglo-Norman barons of the three following centuries, with their numerous household of knights and attendants who plundered and oppressed the peasantry and middle classes of society, kept alive the prejudice alluded to, and we trace it in several popular songs. In a song of the reign of Edward I (Political Songs, p. 240), we find the following lines:—

Whil God wes on erthe
And wondrede wyde,
Whet wes the resoun
Why he nolde ryde?
For he nolde no grom
To go by ys syde,
Ne gruechyng of no gedelyng
To chaule ne to chyde.

Spedeth ou to spewen,
Ase me doth to spelle;
The fend ou afretie
With fleis ant with felle!
Herkneth hideward, horsmen,
A tidyng ich ou telle,
That ye shulen hongen,
Ant herbarewen in helle!

5276. Epist. ad Philippens. iii, 19.

5283. Epist. Joan. iv, 16.

5289. Matth. xxv, 12; Psal. lxxx, 13. Et dimisi eos secundum desideria cordis eorum, ibunt in adventionibus suis.

5305. *the four doctours.* The four doctors *par excellence* of the western church were, I believe, Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome.

5354. Ecclesiast. i, 16.

5363. Epist. Jacob. ii, 10. Quicunque autem totam legem servaverit, offendat autem in uno, factus est omnium reus.

5412. *as Caym was on Eve.* See further on l. 5549. According to a very curious legend, which was popular in the middle ages, Cain was born during the period of penitence and fasting to which our first parents were condemned for their breach of obedience.

5415. Psa. vii, 15. Concepit dolorem et peperit iniquitatem.
5417. Whitaker's text inserts before this line—

Caym, the cursed creature,
Conceyved was in synne;
After that Adam and Eve
Hadden y-synged,
Withoute repentaunce
Of here rechelessnesse,
A rybaud thei engendrede,
And a gome unryghtful;
As an hywe that creth nat
Auntreth hym to sowe
On a leye lond,
Ayens hus lordes wille,
So was Caym conceyved,
And so ben cursed wrettches
That lycame han ayen the lawe
That oure Lord ordeynede.

5423. Gen. vi, 7. pœnitet enim me fecisse eos.
5464. Ezech. xviii, 20.
5470. Whitaker's text adds here:—

Westminster lawe, ich wot,
Worcheth the contrarie;
For thauh the fader be a frankelayne,
And for a felon be hanged;
The heritage that the air sholde have
Ys at the kynges wille.

5479. Matt. vii, 16.
5497. John xiv, 6.

5507. *many a peire, sithen the pestilence.* The continuator of William de Nangis, who gives a detailed account of the effects of the great pestilence on the Continent, mentions the hasty marriages which followed it, but he gives quite a different account of their fruitfulness. "Cessante autem dicta epidimia, pestilentia, et mortalitate, nupserunt viri qui remanserunt et mulieres ad invicem, conceperunt uxores residuæ per mundum ultra modum, nulla sterilis efficiebatur, sed prægnantes hinc inde videbantur, et plures geminos pariebant, et aliquæ tres infantes insimul vivos emittebant." The writer goes on to observe, "Sed proh dolor! ex hujus renovatione sæculi non est mundus propter hoc in melius commutatus. Nam homines fuerunt postea magis avari et tenaces, cum multo plura bona quam antea possiderent; magis etiam cupidi et per lites, brigas, et rixas, atque per placita, seipsos conturbantes. . . . Charitas etiam ab illo tempore refrigescere cœpit valde, et iniquitas abundavit cum ignorantiis et peccatis; nam pauci inveniebantur qui scirent aut vellent in domibus, villis, et castris informare pueros in grammaticalibus rudimentis."—*Contin. G. de Nangis, in Dacherii Spicileg.* iii, 110 (*ed.* 1723).

5515. *do hem to Dunmowe.* This is, I believe, the earliest allusion at present known to the custom of the flitch of bacon at Dunmow, which was evidently, at that time, a matter of general celebrity. In Chaucer, about half a century later, the Wife of

Bath says of her two old husbands, and of the way in which she tyrannized over them,—

> The bacoun was nought fet for hem, I trowe,
> That som men fecche in Essex at Donmowe.—*Cant T.* 5799.

In a curious religious poem preserved in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, written about the year 1460, from which some extracts are printed in the "Reliquiæ Antiquæ," ii, 27-29, we have the following satirical allusion to this custom:—

> I can fynde no man now that wille enquere
> The parfyte wais unto Dunmow;
> For they repent hem within a yere,
> And many within a weke, and sonner, men trow;
> That cawsith the weis to be rowgh and over-grow,
> That no man may fynd path or gap,
> The world is turnyd to another shap.
>
> Befe and moton wylle serve wele enow;
> And for to seche so ferre a lytill bakon flyk,
> Which hath long hanggid resty and tow;
> And the wey, I telle you, is comborous and thyk,
> And thou might stomble, and take the cryk;
> Therfor bide at home, what so ever hap,
> Tylle the world be turnyd into another shap.

One or two other allusions to this custom have been found in manuscripts of the fifteenth century, and in the sixteenth century these allusions become more numerous.

5563. 1 Corinth. vii, 1.

5613. *Margery perles.* A margarite pearl, *perle marguerite.* The Latin name for a pearl (*margarita*) seems to be the origin of this expression.

5634. *a love day | to lette with truthe.* Love days (*Dies amoris*) were days fixed for settling differences by umpire, without having recourse to law or to violence. The ecclesiastics seem generally to have had the principal share in the management of these transactions, which throughout the Visions of Piers Ploughman appear to be censured as the means of hindering justice and of enriching the clergy. A little further on, Religion is blamed for being "a ledere of love-dayes." (l. 6219.) In Chaucer, it is said of the friar:—

> And over al, ther eny profyt schulde arise,
> Curteys he was, and lowe of servyse.
> * * * * *
> And rage he couthe and pleye as a whelpe,
> In love-dayes, ther couthe he mochil helpe.
> For ther was he not like a cloysterer
> With a thredbare cope, as a pore scoler,
> But he was like a maister or a pope.—*Cant. T.* 249, 259.

5646. The quotation is made up from Job xxi, 7; and Jerem. xii, 2.

5651. Psal. lxxii, 12.

5659. Psal. x, 4. Quoniam quæ perfecisti, destruxerunt: justus autem quid fecit?

5739. Psal. cxxxi, 6.

5769. Isai. lviii, 7.

5778. Tob. iv, 9. Si multum tibi fuerit, abundanter tribue; si exiguum tibi fuerit, etiam exiguum libenter impertiri stude.

In what follows, Whitaker's text is in parts much more brief than the one now printed; there are also many transpositions, and other variations, which are not of sufficient importance to be pointed out more particularly.

5801. *in a prywee parlour.* 5803. *in a chambre with a chymenee.* This is a curious illustration of contemporary manners. The hall was the apartment in which originally the lord of the household and the male portion of the family passed nearly all their time when at home, and where they lived in a manner in public. The chambers were only used for sleeping, and as places of retirement for the ladies, and had, at first, no fire-places (*chymenees*), which were added, in course of time, for their comfort. The parlour was an apartment introduced also at a comparatively late period, and was, as its name indicates, a place for private conferences or conversation. As society advanced in refinement, people sought to live less and less in public, and the heads of the household gradually deserted the hall, except on special occasions, and lived more in the parlour and in the "chambre with a chymenee." With the absence of the lord from the hall, its festive character and indiscriminate hospitality began to diminish; and the popular agitators declaimed against this as an unmistakeable sign of the debasement of the times.

5829. Ezech. xviii, 19.

5835. Galat. vi, 5.

5844. Pauli Epist. ad Rom. xii, 3.

5911. *seven artz.* In the scholastic system of the middle ages, the whole course of learning was divided into seven arts, which were, grammar, dialectics, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy. They were included in the following memorial distich:—

Gram. loquitur, Dia. vera docet, Rhet. verba colorat,
Mus. canit, Ar. numerat, Geo. ponderat, As. colit astra.

5963. *a baleys.* See before, the note on l. 2819.

5990. *Caton.* Distich. lib. i, 26.
6009. Galat. vi, 10.
6022. Galat. vi, 2.
6037. The second Trin. Coll. MS. reads here—

Experimentis of Alkenemye
Of Albertis makyng,
Nigromancie and permansie
The pouke to reisen,
Gif thou thenke, etc.

6146. Matth. vii, 3.
6179. Matth. xv, 14; Luke vi, 39; Mark (?)
6186. *mausede.* An error of the press for *mansede.* See the Glossary.
6191. *Offyn and Fynes.* Ophni and Phinees. See 1 Samuel iv (in the Vulgate called 1 Kings).
6199. Psal. xlix, 21.
6207. Isai. lvi, 10.
6217. The text of the Trin. Coll. MS. 2, differs very much from ours in this part of the poem. Instead of 6217–6277, we have the following lines:—

Ac now is Religioun a ridere
And a rennere aboute,
A ledere of ladies,
And a lond biggere;
Poperith on a palfrey
To toune and to toune;
A bidowe or a bisclard
He berith be his side;
Godis flessh and his fet
And hise fyve woundis
Arn more in his mynde
Than the memorie of his foundours.
This is the lif of this lordis
That lyven shulde with Do-bet,
And wel awey wers,
And I shulde al telle.
I wende that kinghed and knighthed,
And caiseris with erlis,
Wern Do-wel and Do-bet
And Do-best-of-hem-alle.
For I have seighe it myself,
And siththen red it aftir,
How Crist counsilleth the comune,
And kenneth hem this tale, [*cipes*
Super cathedram Moisi sederunt prin-
For-thi I wende that tho wyes
Wern Do-best-of alle.
I nile not scorne, etc.

6223. *an heepe of houndes.* "Walter de Suffield, bishop of Norwich, bequeathed by will his pack of hounds to the king, in 1256. Blomefield's Norf. ii, 347. See Chaucer's Monke, Prol. v, 165. This was a common topic of satire. It occurs again fol. xxvii, a [l. 3321, of the present Edition]. See Chaucer's Testament of Love, page 492, col. ii, Urr. The Archdeacon of Richmond, on his visitation, comes to the priory of Bridlington in Yorkshire, in 1216, with ninety-seven horses, twenty dogs, and three hawks. Dugd. Mon. ii, 65." WARTON.
6251. Psal. xix, 8.
6259. *the abbot of Abyngdone.* There was a very ancient and famous abbey at Abingdon in Berkshire. Geoffrey of Monmouth was abbot there. It was the house into which the monks, strictly

so called, were first introduced in England, and is, therefore, very properly introduced as the representative of English monachism.

6266. Isai. xiv, 4, 5.

6289. Ecclesiasticus x, 10.

6291. Catonis Distich. iv, 4.

> Dilige denarl, sed parce dilige, formam;
> Quem nemo sanctus nec honestus captat ab ære.

6327. Colos. iii, 1.

6353. *mœchaberis*. A mistake in the original MS. for *necaberis*, as it is rightly printed in Crowley's edition.

6372. John iii, 13.

6414. Matth. xxiii, 2. Super cathedram Moysi sedcrunt Scribæ et Pharisæi.

6440. Psal. xxxv, 8.

6476. Ecclesiastes ix, 1.

6504. Matth. x, 18. The quotation is not quite literal.

6528. For *idiotæ irapiunt*, read *idiotæ vi rapiunt:* the error was caused accidentally in the printing, and has escaped in the present edition.

6571. Matth. xx, 4.

6741. John iii, 8.

6755. Matth. vii, 1.

6764. Psal. l, 21.

6815. Isai. lv, 1.

6825. Mark xvi, 16.

6831. *may no cherl chartre make.* Such was the law of *vileinage*, then in existence. There is a curious story illustrative of the condition of the *cherl* or peasant, in the Descriptio Norfolciensium, in my Early Mysterics and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, p. 94. The 'cherl,' vilein, or bondman, could not even be put apprentice without the licence of the lord of the soil. In the curious poem on the Constitution of Masonry (14th cent.) published by Mr. Halliwell, the master is particularly cautioned on this point:—

> The fowrthe artycul thys moste be,
> That the mayster hym wel be-se
> That he no bondemon prentys make,
> Ny for no covetyse do hym take;
> For the lord that he ys bonde to,
> May fache the prentes whersever he go.
> *Early History of Freemasonry in England*, p. 14.

6859. *Trojanus.* 6869. *Gregorie.* The legend here allude d

to is given briefly as follows, in the life of St. Gregory in the Golden Legend, fol. lxxxxvii,—

"In the tyme that Trayan themperour regned, and on a tyme as he wente toward a batayll out of Rome, it happed that in hys waye as he shold ryde a woman a wydowe came to hym wepyng and sayd: I praye thee, syre, that thou avenge the deth of one my sone, whyche innocently and wythout cause hath ben slayn. Themperour answerd: yf I come agayn fro the batayll hool and sounde, thenne I shall do justyce for the deth of thy sone. Thenne sayd the wydowe: Syre, and yf thou deye in the bataylle, who shall thenne avenge hys deth for me? And the wydowe sayd, is it not better that thou do to me justice, and have the meryte thereof of God, than another have it for thee? Then had Trayan pyté, and descended fro his horse, and dyde justyce in avengynge the deth of her sone. On a tyme saynt Gregory went by the marked of Rome whyche is called the marked of Trayan. And thenne he remembred of the justyce and other good dedes of Trayan, and how he had ben pyteous and debonayr, and was moche sorowfull that he had ben a paynem; and he tourned to the chyrche of saynt Peter waylyng for thorrour of the mescreaunce of Trayan. Thenne answerd a voys fro God, sayng: I have now herd thy prayer, and have spared Trayan fro the payne perpetuelly. By thys thus, as somme saye, the payne perpetuell due to Trayan as a mescreaunt was somme dele take awaye, but for all that was he not quyte fro the pryson of helle; for the sowle may well be in helle, and fele ther no payne, by the mercy of God."

6907. 1 John iii, 15.

6938. Luke xiv, 12.

6964. John viii, 34.

6981. Galat. vi, 2.

7015. Matth. vii, 3.

7063. Luke x, 40.

7072. Luke x, 42.

7113. Although our writer quotes the circumstance from Luke xviii, the words he gives are from Matth. xix, 21.

7113. In Whitaker's text the following passage is here inserted:—

Thus consaileth Crist
In comun ous alle,
'Ilo so covcyteth to come
To my kynriche,
Ile mot forsake hymself,
Hus suster, and hus brother,
And al that the worlde wolde,
And my wil folwen.'
Niei renunciaveritis omnia quæ possidetis, etc.
Meny proverbis ich myghte have
Of meny holy seyntes,

To testifie for treuthe
The tale that ich shewe,
And poetes to preoven hit,
Porfiric and Plato,
Aristotle, Ovidius,
And ellevene hundred;
Tullius, Tholomeus,
Ich can nat telle here names,
Preoven pacient poverte
Pryns of alle vertues.
And by greyn that groweth,
God ous alle techeth.
Nisi granum frumenti cadens in terra, ipsum solum manet.
Bot yf that sed that sowen is,
In the sloh sterve,
Shal nevere spir springen up,
Ne spik on strawe curne:
Sholde nevere wete wexe,
Bote wete-fyrste deyde;
And other sedes also
In the same wyse,
That ben leide on louh eorthe,
Y-lore as hit were,
And thorw the grete grace of God,
Of greyn ded in erthe
Atte the laste launceth up
Wesby lyven alle.
Ac sedes that ben sowen
And mowe suffre wyntres,
Aren tydyor and tower
To manres by-hoste,
Than sedes that sowen beeth
And mowe noulit with forste,
With wyndes, ne with wederes,
As in wynter tyme,
As lynne-seed, and lik-seed,
And Lente-seedes alle,
Aren nouht so worthy as whete,
Ne so wel mowen
In the feld with the forst,
And hit freese longe.
Ryght so, for sothe,
Pinat suffre may penaunces
Worth alowed of oure Lorde
At here laste ende,
And for here penaunce be preysed,
As for puyre martir,
Other for a confessour y-kud,
That counteth nat a ruysshe
Fere ne famyne,
Ne false menne tonges;
Bote as an hoschonde hopeth
After an hard wynter,
Yf God gyveth hym the lif
To have a good hervest,
So preoveth thees prophetes
That pacientliche suffreth
Mysehiefs and myshappes,
And menye tribulacions,
Bytokneth ful triweliche
In tyme comynge after
Murthe for hus mornynge,
And that muche plenté.
For Crist seide to hus seyntes
That for hus sake tholeden
Poverte, penaunces,
Persecution of body,
Angeles in here angre
On this wise hem grete,
Tristitia vestra vertetur in gaudium.
Youre sorwe into solas
Shal turne atte laste,
And out of wo into wele
Youre wyrdes shul chaunge.
Ac so sedeth of riche,
The revers he may fynde,
How God, as the Godspel telleth,
Geveth hem foul townume,
And that hus gost shal go,
And hus good bylevе,
And asketh hym after
Ho shal hit have,
The catel that he kepeth so
In coffres and in hernes;
And ort so loth to lone
That leve shalt needes.
O stulte, isla nocte anima tua egrediatur, thesaurizat et ignorat.
An unredy reve
Thi residue shal spene,
That menye moththe was ynne
In a mynte while;
Upholderes on the hul
Shullen have hit to selle.
Lo! lo! lordes, lo!
And ladies taketh ledе,
Hit lasteth nat longe
That is lycour swete,
Ac pees-coddes and pere-roncttes,
Plomes and chiries,
That lyghtliche launceth up,
Litel wile dureth,
And that that rathest rypeth,
Roteth most sauvest.
On fat londe and ful of dongé
Foulest wedes groweth,
Right so, for sothe,
Suche that ben bysshopes,
Erles and archedekenes,
And other ryche clerkes,
That chaffaren as chapmen,

And chiden bote thei wynne,
And haven the worlde at here wil
Other wyse to lyve;
Right as weodes wexen
In wose and in dunge,
So of rychesse upon richesse
Arist al vices.
Lo! lond overe-layde
With marle and with donge,
Whete that wexeth theron
Worth lygge or hit rege;
Right so, for sothe,
For to sigge treuthe,
Over pleuté pryde norsseth
Ther poverte destrueth hit.
For how hit evere be y-wonne,
Bote hit be wel dispended,
Worliche wele is waked thynge
To hym that hit kupeth.
For yf he be feer therfro,
Ful ofte hath he drede
That fals folke fetche away
Felonliche hus godes.
And yut more hit maketh men
Mony time and ofte
To synegen, and to souchen
Soteltees of gyle,
For covetyze of that catel
To sulle hem that hit kepeth;
And so is mony men y-morthred
For hus money and goodes;
And tho that duden the dede
Y-dampned therfore after,
And he, for hus harde heldynge,
In helle paraunter:
So covetise of catel
Was combraunce to hem alle.
Lo! how pans purchasede
Faire places, and drede,
That rote is robbers
The richesse withynne.

[*Passus quartus de Dowel.*]

Ac wel worth Poverte,
For he may walke unrobbede,
Among pilours in pees,
Yf pacience hym folwe.
Oure prynce Jhesu povgrte eliees,
And hus apostoles alle,
And ay the lenger thei lyveden
The lasse good thei hadde.
Tanquam nihil habentes, et omnia possidentes.
Yut mon that of Abraam
And Job were wonder ryolse,
And out of numbre tho men
Monye mobles hadden.
Abraam, for al hus good,
Hadde muche teene,
In gret poverte was y-put,
A pryns as hit were
Bynom hym ys housewif
And heeld here hymself,
And Abraam nat hardy
Ones to letten hym,
Ne for brightnesse of here beauté
Here spouse to be byknowe.
And for he suffrede and seide nouht,
Oure Lord sente tokne,
That the kynge eride
To Abraam mercy,
And deliverede hym hus wif,
With muche welthe after.
And also Job the gentel
What joye hadde he on erthe,
How bittere he hit bouhte!
As the book telleth.
And for he songe in hus sorwe,
Si bona accipimus a Domino,
Dereworthe dere God,
Do we so *mala*;
Al hus sorwe to solas
Thorgh that songe turnede,
And Job byeam a jolif man,
And al hus joye newe.
Lo how patience in here poverte
Thoes patrinrkes relevede,
And brouhte hem al above
That in hale rotede,
As greyn that lyth in the greol
And thorgh grace atte laste
Sprungeth up and spredeth,
So speilde the fader Abraam,
And also the gentel Job,
Here joie hath non ende.
Ac leveth nouht, ye lewede men,
That ich lacke richesse,
Thauh ich preise poverte thus,
And preove hit by ensamples,
Worthiour as by holy writ,
And wise philosophers,
Bothe two but goode,
Be ye ful certayn,
And lyves that our Lorde loveth,
And large weyes to hevene.
Ac the powre pacient
Purgatorye passeth
Rathere than the ryche,
Thauh thei renne at ones.
For yf a marchaunt and a messager
Metten to-gederes,

For the parcels of hus paper
And other prycy dettes,
Wol lette hym as ich leyve
The lengthe of a myle;
The messager doth namore
Bote hus mouth telleth,
Hus lettere and hus erende sheweth,
And is anon delyvered;
And thauh thei wende by the wey
Tho two to-gederes,
Thauh the messager made hus wey
Amyde the whete,
Wole no wyn nam wroth be,
Ne hus wed take,
Ys non haiwarde y-hote
Hus wed for to take.
Necessitas non habet legem.
Ac yf the marchaunt make hus way
Overe menne cornne,
And the haywarde happe
With hym for to mete,
Other hus hatt, other hus hed,
Other elles hus gloves,
The merchaunt mot for-go,
Other moneys of huse porse,
And yut he lett, as ich leyve,
For the lawe asketh
Marchauns for here merchandise
In meny place to tullen.
Yut thauh thei wenden on wey
As to Wynchestre fayre,
The marchaunt with hus marchaundise
May nat go so swythe
As the messager may,
Ne with so mochel ese.
For that on bereth bote a boxe,
A brevet therynne,
Ther the marchaunt ledeth a male
With meny kynne thynges;
And dredeth to be ded therefore,
And he in derke mete
With robbours and with revers
That riche men despoilen,
Ther the messager is ay murye,
Hus mouthe ful of songes,
And leyveth for hus letters
That no wight wol hym greve.
Ac yut myghte the marchaunt
Thorgh monye and other yeftes
Have hors and hardy men,
Thauh he mette theoves,
Wolde non suche asailen hym
For hem that hym folweth,
As safliche passe as the messager,
And as sone at hus hostel.
Ye, wyten wel, ye wyse men,
Whnt this is to mene.
The marchaunt is no more to mene
Bote men that ben ryche
Aren acountable to Crist
And to the kyng of hevene,
That holden mote the heye weye,
Evene ten hestes,
Bothe lovye and lene,
The leele and the unleele,
And have reuthe, and releve
With hus grete richesse
By hus power alle manere men
In meschief y-falle,
Fynde beggars bred,
Backes for the colde,
Tythen here goodes trywelichc,
A tol as hit semeth
That oure Lord loketh after
Of eche a lyf that wyneth,
Withoute wyles other wrong,
Other wommen atte stuwes,
And yut more, to make pees,
And quyte menne dettes,
Bothe spele and spare
To spene upon the needful,
As Crist self comandeth
To alle Cristene puple.
Alter alterius onera porta.
The messager aren the mendinans
That lyveth by menne almesse,
Beth nat y-bounde, as beeth the riche,
To bothe the two lawes,
To lene and to lere,
Ne lentenes to faste,
And other prycy penaunces
The wiche the preest wol wel,
That the law yeveth love
Suche lowe folke to be excused,
As none tythes to tythen,
Ne clothe the nakede,
Ne in enquestes to come,
Ne contumax thauh he worthe
Halyday other holy eve
Hus mete to deserve;
For yf he loveth and byleyveth
As the lawe tacheth,
Qui crediderit et baptizatus fuerit, etc.
Telleth the lord a tale,
As a triwe messager, [lettere
And sheweth by seel and suthe by
With wat lord he dwelleth,
Knoweleche hym crystene
And of holy churche byleyve,
Ther is no lawe, as ich leyve,
Wol let hym the gate,
Ther God is gatwarde hymself

And eche a gome knoweth.
The porter of pure reuthe
May parforme the lawe
In that he wilneth and wolde
Ech wight as hemself;
For the wil is as muche worth
Of a wretche beggere
As al that the ryche may reyme
And ryght fulliche dele,
And as muche mede
For a myte that he offreth,
As the riche man for al is moneye,
And more, as by the Godspel:
Amen dico vobis quia hæc vidua pauper-
So that povre pacient [*cula, etc.*
Is parfitest lif of alle,
And alle parfit preestes
To poverte sholde drawe.

7128. Matth. xvii, 20.

7131. Psal. xxxiii, 11.

7141. Psal. xlii, 1.

7191. James, ii, 10.

7194. *over-skipperis.* Those who skipped over words in reading or chanting the service of the church. The following distich points out the classes of defaulters in this respect:—

Ecclesiæ tres sunt qui servitium male fallunt;
Momylers, for-scyppers, ovre-lepers, non bene psallunt.
Reliq. Antiq. p. 90. *Poems of Walter Mapes*, p. 148.

A still more numerous list of such offenders is given in the following lines from MS. Lansdowne, 762, fol. 101, v°:—

Hii sunt qui Psalmos corrumpunt nequitur almos:
Jangler cum jasper, lepar, galper quoque, draggar,
Momeler, for-skypper, for-reynner, sic et over-leper,
Fragmina verborum Tutivillus colligit horum.

Tutivillus was the popular name of one of the fiends (see Towneley Mysteries, pp. 310, 319; Reliq. Antiq. p. 257). According to an old legend, a hermit walking out met one of the devils bearing a large sack, very full, under the load of which he seemed to labour. The hermit asked him what he carried in his sack. He answered that it was filled with the fragments of words which the clerks had skipped over or mutilated in the performance of the service, and that he was carrying them to hell to be deposited among the stores there.

7195. Psal. xlvi, 7, 8.

7264. *Briddes I biheld.* A similar sentiment is expressed in the following parallel passage of a modern poet.

But most of all it wins my admiration
To view the structure of this little work—
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without,
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all:
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Fondly then
We boast of excellence, where noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.—*Hurdis.*

7342. Ecclesiasticus xi, 9.

7344. Instead of ll. 7344-7363, Whitaker's text has the following passage:—

'He suffreth more than God?' quath he,
'No gome, as ich leyve.
He myght amende in a mynt while
Al that amys stondes.
Ac he suffreth, in ensaumple
That we sholde all suffren.
Ys no vertue so feyr
Of value ne of profit,
As ys suffraunce, soverayniche,
So hit be for Godes love,
And so wittnesseth the wyse,
And wysseth the Fronsche,
Bele vertue est suffraunce,
Mal dire est petite venjaunce;
Bien dire e bien suffrer
Fait.ly suffrable à bien veuer.
For-thi,' quath Reson, 'Ich rede the,
Rewele thi tonge overe;
And er thow lacke eny lyf,
Loke ho is to preise.
For is no creature under Cryst,
That can hymselve make;
And yf cristene creatures
Couthen make hemselve,
Eche lede wolde he laches,
Leyf thow non othere.
Man was mad of suche matere,
He may nat wel asterte,
That som tymes hym tit
To folwen hus kynde.
Caton acordeth herwith:
Nemo sine crimine vivit.

7347. Genes. i, 31.

7363. Cato, Distich. i, 5.

Si vitam inspicias hominum, si denique mores,
Quum culpent alios, nemo sine crimine vivit.

It may be observed here, that Whitaker, in his note on this passage, has very much misunderstood Tyrwhitt (in Chaucer, Cant. T. 3227), in making him the authority for calling the author of the *Distichа de Moribus* an obscure French writer. Tyrwhitt says that the mode in which Chaucer spells his name (Caton) seems to show that the French translation was more read than the Latin original. The same observation would apply to the present poem: but I am very doubtful how far it is correct. The Distiches of Cato were translated into English, French, German, &c. and were extremely popular. The author of these Distiches, Dionysius Cato, is supposed to have lived under the Antonines, and has certainly no claim to the title of *an obscure French writer*.

7441–7642. Instead of these lines, Whitaker has the following:—

And wissede the ful ofte
What Dowel was to mene,
And counsailede the, for Cristes sake,
No creature to bygyle,
Nother to lye nor to lacke,
Ne lere that is defendid,
Ne to spille speche,
As to speke un ydel;
And no tyme to tene,
Ne trywe thyng to teenen;
Lowe the to lyve forth
In the lawe of holy churche,
Thenne dost thow wel, withoute drede.
Ho can do bet no forse.
Clerkes that connen al, ich hope,
Thei con do bettere;
Ac hit suffuseth to be saved,
And to be suche as ich tauhte:

Ac for to lovye and lene,
And lyve wel and byleyve,
Ys y-calid *Caritas*,
Kynde-love in English,
And that is Dobet, yf ony suche be,
A blessed man that helpeth,
And pees be and pacience,
And povre withoute defaute.
Beatius est dare quam petere.
As catel and kynde witt
Encombre ful menye,
Woo is hym that hem weldeth,
Bote he hym wel dispeyne.
Scientes et non facientes variis flagellis vapulabunt.
Ac comunliche connynge
And unkynde rychesse,
As lorels to be lordes,
And lewede men techeres,
And holy churche horen help,
Averous and coveytous,
Droweth up Dowel,
And destruyeth Dobest.
Ac grace is a gras therfore
To don hem eft growe;
Ac grace groweth nat,
Til God wil gyane reyne,
And wokiè thorwe goode werkes
Wikkede hertes;
Ac or suche a wil wol wexe,
God hymself worcheth,
And send forth scint espirit
To don love spryuge.
Spiritus ubi vult spirat, etc.
So grace withoute grace
Of God and of good werkes,
May nat bee, bee thow siker,
Thauh we bid everè.
Cleregie cometh boie of siht,
And kynd witt of sterres,
As to be bore other bygete
In suche constellacion
That wit wexeth therof,
And othere wordes bothe.
Fultus hujus sæculi sunt subjecti vultibus cœlestibus.
So grace is a gyfte of God,
And kynde witt a clennee,
And cleregie and connyng of kynde
Wittes techynge;
And yut is cleregie to comende
Fore Cristes love more,
Than eny connynge of kynde witt,
Bote cleregie hit rewele.
For Moyses wutnesseth that God wrot
In stoon with hus fyngor,
Lawe of love owre Lorde wrot,
Long or Crist were;
And Crist eam and confermede,
And holy-churche made,
And in sond a sygne wrot,
And seide to the Jewes,
'That seeth hym synneles,
Cesse nat, ich hote,
To stryke with stoon other with staf
This strompett to dethe.'
Qui cestrum sine peccato est, etc.
For-thi ich consaily alle Cristene
Cleregie to honoure, etc.

7453. Luke xii, 38.

7461. Heb. xii, 6.

7464. Psalm xxii, 4.

7470. *makynges*. 7483. *make*.—There is a curious analogy between the Greek and the Teutonic languages in the name given to the poet—the Greek ποιήτης (from ποιεῖν), the Anglo-Saxon *scóp* (from *sceopan*, to make or create), and the Middle-English *maker*, preserved in the later Scottish *makkar* (also applied to a poet), have all the same signification. In the Neo-Latin tongues a different, though somewhat analogous, word was used: the French and Anglo-Norman *trouvère*, and the Provençal *trobador*, signify a finder or inventor.

7484. Catonis Distich. iii, 5.

7500. 1 Cor. xiii, 13. Nunc autem manent fides, spes, charitas, trin hæc: major autem horum est charitas.

7528, &c. *Aristotle*, *Ypocras*, and *Virgile*.—These three names

were the great representatives of ancient science and literature in the middle ages. Aristotle represented philosophy, in its most general sense; Virgil represented literature in general, and more particularly the ancient writers who formed the *grammar* course of scholastic learning, whether verse or prose; Ypocras, or Hippocrates, represented medicine. They are here introduced to illustrate the fact that men of science and learning, as well as warriors and rich men, experience the vicissitudes of fortune.

7534. *Felice.* Perhaps this name is only introduced for the sake of alliteration.

7536. *Rosamounde.* I suppose the reference is to "fair Rosamond."

7554. Luc. vi, 38.

7567. John iii, 8.

7572. John iii, 11.

7582. John iii, 8.

7600. *thorugh caractes.* It was the popular belief in the middle ages, that while the Jews were accusing the woman taken in adultery, Christ wrote with his staff on the ground the sins of the accusers, and that when they perceived this they dropped their accusation in confusion at finding that their own guilt was known. See this point curiously illustrated in Mr. Halliwell's Coventry Mysteries, pp. 220, 221. These are the *characters* alluded to in Piers Ploughman.

7624. Luke vi, 37.

7701. 1 Cor. iii, 19.

7709. Luke ii, 15.

7714. Matth. ii, 1.

7721. Luke ii, 7.

7779. Psalm xxxi, 1.

7795. Luke vi, 39. The ignorance and inefficiency of the parish priests appear to have become proverbial in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In the latter century a canon of Lilleshul in Shropshire, named John Myrk, or Myrkes, composed an English poem, or rather metrical treatise, on their duties, which he commences by applying to them this same aphorism of our Saviour: —

> God seyth hymself, as wryten we fynde,
> That whenne the blynde ledeth the blynde,
> Into the dyche they fallen boo,
> For they ne sen whare by to go.
> So faren prestes now by dawe,
> They beth blynde in Goddes lawe, etc.
>
> *MS. Cotton. Claud.* A II.

It had previously been applied in the same manner to the parish priests by the author of a long French poem (apparently written in England in the fourteenth century) entitled *Le Miroir de l'Ome* (Speculum Hominis), as follows:—

Dieus dist, et c'est tout verité,
Qe si l'un voegle soit mené
D'un autre voegle, tresbuchor
Falt ambedeux en la fossée.
C'est un essample comparé
As fols curetz, qui sanz curer
Ne voient pas le droit sentier,
Dont font les autres forsvoier,
Qui sont après leur trace alé.
Car fol errant ne puet quider,
Ne cil comment nous puet sauer,
Qui mesmes est au mort naufré.

MS. in the possession of Mr. J. Russell Smith.

The following picture of the corrupt manners of the parish priests at this time is extracted from a much longer and more minute censure in the same poem:—

Des fols curetz auci y a,
Qui sur sa cure demourra
Non pour curer, mais q'il sa vie
Endroit le corps plus casera.
Car lors eu il bargaignera
Du seculiere marchandie,
Dont sa richesce multeplie;
Ou il se donne à lecherie,
Du quoy son corps delitera;
Ou il se prent à veneric,
Quant duist chanter sa letanie,
Au bois le goupil huera.

7802. Psal. xv, 5. We might be led to suppose that this was the "neck verse" in the time of Piers Ploughman. In later times the text which was given to read to those who claimed the benefit of clergy is said to have been the beginning of Psal. lv, *Miserere mei, &c.*

7840. Eccl. v, 5.

7846. *Trojanus.* See the note on line 6859.

7854. Matth. xvi, 27. Filius enim hominis venturus est in gloria Patris sui cum angelis suis: et tunc reddet unicuique secundum opera ejus.

7915. *his flessh is foul flessh.* Yet in spite of the "foulness" of its flesh, the peacock was a very celebrated dish at table. For an account of the use made of the peacock in feasts, see Le Grand d'Aussy, Histoire de la Vie privée des Français, tom. i, pp. 299–301, and 361. In the Romance of Mahomet, 13th century, it is said of Dives—

Et dou Riche qui *tant ploon*
Englouti et tant bon poisson,
Tante piéche de venison,
Et but bon vin par grant delit, &c.

Roman de Mahommet, l. 301.

7944. *Avynet.* In the 14th and 15th centuries, as any grammar was called a *Donet*, because the treatise of Donatus was

the main foundation of them all, so, from Esop and Avienus from whom the materials were takan, any collection of fables was called an *Avionet* or an *Esopet*. The title of one of these collections in a MS. of the Bibl. du Roi at Paris is, *Compilacio Ysopi alata cum Avionetto, cum quibusdam addicionibus et moralitatibus.* (*Robert, Fabl. Inéd. Essay*, p. clxv.) Perhaps the reference in the present case is to the fable of the Peacock who complained of his voice, the 39th in the collection which M. Robert calls *Ysopet*, in the morality to which are the following lines:—

Les riches conteront
Des biens qu'il aront
En ce siecle conquis.
Cil qui petit ara,
De petit contera
Au Roy de paradis.

Qui vit en povreté,
Sans point d'iniquité,
Moult ara grant richesse
Es cieux, en paradis,
O dieux et ses amis
Seront joyeux et aise.

7961. Whitaker's text reads here:—

Thus Porfirie and Plato,
And poetes menye,
Lyknеth in here logyk
The leeste fowel oute;
And whether hii be saf other nat saf

The sothe wot not clergie,
Ne of Sortes ne of Salamon
No scripture can telle,
Wether thei be in helle other in hevene,
Other Aristotle the wise.

7961. *Aristotle, the grete clerk.* From the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries the influence of Aristotle's writings in the schools was all-powerful. It was considered almost an impiety to go against his authority. He was indeed "the great clerk."

7967. *Sortes.* I suppose this is an abbreviated form of the name Socrates. It occurs again in one of the poems printed among the Latin Poetry attributed to Walter Mapes (Camden Society's Publication), which has the following lines:—

Adest ei bajulus cui nomen Gnato,
Præcedebat logicum gressu fatigato,
Dorso ferens sarcinam ventre tensus lato,
Plenam vestro dogmate, o *Sortes et Plato.*

7987. 1 Peter iv, 18.

8015. Psalm xxii, 4.

8073. *a maister.* This word was generally used in the scholastic ages in a restricted sense, to signify one who had taken his degrees in the schools—a master of arts.

8103. Luke x, 7.

8133–8137. These are the indications of different Psalms. Psalm li begins with the words, *Miserere mei, Deus*, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam. The thirty-first Psalm com-

mences with the words, *Beati quorum* remissæ sunt iniquitates, *et quorum tecta sunt peccata. Beatus vir*, is the beginning of Psalm i. The fifth verse of Psalm xxxi contains the words *Dixi: Confitebor* adversum me injustitiam meam Domino.

8141. Psalm xxxi, 6.

8146. Psalm l, 19.

8153. Isaiah v, 22.

8155. Whitaker's text has—

> And ete meny sondry metes,
> Mortrews and poddynges,
> Braun and blod of the goos,
> Bacon and colhopes.

The second Trin. Coll. MS. has—

> And sette many sundry metis,
> Mortreux and puddynges,
> Braun and blood of gees,
> Bacoun and colopis.

8164. 2 Corinth. xi, 24, 25, 27.

8170, 8177. 2 Cor. xi, 26.

8202. *Mahoun.* Mahoun was the middle-age name of Mohammed, and in the popular writers was often taken in the mere sense of an idol or pagan deity.

8204. *justly wombe.* MS. Trin. Coll. 2.

8225. *in a frayel.* Whitaker's text has *in a forel*, which he explains by "a wicker basket." The second Trin. Coll. MS. has also *in a forell. Forel* is the Low-Latin *forellus*, a bag, sack, or purse: a *frayel* (*fraellum*) was a little wicker basket, such as were used for carrying figs or grapes.

8273. Matth. v, 19.

8292. Psalm xiv, 1.

8368. 1 John iv, 18.

8416. Luke xix, 8.

8418. Luke xx, 1–4.

8444. *Surré.* Syria.

8474. *a mynstrall.* The description of the minstrel given here is very curious. For a sketch of the character of this profession see Mr. Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages;" and for more enlarged details of the history of the craft the reader may consult the Introduction to Percy's Reliques, and Chappell's History of National Airs.

8518. *a pardon with a peis of leed.* The papal bulls, &c., had seals of lead, instead of wax.

8526. Marc. xvi, 17, 18.

8541. Acts iii, 6.

8554. Whitaker's text omits all that follows here to l. 8958 of our text, entering very abruptly upon the subject there treated. Some of the intervening matter had already been inserted in other places in Whitaker's text. See our notes on ll. 2846 and 3030.

8567. *cart . . . with breed fro Stratforde.* Stratford-at-Bow is said to have been famous in old times for its numerous bakers, who supplied a great part of the metropolis. Stowe, in his Survey of London, p. 159 (who appears to have altered the text of Piers Ploughman to suit his own calculation, for all the manuscripts and printed editions I have collated give "twice *twenty* and ten"), observes, "And because I have here before spoken of the bread carts comming from Stratford at the Bow, ye shall understand that of olde time the bakers of breade at Stratford were allowed to bring dayly (except the Sabbaoth and principall feast) diverse long cartes laden with bread, the same being two ounces in the pennie wheate loafe heavier then the penny wheate loafe baked in the citie, the same to be solde in Cheape, three or foure carts standing there, betweene Gutherans lane and Faustors lane ende, one cart on Cornehill, by the conduit, and one other in Grasse streete. And I have reade that in the fourth yere of Edward the second, Richard Reffeham being maior, a baker named John of Stratforde, for making bread lesser than the assise, was with a fooles whoode on his head, and loaves of bread about his necke, drawne on a hurdle through the streets of this citie. Moreover in the 44. of Edward the third, John Chichester being maior of London, I read in the visions of Pierce Plowman, a booke so called, as followeth. *There was a careful commune when no cart came to towne with baked bread from Stratford: tho gan beggers weepe, and workemen were agast, a little this will be thought long in the date of our Dirte, in a drie Averell'a thousand and three hundred, twise thirtie and ten, &c.* I reade also in the 20. of Henrie the eight, Sir James Spencer being maior, six bakers of Stratford were merced in the Guildhall of London, for baking under the size appoynted. These bakers of Stratford left serving of this citie, I know not uppon what occasion, about 30 yeares since."

8573. *a drye Aprill.* This is without doubt the dry season placed by Fabyan in the year 1351, which, as he describes it, began with the month of April. The difference of the date arises probably from a different system of computation. Fabian says, "In the sommer of this xxvii yeare, it was so drie that it

was many yeres after called the drie sommer. For from the latter ende of March, till the latter ende of Julye, fell lytle rayne or none, by reason whereof manye inconveniences ensued."

8576. *Whan Chichestrè was maire.* According to Fabyan, John Chichester was mayor only once, in 1368, 1369, which was the period of the "thirde mortalytie." The other authorities seem to agree in giving this as the year of Chichester's mayoralty. He may perhaps have been mayor more than once. See INTRODUCTION.

8645. Galat, i, 10.

8685. Psalm x, 7.

8707, 8708. The two persons mentioned here (the shoemaker of Southwark and dame Emma of Shoreditch) were probably eminent sorcerers and fortune-tellers of the time.

8768–8778. To understand fully this passage, it must be borne in mind that the corn lands were not so universally hedged as at present, and that the portions belonging to different persons were separated only by a narrow furrow, as is still the case in some of the uninclosed lands in Cambridgeshire.

8812. *Brugges.* Bruges was the great mart of continental commerce during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

8813. *Pruce-lond*—Prussia, which was then the farthest country in the interior of Europe with which a regular trade was carried on by the English merchants.

8827. Matth. vi, 21.

8858. Luke, vi, 25.

8879. Psalm ci, 7.

8891. *a lady of sorwe.* The old printed edition has a *laye of sorow.*

8900. Whitaker has no division here, but continues the previous *passus*, and omits many lines and has many variations in what follows.

8903. *I slepe therinne o nyghtes.* This passage is curious, because at the time the poem was written, it was the custom for all classes of society to go to bed quite naked, a practice which is said to have been not entirely laid aside in the sixteenth century. We see constant proofs of this practice in the illuminations of old manuscripts. The following memorial lines are written in the margin of a MS. of the thirteenth century :—

Ne he thi winpil nevere so jelu ne so stroutende,
Ne thi faire tail so long ne so trailende,
That tu ne schalt at evin al kuttid bilevin,
And tou schalt to bedde gon so nakid as tou were [borin].
MS. Cotton. Cleop. C. VI, fol. 22, ro.

In the Roman de la Violette, the old nurse expresses her astonishment that her young mistress should retain her chemise when she goes to bed:—

Et quant elle son lit fait a,
Sa dame apiele, si se couche
Nue en chemise en la couche;
C'onques en trestoute sa vie
La biele, blonde, l'escavie,
Ne volt demostrer sa char nue.
La vielle en est au lit venue,
Puis li a dit: 'Dame, j'esgart
Une chose, se Dex me gart,
Dont je sui molt esmervillie,
C'onques ne vous vi despoillie,
Et si vous ai vij. ans gardée;
Molt vous ai souvent esgardée
Que vo chemise ne sachiés!'
Rom. de la Viol. l. 577.

The lady explains her conduct by stating that she has a mark on the breast which she had promised that no one should ever see.

8906. Luke xiv, 20.

8950. *noon heraud ne harpour.* Robes and other garments were among the most usual gifts bestowed upon minstrels and heralds by the princes and great barons. See before, ll. 8480, 8481.

8970. Matth. vi, 25, 26.

8999. John xiv, 13; xv, 16. Matth. iv, 4.

9036. Psalm cxliv, 16.

9039. *fourty wynter.* During the forty years that the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness, they did not apply themselves to agriculture.

9049. *Sevene slepe.* The legend of the seven sleepers was remarkably popular during the middle ages.

9101. Psalm xxxi, 1.

8177. Psalm lxxv, 6.

9179. Psalm lxxii, 20. Whitaker's *Passus sextus de Dowel* ends with this quotation.

9317. Both in the Vision of Piers Ploughman, and in the Creed, there are frequent expressions of indignation at the extravagant expenditure in painting the windows of the abbeys and churches. It must not be forgotten that a little later the same feeling as that exhibited in these satires led to the destruction of many of the noblest monuments of medieval art.

9344. Mat. xix, 23, 24.

9347. Apocal. xiv, 13.

9352. Matth. v, 3.

9452. Compare the defence of poverty in Chaucer (Cant. T. 6774):—

> Juvenal saith of poverte merily:
> The poore man, whan he goth by the way,
> Before the theves he may sing and play.
> *Poverte is hateful good;* and, as I gesse,
> A ful gret *bringer out of besinesse;*
> A *gret amender* eke *of sapience,*
> To him that taketh it in patience.
> Poverte is this although it seme elenge,
> *Possession that no wight wol challenge.*
> Poverte ful often, whan a man is low,
> Maketh his God and eke himself to know:
> Poverte a spectakel is, as thinketh me,
> Thurgh which he may his veray frendes see.
> And therfore, sire, sin that I you not greve,
> Of my poverte no more me repreve.

The definition given in Piers Ploughman is taken from the Dialogues of Secundus, where it is thus expressed:—"Quid est paupertas? Odibile bonum, sanitatis mater, curarum remotio, absque sollicitudine semita, sapientiæ reparatrix, negotium sine damno, intractabilis substantia, possessio absque calumnia, incerta fortuna, sine sollicitudine felicitas." (MS. Reg. 9 A xiv, fol. 140, v°.) See also Roger de Hoveden, p. 816, and Vincent de Beauvais, Spec. Hist. lib. x, c. 71.

9510. *the paas of Aultone.* Whitaker has *Haultoun*, and says that this pass is Halton "in Cheshire, formerly infamous to a proverb as a haunt of robbers."

9528. *Cantabit. etc.* The author has modified, or the scribes have corrupted, the well-known line of Juvenal,

> Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

9665. These definitions will be found in Isidore, Etymol. lib. xi, c. 1, and Different. lib. ii, c. 29. They are repeated by Alcuin, De Anim. Rat. N. x, p. 149, *Anima* est, dum vivificat; dum contemplatur, *spiritus* est; dum sentit, *sensus* est; dum sapit, *animus* est; dum intelligit, *mens* est; dum discernit, *ratio* est; dum consentit, *voluntas* est; dum recordatur, *memoria* est.

9708. Prov. xxv, 27.

9740. Epist. ad Rom. xii, 3.

9751. *the seven synnes.* The seven deadly sins were—pride, anger, envy, sloth, covetousness, gluttony, and lechery. "Now ben they cleped chiefetaines, for as moche as they be chiefe, and of hem springen alle other sinnes. The rote of thise sinnes than

is pride, the general rote of alle harmes. For of this rote springen certain braunches: as, ire, envie, accidie or slouthe, avarice or coveitise (to commun understonding) glotonie, and lecherie: and eche of thise chief sinnes hath his braunches and his twigges." Chaucer, Persones Tale, p. 40.

9766. Psal. cxvi, 7; iv, 3.

9828. *in Latyn.* The monks had collections of comparisons, similitudes, proverbs, &c. to be introduced in their sermons, and even when preaching in English they generally quoted them in Latin. This I suppose to be the meaning of the expression here.

9918. Matth. xviii, 3.

9934. 1 Corinth. xiii, 4.

9946. 1 Corinth. xiii, 12.

9957. *a tunicle of Tarse.* Tarse was the name given to a kind of silk, said to have been brought from a country of that name on the borders of Cathai, or China. Chaucer (Cant. T. l. 2162), describing "the king of Inde," says—

> His coote armour was of a cloth of Tars,
> Cowched of perlys whyte, round and grete.

Ducange (v. *Tarsicus*) quotes a visitation of the treasury of St. Paul's, London, in 1295, where there is mention of Tunica et dalmatica de *panno Indico Tarsico* Besantato de auro, and of a Casula de *panno Tarsico.*

10004. Psal. vi, 7.

10009. Psal. l, 19.

10062. Matth. vi, 16.

10069. *Edmond and Edward.* St. Edmund the martyr, king of East Anglia, and king Edward the Confessor.

10124. Psal. iv, 9.

10159. *Antony and Egidie.* Whitaker has *Antonie and Ersenie.* St. Antony is well known as the father and patron of monks, and for the persecutions he underwent from the devil. St. Giles, or Egidius, is said to have been a Greek, who came to France about the end of the seventh century, and established himself in a hermitage near the mouth of the Rhone, and afterwards in the neighbourhood of Nismes. Arsenius was a noble Roman who, at the end of the fourth century, retired to Egypt to live the life of an anchoret in the desert.

10174. *after an hynde cride.* The monkish biographer of St. Giles relates, that he was for some time nourished with the milk of a hind in the forest, and that a certain prince discovered

his retreat while hunting in his woods, by pursuing the hind till it took shelter in St. Giles's hermitage.

10182. *Hudde a bird.* This incident is not found in the common lives of St. Antony.

10187. *Poul.* Paul was a Grecian hermit, who lived in the tenth century in the wilderness of Mount Latrus, and became the founder of one of the monastic establishments there. He was famous for the rigorous severity of his life.

10203. *Marie Maudeleyne.* By Mary Magdalen here is meant probably St. Mary the Egyptian, who lived in the fifth century, and who, according to the legend, after having spent her youth in unbridled debauchery, repented in her twenty-ninth year, and lived during the remainder of her life (forty-seven years) in the wilderness beyond the Jordan, without seeing one human being during that time, and sustained only by the precarious food which she found in the desert.

10239. Whitaker's text here adds a passage relating to Tobias:—

Marie Magdalene
By mores levede and dewes;
Love and leel byleyve
Heeld lyf and soule togedere.
Maria Egyptiaca
Eet in thyrty wynter
Bote thre lytel loves,
And love was her soucl.
Ich can nat rekene hem ryght now,
Ne reherce here names,
That lyveden thus for oure Lordes love
Meny longe yeres,
Whitoute borwyng other beggyng,
Other the boke lyeth;
And wonceden in wildernesse
Among wilde bestes;
Ac dorst no beste byten hem
By dnye ne by nyghte,
Bote myldeliche whan thei metten
Maden louh chere,
And feyre byfore the men
Faulnede whith the tayles.
Ac bestes broubte hem no mete,
Bote onliche the fouweles;
In tokenynge that trywe man
Alle tymes sholde
Fynde honeste men in holy men
And other ryghtful peuple.
For wolde never feithful goud
That freres and monkes token
Lyflode of luther wynnynges
In al here lyf tyme;
As wytnesseth holy writt
Whot Thobie deyde
To is wif, whan he was blynde,
Herde a lambe blete,—
'A! wyf, be war,' quath he,
'What ye have here ynne.
Lord leyve,' quath the lede,
'No stole thyng be here!'
Videte ne furtum sit. Et alibi, Melius est mori quam male vivere.
This is no more to mene,
Bote men of holy churche
Sholde receyve ryght nauth
Bot that ryght wolde,
And refuse reverences
And ravenceres offrynges;
Thenne wolde lordes and ladies
Be loth to agulte,
And to take of here tenaunts
More than treuthe wolde;
And marchaunts merciable wolde be,
And men of lawe bothe.
Wold religeouse refuse
Ravenores almesse,
Then Grace sholde growe yut
And grene-leved wexe,
And Charité, that child is now,
Sholde chaufen of hem self,
And comfortye all crystene,
Wold holy churche amende.
Job the parfit patriarch
This proverbe wrot and tauhte,
To makye a man levye mesure,
That monkes beeth and freeres.
Nunquam dicit Job, rugiet onager, etc.

Throughout this part of the poem, Whitaker's text differs very much in words and phraseology from the one now printed, but it would take up too much space to point out all these variations.

10247. Job vi, 5.

10270. 2 Corinth. ix, 9.

10303. These sentences appear to be quotations from the fathers of the Latin Church.

10332. *lussheburwes*. A foreign coin, much adulterated, common in England in the middle of the fourteenth century. Chaucer (C. T. 15445) uses the word in a very expressive passage:—

> This maketh that oure wyfes wol assaye
> Religious folk, for thay may bettre paye
> Of Venus payementes than may we:
> God woot! no *lussheburghes* paye ye.

Among the foreign money, mostly of a base quality, which came into this country in the fourteenth century, the coinage of the counts of Luxemburg, or, as it was then called, Lusenburg (hence called *lussheburwes* and *lusscheburghes*), seems to have been the most abundant, and to have given most trouble. These coins were the subject of legislation in 1346, 1347, 1348, and 1351; so that the grievance must have been at its greatest height at the period to which the poem of Piers Ploughman especially belongs. Many of these coins are preserved, and found in the cabinets of collectors; they are in general very much like the contemporary English coinage, and might easily be taken for it, but the metal is very base.

10368. *Grammer, the ground of al.* In the scholastic learning of the middle ages, grammar was considered as the first of the seven sciences, and the foundation-stone of all the rest. See my Essay on Anglo-Saxon Literature, introductory to vol. i of the *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, p. 72. The importance of grammar is thus stated in the *Image du Monde* of Gautier de Metz (thirteenth century):—

> Li primeraine des vij. ars,
> Dont or n'est pas seus li quars,
> A ichest tans, chou est gramaire,
> Sans laquele nus ne vaut gaire
> Qui à clergie veut aprendre:
> Car petit puet sans li entendre.
> Gramaires si est fondemens
> De clergie et coumenchemens;
> Cou est li porte de seience,
> Par cui on vient à sapience,
> De lettres en grammaire escole
> Qui ensegne coumune parole,
> Soit en Latin ou en Roumans,
> Ou en tous langages palans;
> Qui bien saroit toute gramaire,
> Toute parole saroit faire.
> Par parole fist Dius le monde,
> Et sentence est parole monde.

10398. *Corpus Christi feeste.* Corpus Christi day was a high festival of the church of Rome, held annually on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, in memory, as was said, of the miraculous confirmation of transubstantiation under pope Urban IV.

10418. *This Makometh.* This account of Mohammed was the one most popularly current in the middle ages. According to Hildebert, who wrote a life of the pseudo-prophet in Latin verse in the twelfth century, Mohammed was a Christian, skilled in magical arts, who, on the death of the patriarch of Jerusalem, aspired to succeed him:—

Nam male devotus quidam baptismate lotus,
Plenus perfidia vixit in ecclesia.
* * * * * *
Nam cum transisset Pater illius urbis, et isset
In cœlum subito corpore disposito,
Tunc exaltari magus hic et pontificari
Affectans avide; sc tamen hæc pavide
Dixit facturum, nisi sciret non nociturum
Si præsul fiat, cum Deus hoc cupiat.

His intrigues being discovered, the emperor drives him away, and in revenge he goes and founds a new sect. The story of the pigeon (which is not in Hildebert) is found in Vincent of Beauvais, Spec. Hist. lib. xxiii, c. 40. This story is said to be founded in truth. Neither of them are found in the Roman de Mahomet (by Alexander du Pont), written in the thirteenth century, and edited by MM. Reinaud and Michel, Paris, 1831, 8vo, a work which contains much information concerning the Christian notions relative to Mohammed in the middle ages.

10478. John xvi, 24.

10481, 10486. Matth. v, 13.

10499. *Ellevene holy men.* The eleven apostles who remained after the apostasy of Judas and the crucifixion of their Lord.

10550. *Ne fesauntz y-bake.* The pheasant was formerly held in the same honour as the peacock (see before the note on l. 7915), and was served at table in the same manner. It was considered one of the most precious dishes. See Le Grand d'Aussy, Hist. de la Vie privée des François, ii, 19. The Miroir de l'Ome (MS. in the possession of Mr. Russell Smith) says (punning) of the luxurious prelates of the fourteenth century,—

Pour le plesant et le bon vin,
Le bien-faisant et le divin
L'evesque laist à nonchalure;
Si quiert la coupe et cruscquin,
Ainz que la culpe du cristin
Pour corriger et mettre en cure.

10523. Matth. xxii, 4.

10581. Mark xvi, 15.

10585. *So manye prelates.* 10699. *that huppe aboute in Engelond.* The pope appointed many titular bishops of foreign sees in which, from the nature of circumstances, they could not possibly reside, and who therefore were a burthen upon the church. Some of these prelates appear to have resorted to England, and to have exercised the episcopal functions, consecrating churches, &c. The church of Elsfield, in Oxfordshire, was consecrated by a foreign bishop. (See Kennett's Parochial Antiquities.)

10593. John x, 11.

10599. Matth. xx, 4, 7.

10606. Matth. vii, 7.

10617. Galat. vi, 14.

10632. *That roode thei honoure.* A cross was the common mark on the reverse of our English money at this period, and for a long time previous to it. The point of satirical wit in this passage of Piers Ploughman appears to be taken from the old Latin rhymes of the beginning of the thirteenth century. See the curious poem *De Cruce Denarii*, in Walter Mapes, p. 223. Another poem in the same volume (p. 38) speaks thus of the court of Rome:—

> Nummis in hac curia non est qui non vacet;
> *Crux* placet, rotunditas, et albedo placet.

10637. *Shul torne as templers dide.* The suppression of the order of the Templars was at this time fresh in people's memories. It was the general belief, and not without some foundation, that the Templars had entirely degenerated from their original sanctity and faithfulness, and that before the dissolution of the order they were addicted to degrading vices and superstitions; and they were accused of sacrificing everything else to their grasping covetousness.

10659. *Whan Constantyn.* The Christian church began first to be endowed with wealth and power under the emperor Constantine the Great.

10649. Luke i, 52.

10695–10699. Instead of these lines, Whitaker's text has the following:—

> And bereth name of Neptalym,
> Of Nynyve and Damaske.
> For when the holy kynge of hevene
> Sende hus sone to eerthe,
> Meny myracles he wroughte,
> Man for to turne,
> In ensample that men sholde
> See by sad reyson

That men myghte nat be savede
Bote thorw mercy and grace,
And thorw penaunce and passioun,
And parfyght byleyve;
And bycam a man of a mayde,
And *metropolitanus*
And baptisede an busshoppede
Whit the bloſſe of hus herte,
Alle that wilnede other wolde
Whit inwhight byleyve hit.
Meny seint sitthe
Suffrede deth alsoo,
For to enferme the faithe
Pul wyde where deyden,
In Inde and in Alisaundrie,
In Ermanye, in Spayne;
An fro mysbyleve
Meny man turnede.
In savacion of mannys saule
Seynt Thomas of Cauntelbury
Among unkynde Cristene
In holy churche was sleye,
And alle holy churche
Honourede for that deyinge:
He is a forbusur to alle busshopes,
And a bryghthe myrour,
And sovereynliche to alle suche
That of Surrye bereth name,
And nat in Engelounde to huppe aboute,
And halewen men auters.

In the remainder of this passus, Whitaker's text differs much from the one I have printed, but in such a manner that to give here the variations it would be necessary to reprint the whole. In the remainder of the poem, the variations are not great or important, being only such as we always find in different copies of poems which enjoyed considerable popularity.

10716. Isai. iii, 7.

10721. Malach. iii, 10.

10733. Luke x, 27. Diliges Dominum Deum tuum ex toto corde tuo, et ex tota anima tua, et ex omni mente tua, et proximum tuum sicut teipsum.

10755. John xi, 43.

10787. *litlum and litlum*, by little and little, gradually. It is the pure Anglo-Saxon phrase. In the Anglo-Saxon version of Genesis xl, 10, the Latin *paulatim* is rendered by *lytlum and lytlum*.

10844. Psal. xxxvi, 24.

10891. Matth. xii, 32.

11000. Luke i, 38.

11023. Matth. ix, 12. Mark ii, 17. Luke v, 31.

11033. Matth. xxvi, 37.

11044. Matth. xi, 18.

11074. Matth. xxi, 13.

11121. Matth. xviii, 7.

11238. Matth. xxvii, 46, and Mark xv, 34.

11299. Rom. iv, 13.

11322. John i, 29 and 36.

11396. Matth. v, 40.

11518, 11520. *lo! here silver. . . two pens.* It must be remembered that at this period the mass of the coinage, including pence, halfpence, and farthings, was of silver; copper came into use for

the smaller coinage at a later period. Two pence of Edward III would be worth about two shillings of our modern money.

11670. Cant. xii, 32.

11708. *tu fabricator omnium.* This was one of the hymns of the catholic church.

11866. Luke xiii, 27.

11883. 1 Corinth. xiii, 1.

11894. Matth. vii, 21.

11998. *Thre thynges.* This proverb is frequently quoted by the satirical and facetious writers of the middle ages. Thus in Chaucer (C. T. 5860):—

> Thou saist, that droppyng houses, and eek smoke,
> And chydyng wyves, maken men to flc
> Out of here oughne hous.

In the poem entitled Golias de Conjuge non ducenda, in Walter Mapes, p. 83, the proverb is alluded to in the following words:—

> Fumus, et mulier, et stillicidia,
> Expellunt hominem a domo propria.

There was an old French proverbial distich to the same effect,—

> Fumée, pluye, et femme sans raison,
> Chassent l'homme de sa maison.

12040. 2 Corinth. xii, 19.

12097. *to be dubbed.* These and the following lines contain a continued allusion to the ceremonies of knighthood and tournaments.

12106. Psal. cxvii, 26.

12211. Matth. xxvii, 54.

12232, 12244. *Longeus . . . this blynde bacheler.* This alludes to one of the many legends which the monks engrafted upon the scripture history. Longeus is said to have been the name of the soldier who pierced the side of Christ with his spear; and it is pretended that he was previously blind from his birth, but that the blood of the Saviour ran down his spear, and a drop of it touching his eye, he was instantly restored to sight, by which miracle he was converted. See, in illustration of this subject, Halliwell's Coventry Mysteries, p. 334; The Towneley Mysteries, p. 321; Jubinal, Mystères inédits du quinzième Siècle, tom. ii, pp. 254—257; &c.

12319, 12418, 12420. *Mercy and Trathe, . . . Pees . . . Rightwisnesse.* Lydgate seems to have had this passage in his mind,

when he described the four sisters in the following lines at the commencement of one of his poems, (MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 21) :—

Mercy and Trouthe mette on an hih mounteyn
Briht as the sonne with his beemys cleer,
Pees and Justicia walkyng on the pleyn,
And with foure sustryn, moost goodly of ther cheer,
List nat departe nor severe in no maneer,
Of oon accoord by vertuous encrees,
Joyned in charité, pryncessis moost enteer,
Mercy and Trouthe, Rihtwisnesse and Pees.

12361. *a tale of Waltrot.* This name, like Wade in Chaucer, appears to have been that of a hero of romances and tales, or a personage belonging to the popular superstitions. Perhaps it may be connected with the old German *Waltschrat* (*satyrus, pilosus*). See Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, p. 270.

12438. Psal. xxix, 6.

12566. Matth. xiv, 28.

12601. Psal. xxiii, 7, 9.

12599. *a spirit speketh to helle.* The picture of the "Harrowing of Hell," which here follows, bears a striking resemblance to the analogous scene in the old Mysteries, particularly in that edited by Mr. Halliwell under this title, 8vo, 1840. Compare the play on the same subject in the Towneley Mysteries, p. 244.

12645, 12668, 12676. *sevene hundred wynter . . . . . thritty wynter . . . . . two and thritty wynter.* Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers always counted duration of time by *winters* and *nights:* for so many years, they said so many winters, and so many nights for so many days. This form continued long in popular usage, and still remains in our words *fortnight* and *se'nnight.*

12663. *Gobelyn.* Goblin is a name still applied to a devil. It belongs properly to a being of the old Teutonic popular mythology, a hob-goblin, the "lubber-fiend" of the poet, and seems to be identical with the German *kobold.* (See Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, p. 286.) *Gobelin* occurs as the name of one of the shepherds in the Mystery of the Nativity, printed by M. Jubinal in his Mystères inédits, vol. ii, p. 71. It occurs as the name of a devil in a song of the commencement of the fourteenth century, Political Songs, p. 238 :—

Sathanas huere syre
Seyde on is sawe,
Gobelyn made is gerner
Of gromene mawe,

12679. *to warne Pilates wif.* This is an allusion to a popular legend prevalent at this time that the devil wished to hinder

Christ's crucifixion, and that he appeared to Pilate's wife in a dream, and caused her to beseech her husband not to condemn the Saviour. It was founded on the passage in Matthew xxvii, 19. Sedente autem illo pro tribunali, misit ad eum uxor ejus, dicens: Nihil tibi et justo illi: multa enim passa sum hodie per visum propter eum. The most complete illustration of the passage of Piers Ploughman will be found in Halliwell's Coventry Mysteries, p. 308, "Pilate's Wife's Dream."

12691. *And now I se wher a soule | Cometh hiderward seillynge, | With glorie, &c.* With this beautiful passage may be compared a very similar one in the Samson Agonistes of Milton:—

> But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
> Female of sex it seems,
> That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
> *Comes this way sailing*
> Like a stately ship
> Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
> Of Javan or Gadire,
> With all her bravery on, and tackle trim.

12753. *y-lik a lusard.* In the illuminations of manuscripts representing the scene of the temptation, the serpent is often figured with legs like a lizard or crocodile, and a human face.

12759. Matth. v, 38.

12781. Matth. v, 17.

12801. *thorugh a tree.* Some of the medieval legends go still farther, and pretended that the tree from which the wood of the cross was made was descended directly from a plant from the tree in Paradise of which Adam and Eve were tempted to eat the fruit.

12805. Psal. vii, 16.

12840. Psal. l, 6.

12876. 2 Corinth. xii, 4.

12886. Psal. cxlii, 2.

12896. *Astroth.* This name, as given to one of the devils, occurs in a curious list of actors in the Miracle Play of St. Martin, given by M. Jubinal, in the preface to his Mystères inédits, vol. ii, p. ix. It is similarly used in the Miracle Play of the Martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, Jubinal, ib. vol. i, p. 69. In one of the Towneley Mysteries (p. 246), this name is likewise given to one of the devils:—

> Calle up *Astarot* and Anaballe,
> To gyf us counselle in this ease.

12937. Psal. lxxiv, 11.

12942. Psal. cxxxii, 1.
13222. 1 Sam. xviii, 7.
13274. Luke xxiv, 46.
13317. John xx, 29.
13375. *Veni creator spiritus.* The first line of the hymn at vespers, on the feast of Pentecost.
13412. 1 Corinth. xii, 4.
13550. Cato, Distich. 14, lib. ii:—

> Esto forti animo cum sis damnatus inique;
> Nemo diu gaudet qui judice vincit iniquo.

13789. *I knew nevere cardynal.* The contributions levied upon the clergy for the support of the pope's messengers and agents was a frequent subject of complaint in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.
13807. *At Avynone among the Jewes.* In the middle ages there was a large congregation of Jews at Avignon, as in most of the principal cities in the south of France. In the civil dissensions which disturbed Italy during this century, the pope was frequently obliged to take shelter at Avignon and other places within the French territory.
13825. Matth. v, 45.
13855. Rom. xii, 19; Hebr. x, 30.
14142. *Kynde cessede.* The lines which follow contain an allusion to the dissipation of manners which followed the pestilence.
14191, 14196. *Westmynstre Halle . . . the Arches.* The law courts have been held at Westminster from the earliest Anglo-Norman times, it being the king's chief palace. The court of the arches was a very ancient consistory court of the archbishop of Canterbury, held at Bow church in London, which was called St. Mary de Arcubus or St. Mary le Bow, from the circumstance of its having been built on arches.
14211. *leet daggen hise clothes.* An account of the mode in which the rich fashionable robes of the dandies of the fourteenth century were dagged, or cut in slits at the edges and borders, will be found in any work on costume: it is frequently represented in the contemporary illuminations in manuscripts. Chaucer, in the "Persones Tale," when treating of pride and of the "superfluitee of clothing," speaks of "the costlewe furring in hir gounes, so moche pounsoning of chesel to maken holes, so moche *dagging of sheres*," &c. And again, "if so be that they wolden yeve swiche pounsoned and *dagged* clothing to the povre

peple, it is not convenient to were for hir estate," &c. In the Alliterative Poem on the Deposition of Richard II (printed for the Camden Society), p. 21, the clergy is blamed for not preaching against the new fashions in dress:—

> For wolde they blame the burnes
> That broughte newe gysis,
> And dryve out *the dagges*
> And alle the Duche cotis.

Whitaker gives the following singular explanation of this passage:—"*Let dagge hus clothes*, probably, let them fall to the ground, or divested himself of them; for warriors are 'succinct' for battle as well as 'for speed!'"

14265. *A glazene howve.* I suppose this means that, in return for his gold, Physic gave him a hood of glass, *i. e.* a very frail protection for his person.

14367. *of the Marche of Walys.* Whitaker's text reads, *of the March of Yrelonde.* The clergy of the Welsh border appear, from allusions in other works, to have been proverbial for their ignorance and irregularity of life.

14438. Psal. cxlvi, 4.

14444. *wage menne to werre.* This is a curious account of the composition of an army in the fourteenth century.

14482. Exod. xx, 17.

14511. *suffre the dede in dette, i. e.*, The friars persuade people to leave to them, under pretence of saving their souls, the property which was due to their creditors, and thus, after their death, their debts remain unpaid.

14615, 14617. *this lymytour . . . he salvede so owre wommen.* The whole of this passage, taken with what precedes, is an amusing satire upon the limitour. Compare the description of the limitour given by Chaucer in the Canterbury Tales, ll. 208–271, who alludes to his kindness for the women. The limitour was a friar licensed to visit and beg within certain limits. His pertinacity and inquisitiveness in visiting, alluded to in the name given him in Piers Ploughman (Sir Penetransdomos), is admirably satirized by Chaucer, in the opening of the "Wif of Bathes Tale:"—

> In olde dayes of the kyng Arthour,
> Of which that Britouns speken gret honour,
> Al was this lond fulfilled of fayrie;
> The elf-queen, with hir joly compaignye,
> Daunced ful oft in many a grene mede.
> This was the old oppynyoun, as I rede

I speke of many hundrid yer ago;
But now can no man see noon elves mo.
For now the grete charité and prayeres
Of lymytours and other holy freres,
That seechen every lond and every streem,
As thik as motis in the sonne-beem,
Blesynge halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,
Citees and burghes, castels hihe, and toures,
Thropes and bernes, shepnes and dayeries,
This makith that ther ben no fayeries:
For ther as wont was to walken an elf,
Ther walkith noon but the lymytour himself,
In undermeles and in morwenynges,
And saith his matyns and his holy thinges,
As he goth in his lymytacioun.

NOTES TO THE CREED.

* 65. *a Minoure.* These were the Gray or Franciscan Friars, founded at the beginning of the thirteenth century by St. Francis of Assise. They are supposed to have come to England in 1224, when they settled, first at Canterbury, and afterwards at London.

75. *a Carm.* 95. *Maries-men.* The Carmelites, or White Friars, pretended to be of great antiquity, and were originally established at Mount Carmel, from whence they were driven by the Saracens about the year 1238. They were brought into England in 1244, and settled first at Alnwick in Northumberland, and at Ailesford in Kent.

About the date (or a little before) of our poem, the Carmelites appear to have been very active in asserting in a boasting manner the superiority of their order over the others. An anecdote told by Fuller (History of Cambridge, p. 113), under the year 1371, affords a curious illustration. "John Stokes, a Dominican, born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, but studying in Cambridge, as champion of his order, fell foul on the Carmelites, chiefly for calling themselves 'The brothers of the Blessed Virgin,' and then by consequence all knew whose uncle they pretend themselves. He put them to prove their pedigree by Scripture, how the kindred came in. In brief, Bale saith, 'he left red notes in the white coats of the Carmelites,' he so belaboured them with

his lashing language. But John Hornby a Carmelite (born at Boston in Lincolnshire) undertook him, called by Bale Cornutus, by others Hornet-bee, so stinging his stile. He proved the brothership of his order to the Virgin Mary by visions, allowed true by the infallible popes, so that no good Christian durst deny it."

130. *Freres of the Pye.* The Fratres de Pica, or Friars of the Pye, are said to have received their name from the circumstance of their wearing their outer garment black and white like a magpie. Very little is known of their history. They are said to have had but one house in England.

143. *Robartes men.* See before the notes on the Vision, ll. 88 and 3410.

155. *miracles of mydwyves.* The monks had many relics and superstitious practices to preserve and aid women in childbirth. One of the commissioners for the suppression of the monasteries mentions among the relics of a house he had visited, "Mare Magdalens girdell, and yt is wrappyde and coveride with white, sent also with gret reverence to women traveling:" he had previously spoken of "oure Lades gyrdell of Bruton, rede silke, wiche is a solemne reliquie sent to women travelyng wiche shall not miscarie *in partu*." (MS. Cotton. Cleop. E. iv, fol. 249.) See the account of a gem, which had a similar virtue, in Matthew Paris's History of the Abbots of St. Albans.

305. *the Prechoures.* The Black Friars, or Dominicans, were founded by St. Dominic, a Spanish monk of the end of the eleventh century. They were called Friars Preachers, because their chief duty was to preach and convert heretics. They came into England in 1221, and had their first houses in Oxford.

327. *posternes in privité.* These private posterns are frequently alluded to in the reports of the Commissioners for the Dissolution of the Monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. One of them, speaking of the abbey of Langden, says, "Wheras immediatly descendying fro my horse, I sent Bartlett your servant, with all my servantes to circumcept the abbay and surely to kepe *all bake dorres and startyng hoilles*, and I myself went alone to the abbottes logeying joyning upon the feldes and wode, *evyn lyke a cony clapper full of startyng hoilles*." (MS. Cotton. Cleop. E. iv, fol. 127.) Another commissioner (MS. Cotton. Cleop. E. iv, fol. 35), in a letter concerning the monks of the Charter-house in London, says, "These charterhowse monkes wolde be callyde solytary, but to the cloyster dore ther be above xxiiij. keys in the handes of xxiiij. persons, and hit is lyke my

letters, unprofytable tayles and tydinges and sumtyme perverse concell commythe and goythe by reason therof. Allso to the buttrey dore ther be xij. sundrye keys in xij. [mens] handes, wherin symythe to be small husbandrye."

351. *merkes of merchauntes.* Their ciphers or badges painted in the windows. For examples, see the note in Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. ii, p. 98, last edition.

481. *euelles.* Perhaps for *evel-les, i. e.* without evil.

534. *the Austyns.* The Austin Friars, or Friars Eremites of the order of St. Augustine, came into England about the year 1250. Before the end of the fourteenth century they possessed a great number of houses in this island.

566. *the foure ordres.* The four principal orders of Mendicant Friars. See note on the Vision, l. 116.

721. *harkne at Herdforthe.* This appears to be an allusion to some event which had recently occurred among the Franciscans at Hertford, or at Hereford: if the latter, perhaps they had been active in the persecution of Walter Brut. See below, l. 1309.

745. *than ther lefte in Lucifere.* Than there existed in Lucifer, before his fall. See before, the note on l. 681 of the Vision.

771. *couuen.* Probably an error of the old printed edition for *connen.*

869. *lath.* Perhaps an error of the printer of the first edition for *lay.*

911. Matth. vii, 15.

911. *werwolves.* People who had the power of turning themselves into, or were turned into, wolves. This fearful superstitution, which is very ancient, was extremely prevalent in the middle ages. In French they were called *Loup-garous.* The history of a personage of this kind forms the subject of the Lai de Bisclaveret, by Marie de France. Sir Frederick Madden has published a very remarkable Early-English metrical romance on the subject of "William and the Werwolf." See on this superstition Grimm's Deutsche Mythologie, pp. 620–622.

954. *Golias.* There is perhaps here an allusion to the famous satire on the Monkish orders entitled Apocalypsis Goliæ, printed among the poems of Walter Mapes.

967. *the kynrede of Caym.* In the popular belief of the middle ages, hob-goblins and evil spirits (which haunted the wilds and the waters) literally, and bad men figuratively, were represented as being descended from the first murderer, Cain. In Old-English poetry, *Caymes kyn* is a common epithet for very

wicked people. In the Anglo-Saxon romance of Beowulf, the Grendel is said to be of "Cain's kin."

1051. *wytnes on Wyclif.* In the persecutions to which Wycliffe was subjected for his opinions in 1382, his most violent opponents were the Mendicants. He died in 1384, quietly at his living of Lutterworth.

1189. *a lymytoure.* See before, the note on l. 14615 of the Vision.

1178. *stumlen in tales.* An allusion to the idle and superstitious tales with which the monks filled their sermons, in place of simple and sound doctrine.

1309. *Water Brut.* Walter Brut (or Bright) was a native of Herefordshire, and was prosecuted by the Bishop of Hereford for heresy in 1393. A long account of his defence will be found in Foxe's Acts and Monuments.

1401. *Hildegare.* I suppose this refers to St. Hildegardis, a nun who flourished in the middle of the twelfth century, and who was celebrated among the Roman Catholics as a prophetess. Her prophecies are not uncommon in manuscripts, and they have been printed. Those which relate to the future corruptions in the monkish orders are given in Foxe's Acts and Monuments, book vi, and in other works.

GLOSSARY.

[The figures in the following Glossary refer to the *page* of the text. Words preceded by a †, occur only in the CREED. AS. and A. N. distinguish the two different languages of which our own is composed, Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman.]

A.

a, prefixed to verbs of Anglo-Saxon origin, has sometimes a negative, sometimes an intensative power: before nouns and adjectives it represents *on* and *at*, as, a-brood, a-fore (æt-foran), a-rowe (i. e. *on a row*), a-loft (i. e. *on high*), &c. In words of Anglo-Norman origin, it answers to the prepositions, *a*, *ab*, *ad*, of the original Latin words

a (A. N.) 355, *ah!* (an interjection)

abidynge (A. S.) 413, *patient*

abiggen (A. S.) 35, 127, abien, 58, abugge, 122, abye, 164, abyen, 393, *to make amends for, to atone for. pret. s.* aboughte, 168, 190, 231, 268. *part. past.* abought, 392

abite (A. S.) 331, *to bite, nip*

a-blende (A. S.) 377, a-blynden, *to blinde, dazzle. pret. s.* a-blente, 388

abosten (A. N.) 126, *to assault*

abouten, aboute (A. S.) *about*

a-brood (A. S.) *abroad*

ac (A. S.) *but, and*

a-cale (A. S.) 393, *cold.* It occurs in the Romance of the Seven Sages (Weber, p. 59):

> That night he sat wel sore *a-kale*,
> And his wif lai warme a-bedde.

accidie (A. N.) 99, *sloth, a fit of slothfulness*

acombren (A. N.) *to embarrass, bring into trouble.*

acorden (A. N.) *to agree, accord*

acorse, acursen (A. S.) 375, *to curse.* acorsed, 375, *accursed*

acoupen (A. N.) 272, *to blame, accuse.* (for acoulpen)

a-drad (A. S.) 397, *afraid*

a-drenchen (A. S.) 198, *to drown*

afaiten, 291, affaiten 9, 81, 119, (A. N.) *to tame*

a-feren (A. S.) 395, 435, *to frighten, drive away.* a-fered, 376, *afraid, terrified*
affraynen (A. S.) 347, *to ask, question, interrogate*
afore (A. S.) *before*
aforthe (A. S.) 129, *to afford*
afrounte (A. N.) *to encounter, attack, accost rudely. pret. s.* afrounted, 425
a-fyngred (A. S.) 133, 176, 283, 403, *a-hungered, hungry*
a-furst (A. S.) 176, 283, *a-thirst, thirsty.* The two forms, *a-fyngred* and *a-furst*, appear to be characteristic of the dialect of the counties which lay on the Welsh border. They occur once or twice in MS. Harl. 2253, which, in my Specimens of Lyric Poetry, I have shown to have been written in Herefordshire. They also occur in several other manuscripts which may probably be traced to that part of England. In the Romance of Horn, in the MS. just mentioned, we have the lines :—

Horn set at grounde,
Him thohte he wes y-bounde,
He seide, Quene, so hende,
To me hydeward thou wende,
Thou shench us with the vurste,
The beggares bueth *a-furste.*

i. e. the beggars are thirsty. Whitaker gives a very remarkable translation of *a-furst and a-fyngred*, i. e. *frost-bitten, and with aching fingers.* Ritson has no less inaccurately explained *a-furste* in the Romance of Horn, by *at first:* the Cambridge MS. of this Romance, earlier and better than the MS. Harl., reads :—

Thu gef us with the furste,
The beggeres beoth *of thurste.*

ayein (A. S.) *again, in return for.* ayeins, *against, towards*
a-gulte (A. S.) 273, 313, 318, 365, *to fail in duty towards any one, offend, sin against*
aiels (A. N.) 314, *forefathers*
† aisliche (A. S.) 471, *fearfully.* The Anglo-Saxon *egeslice*
aken (A. S.) *to ache. pret. pl.* oke, 359
al (A. S.) *all. pl.* alle, *gen. pl.* alre, aller. oure aller fader, 342, *the father of us all.* your aller heed, 424, *head of you all*
a-leggen (A. N.) 207, *to allege*
a-liry (A. S.) 124, *across, cross-legged*
alkenamye (A. N.) 186, *alchemy*
allowen (A. N.) 294, *to allow, approve*
a-loft (A. S.) 378, *on high*
almarie (A. N.) 288, *a cupboard*
almesse (A. S.) *alms*
a-lough, a-logh (A. S.) 241, 242, *below*
† aloute (A. S.) 495, *to salute*
als (A. S.) *also*
a-maistren, a-maistryen (A. N.) *to overcome, be master of*
amenden (A. N.) *to make amends for*
amercy (A. N.) *to amerce*
amortisen (A. N.) 314, *to amortize, to give property in mortmain*

ampulle (A.N.) 109, *a small vessel containing holy water or oil*
an (A. S.) 2, *on*
ancres (A.S.) 3,308, *anachorites, monks who live in solitude.* It is applied to nuns, in the early English Rule of Nuns. See Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. ii, p. 1
and (A. S.) the conjunction, is frequently used in the sense of *if.* and men crye, 362, *if men cry*
aniente (A. N.) 365, *to destroy, anihilate, reduce to nothing*
anoon (A. S.) *anon*
anoy (A. N.) *annoyance*
† anuel (A. N.) 475, *an annuity:* a yearly salary paid to a priest for keeping an anniversary
apayen (A. N.) 123, *to satisfy, to please*
apeiren (A. N.) 8, 111, 125, 127, 141, *to lessen, diminish, impair*
apertli (A. N.) *openly*
appenden, apenden (A. N.) 17, *to belong, appertain to*
apposen (A. N.) 18, 43, 252, 318, *to raise questions, to object*
arate (A. S.) 208, 283, *to rate, scold, correct* (the A.S. aretan?)
arayen (A. N.) *to array*
arere (A. N.) *backwards, back*
arwe, *pl.* arewes (A. S.) 432, *an arrow*
arst (A. S.) 287, *first, erst*
ascapen (A. N.) *to escape*
askes (A. S.) *ashes*
asondry (A. S.) 358, *separated*
aspare (A. N.) 303, *to spare*
aspein (A. N.) *to espy. part. s.* aspied, 350
assaien, assaie (A. N.) 334, 336, *to assay, try*
assetz (A. N.) 362, *assets sufficient to pay the debts or legacies of a testator.* A law term
assoille (A.N.) 57, 188, 407, 419, *to assoil, absolve, to explain or solve*
astronomien (Lat.) *an astronomer*
a-thynken (A. S.) 374, *to repent*
attachen (A. N.) 40, *to attach, indict*
atte (A. S.) *at the.* atte nale, 124, *at the ale,* a corruption of the Saxon, æt þan ale
attre (A. S.) 243, *poison, venom*
a-tweyne (A. S.) *in two*
aught (A. S.) *something, anything, everything*
auncer (A. N.) 90, *a small vessel or cup.* In Low-Latin it is called *anceria.* See Ducange, s. v. who quotes from a charter of the date of 1320 the words, Una cum cuppis, *anceriis,* tonis, et aliis utensilibus
auntren (A. N.) *to venture, adventure. pret. s.* auntrede, 382, auntred, 435
auter, *pl.* auteres (A. N.) *altar*
avarouser (A.N.) *more avaricious*
aventrous (A. N.) 370, *adventurers, adventurous persons*
aventure (A. N.) *an adventure, an accident.* an aventure, 47, *by adventure, by chance*
avoutrye (A. N.) *adultery*
avowen (A. N.) *to make a row*
avowes (A. N.) *vows, promises*
awaiten (A. N.) 346, *to watch, wait.* a-wayte, 193, *to see or discover by watching*

awaken (A. S.) *to awake. pret. s.* awaked, 396, awakned, 424, a-wook, 147, *part. past.* awaked, 425

awreken (A. S.) *to avenge, revenge. part. pas.* a-wroke, 129

† awyrien (A. S.) 490, *to curse, execrate*

axen (A. S.) 71, *to ask. pret. s.* asked, 81

ay (A. S.) *ever, always*

B.

bakstere (A. S.) 14, 47, *a woman who bakes*

bale (A. S.) 70, 209, 381, 371 (?), *evil, mischief, punishment*

† bale (A. S.) 490, *a bon-fire (rogus)*

baleis (A. N.) 184, 229, *a rod*

baleisen (A. N.) 87, *to beat with a rod*

balled (A. S.) 436, *bald.* balled reson, 176, *a bald reason, a bare argument*

ballok-knyf (A. S.) 302, *a knife hung from the girdle*

bannen, banne (A. N.) 18, 143, 167, 310, *to ban, curse, banish. pret. s.* banned, 173

banyer (A. N.) 321, *a banner-bearer, standard-bearer*

barn (A. S.) 353, *a child*

baselardè (A. N.) 61, 302, *a kind of large dagger, carried in the girdle*

batauntliche (A. N.) 286, *hastily.* Cotgrave gives the Fr. phrase, il arriva tout batant, *he came very hastily*

baudè (A. S.) *a bawd*

baudy (A. N.) 88, *dirty*, applied to garments. Thus in Chaucer, Cant. T. 1. 16102 :—

> His overest sloppe it is not worth a mite
> As in effect to him, so mote I go.
> It is al *baudy* and to-tore also.

baw (A. S.) 210, 419, *an interjection of contempt.* Whitaker says that the word is still used in Lancashire, and that "the verb means *alvum levare*"

bayard (A. N.) 72, a term for a horse. It means properly a *bay-horse*

beau-peere (A. N.) 383, *a common title for a monk.* "Beaupere, titre que l'on donnoit aux religieux." *Roquef.*

beche (A. S.) *a beech-tree*

bede, *pl.* bedes (A. S.) *prayer.* Our modern word *beads* is derived from this word, because it was by such articles, hung on a cord, that our forefathers reckoned the number of their prayers

bedeman (A. S.) 45, *a person who prays for another*

† been (A. S.) 493, *bees*

beigh (A. S.) *pl.* beighes, *rings, bracelets, collars*

bekene (A. S.) 363, *a beacon*

† beldyng (A. S.) 483, *building.* belded, 483, *built*

† bellyche (A. N.) 461, *fairly*

bel-sire (A. N.) 168, *grandfather*, or rather, *an ancestor*

belwe (A. S.) 222, *to bellow*

ben (A. S.) *to be. pres. pl.* arn, aren *or* ben, we beth, 391, ye aren, 301, they arn, 375. *subj. sing.* weere, 15, 19, 417, *pl.* were. what she were, 19

bene (A. S.) *a bean*, † *pl.* benen (A. S.) 495, *beans*
† beneson (A. N.) 489, *blessing*
† beouten (A. S.) 489, *without*
beren, bere (A.S.) *to bear. pr. s.* he berth, 341. *pret. s.* bere, 54, bar, 28, 109, *pl.* baren, 98. *part. pas.* born, y-bore, 377
bergh (A. S.) 112, *a hill, mount*
bern (A. S.) 416, *a barn*
best, beest, *pl.* beestes (A. N.) *a beast, animal*
bet (A. S.) 389, *better*
bete (A. S.) 375, *to beat. pret. s.* bette, 184, 436. *part. pas.* y-bet
bete (A. S.) 131, *to amend, heal, abate.* that myghtt not bete my bale (Sir Amadas, f. 46), *that might not amend my misfortune.* bete his nede (Rom. of Alexand. l. 5065, in Weber), *to satisfy his need*
bettre (A. S.) *better*
bi- *or* be- is a very common prefix to words in our language derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and has chiefly an intensative power, although it modifies the meaning in various degrees. Many verbs are no longer known, except in this compound form. Thus we have:—
bi-dravelen (A. S.) 88, *to slobber or slaver on anything*
bi-fallen (A. S.) *to befal, happen. pr. sing.* bifel
bi-yete (A. S.) *begetting, offspring*
bi-ginnen (A.S.) *to begin. pret. s.* bi-gonne, 106
bi-heste (A. S.) 50, *a behest, command*
bi-hest, (A.S.) 432, *a promise*
bi-holden, (A. S.) *to behold. pr. sing.* biheeld
† bi-hirnen (A. S.) 488 (?)
bi-hoten (A. S.) *to promise. pres. s.* bi-hote, 104. *pret. s.* bi-highte, 81, 345, 389. bi-hote God, 133, *an exclamation*
by-japen (A. S.) 386, 453, *to mock*
bi-kennen (A. S.) 31, 154, *to commit to*
bi-knowen (A. S.) 13, 45, *to know, recognize, acknowledge. pret. s.* bi-knewe, 404. *part. past*, bi-knowe, 370
bi-lien (A. S.) 174, bi-lye, 101, *to calumniate. part. past*, bi-lowen, 29
bi-love (A.S.) 184, *falselove* (?)
bi-loven (A. S.) 130, *to make friends* (?)
by-menen (A. S.) *to signify. pret. s.* by-mente, 370
by-molen (A. S.) 273, 274, *to spot, stain*
by-nymen (A.S.) *to take from. part. past*, by-nomen, 62
bi-quasshen (A. S.) 384, *to crush to pieces*
bi-reve (A. S.) 132, *to take from, bereave*
bi-rewe (A.S.) 242, *to rue*
bi-seken, bi-sechen, 18 (A.S.) *to beseech. pret.* bi-soughte. *part. pas.* bi-sought
bi-semen (A.S.) *to appear*
bi-setten (A. S.) 93, 95, *to place, set*
bi-seggen (A.S.) *to reproach, insult. part. past*, bi-seye, 437

bi-sherewen (A.S.) 75, *to curse*
bi-shetten (A.S.) 40, *to shut up. part. past*, bi-shet, 405
bi-sitten (A.S.) 36, 195, *to beset*
†be-slomered, 476, *bedaubed*
bi-snewed (A. S.) 301, *snowed over, covered with snow*
bi-speren (A.S.) 303, *to lock up*
bi-swynken (A. S.) 323, *to labour hard. pret. pl.* bi-swonke, 442
bi-tiden (A. S.) *to happen to, betide*
bi-wicchen (A. S.) 405, *to bewitch*
bicche (A.N.) 98, *a bitch*
bidden, bidde (A.S.) *to pray, to to ask, beg, to require, to order. pres. s.* he bit, 308, 188. *pret. s.* bidde, bad, *pl.* beden, 372, 404. *part. act.* biddynge. (if he) bede, 157
bidder (A. S.) *pl.* bidderes, *an asker, petitioner*
biden (A.S.) 387, 428, *to bide, wait. part. past*, boden
bienfait (A.N.) *a benefit*
bi-girdle (A. S.) 156, *a bag to hang at the girdle, a purse*
bi-hynde (A.S.) *behind*
bikere (A.S.) 429, *to skirmish, fight*
†bild (A.S.) 460, *a building*
bile (A.S.) *a bill*
bilyve (A.S.) 410, 425, *food*
bynden (A.S.) *to bind. pret. s.* bond, 352. *part. pas.* bounden.
bisie (A.S.) *busy*
bismere, bismare (A.S.) 82, 413, *infamy, reproach, disgrace*
biten, bite (A.S.) 446, *to bite, urge. pres. s.* betit, 225. *pret. s.* boot, 82
byte (A.S.) 381, *a morsel, bit*
bi-time (A.S.) *betimes*
bittre (A.S.) 393, *bitterly*
bi-yonde (A.S.) *beyond:* when used indefinitely it signifies *beyond sea, ultra mare*
blancmanger (A.N.) 252, *a made dish for the table.* Receipts for cooking it are given in most of the early tracts on cookery
bleden (A.S.) *to bleed. pret. s.* bledde, 402, 415
blenche (A.S.) 112, *to draw back*
blende (A. S.) 181, *to blind.* blent, *blinded*
†blenyng (A. S.) 468, *blistering*
bleren (A.S.) *to blear, to make a person's sight dim, impose upon him.* bler-eighed, 367, *blear-eyed*
blisse (A.S.) *joy, happiness*
blisful (A.S.) *joyful, full of happiness, blessed*
blody (A.S.) 129, 213, *by blood, of or in blood*
bloo (A.S.) *blue*
blosmen (A.S.) *to blossom. pret.* blosmede
blowen (A.S.) *to blow. pret. s.* blewe, *blew. part. past.* y-blowe, 360
blustren (A. N. ?) 108, *to wander or stray along without any particular aim*
bochier (A. N.) *a butcher*
†bode ( )493 (?)
bolden (A. S.) *to encourage, embolden*
bole (A. S.) *a bull*
bolk (A. S.) 100, *a belching*
bolle (A. S.) 83, 99, *a bowl*

bollen, bolne (A. S.) *to swell. pres. s.* bolneth, 84
book, *pl.* bokes (A. S.) *a book*
boold (A. S.) 373, *bold*
boon (A. S.) *a bone*
boor (A. S.) *a boar*
boot (A. S.) *a boat*
boote (A. S.) 70, 139, 189, 209, 233, 266, *help, reparation, amendment, restoration, remedy*
bootne (A. S.) *to restore, remedy. part. pas.* bootned, 128
boot-les (A. S.) 369, *without boots*
borde (A. S.) *table.* Hence the modern use of the word *board* when we speak of "*board and lodging*"
bord-lees (A. S.) 239, *without table*
borgh, 70, 143, 181, 346. borugh, 426, 439, *pl.* borwes, 19 (A. S.) *a pledge, surety. s. in obj. case,* borwe, 285
borwen (A. S.) 71, *to give security, or a pledge to release a person or thing, to bail, to borrow. pret. s.* borwed
bosarde (A. N.) 189, *a worthless or useless fellow.* It is properly the name of a worthless species of hawk, which is unfit for sporting; and is thus used in Chaucer's version of the Romance of the Rose, l. 4033:—

> This have I herde ofte in saying,
> That man ne maie for no daunting
> Make a sperhawke of a *bosarde.*

The original is,—

> Ce oï dire en reprovier,
> Que l'en ne puet fere esperrier
> En nule guise *d'ung busart.*

bosten (A. S.) *to boast. part. past,* y-bosted, 351
bote-lees (A. S.) 381, *without remedy*
botenen (A. N.) *to button. part. past,* y-botend, 468, *buttoned*
bothe (A. S.) *both.* The genitive, botheres, *of both,* occurs. hir botheres myghtes, 340, *the might of both of them.* hir botheres right, 371, *the right of each of them*
botrasen (A. N.) 113, *to make buttresses to a building*
bouchen (A. N.) 5, *to stop people's mouths* (?)
bouken (A. S.) 274, 306, *to buck (clothes)*
bour (A. S.) *a bower, chamber*
bourde (A. S.) *a game, joke*
bourdynge (A. N.) 297, *jesting*
bourn, *g.* bournes (A. S.) *a stream or river*
bowe (A. S.) 112, *a bough, branch*
bown (A. S.) 37, *ready*
boy (A. S.) 6 (?)
boye (A. S.) 214, *a lad servant*
breden (A. S.) *to breed. pret. pl.* bredden
brede (A. S.) *breadth*
breed (A. S.) *bread*
breeth (A. S.) 388, *breath*
breken (A. S.) *to break, tear. pret. s.* brak, 388. *part. pas.* y-broken, broke, y-broke, 416
breme (A. S.) 241, *vigorous, fierce, furious.* Chaucer, C. T. l. 1701, speaking of Arcite and Palamon, says they —"foughten breme, as it were bolles two," *fought as fiercely as two bulls.* In the

Romance of Sir Amadas (Weber, p. 250) a person is described as coming "lyke a breme bare," *like a fierce boar*. It appears to be most commonly applied to animals. In the Towneley Mysteries, p. 197, Anna says to Cayphas, "Be not to breme," *be not too fierce*.

brennen, brenne (A. S.) 360, *to burn. pret. s.* brende, 367. *part. pas.* brent

bresten (A. S.) *to burst. pret. s.* brast, 127

brevet (A. N.) 5, *a little brief or letter*

brewestere (A. S.) 14, 47, *a woman who brews*

brid, *pl.* briddes (A. S.) *a bird*

bringen (A. S.) *to bring. pret. s.* broughte, broghte. *part. past*, y-brought, broght, 235

brocage (A. N.) 33, 289, *a treaty by a broker or agent*. It is particularly applied to treaties of marriage, brought about in this way. In Chaucer's Romance of the Rose l. 6971, Fals Semblant says,—

I entremete me of *brocages*.
I maken pece, and mariages.

So in the Miller's Tale (C. T. 3375), it is said of Absolon,

He woweth hire by mene and by *brocage*,
And swor he wolde ben hir owne page.

That is, he wooed her by the agency of another person, whom he employed to persuade her to agree to his wishes.

broches (A. N.) *brooches, jewels.*

broches, 362, *matches* (?)

brocour (A. N.) 31, 32, 45, 84, *a seller, broker, maker of bargains*

broke (A. S.) *a brook*

brok, *pl.* brokkes (A. S.) 199, *an animal of the badger kind*

brol (A. S.) 55, 494, 495, *a child, brat*. Reliquiæ Antiquæ, ii, 177 :—

Whan hi commith to the world, hi doth ham silf sum gode,
Al bot the wrech *brol* that is of Adamis blode.

brood (A. S.) *broad*

brotel (A. S.) 133, *weak, brittle, unsteady*

†brothels (A. S.) 496, *wretches, men of bad life*. In the Coventry Mysteries (Ed. Halliwell, p. 308), the term is applied to the damned who suffer punishment in hell :—

In bras and in bronston the *brethellys* be brent,
That wene in this werd my wyl for to werke.

In another play in the same collection, p. 217, it is applied to the woman taken in adultery :—

Com forthe, thou bysmare and *brothel* bolde.

brouke (A. S.) 209, *to enjoy, use, to brook*

brugg, *pl.* brugges (A. S.) *a bridge*

bruneste (A. S.) *brownest*

buggen, bugge (A. S.) 412, *to buy. pres. pl.* biggen. *pret.* boughte. *part. act.* buggynge, 410

bummen (A. S. ?) 90, *to taste* (?)

burde (A. S.) 44, 404, *a maiden, damsel, lady*

burdoun (A. N.) 108, *a staff*

burel (A. N.) *a kind of coarse brown woollen cloth.* burel clerkes, 191. Tyrwhit (Glos. to Chaucer) thinks this means *lay clerks.* In the Canterbury Tales, l. 7453, the friar says:—

And more we se of Goddis secré thinges,
Than *borel folk*, although that thay ben kinges,
We lyve in povert and in abstinence,
And *borel folk* in riches and dispence.

The hoste says (l. 15440)—

Religioun hath take up al the corn
Of tredyng, and we *burel men* ben schrympes.

Borel folk and *borel men* evidently mean *laymen.*

burgage (A. N.) 48, *lands or tenements in towns, held by a particular tenure*

burgeise (A.S.) *burgess, inhabitant of a borough*

burghe (A. S.) 135, *burgh, town*

burghe (A.S.) *castrated,* applied to a hog. burghe swyn, 34, *a barrow hog*

burjonen (A.N.) 299, *to bud, or spring*

burn (A.S.) *pl.* burnes, *a man.* buyrn, 341, 346

†burwgh (A.S.) 458, *a castle, palace, or large edifice*

busk, *pl.* buskes (A. S.) 223, *a bush*

busken (A.S.) 44, 167, *to busk, go, to array, prepare*

buxom (A.S.) *obedient.* buxomnesse, *obedience*

C. K.

caas (A.N.) *oase*

cacchen (A.S.) 238, *to catch, take. part. past,* caught, 361

cachepol (A.S.) 372, 373, *a catchpole*

kaiser, kayser (A. S.) 404, *an emperor*

cammŏke (A. S.) 414, a weed more commonly known by the name of *rest-harrow* (*anonis*)

kan (A.S.) *can*

capul, caple (A.N.) 354, *pl.* caples, 415, 416, *a horse* (said to be derived from the Low-Latin *caballus*)

caractes (A.N.) 233; *characters*

cardiacle (Gr.) 266, 430, *a disease affecting the heart*

careful (A.S.) *pl.* carefulle, 403, *full of care*

carien (A.S.) *to carry*

caroyne, careyne (A.N.) *carrion, flesh, a corpse*

carpen (A.N.) 356, 400, *to talk, chat, tell. part. pas.* y-carped, 313

†cary (A.N.?) 475, *a kind of coarse cloth*

casten (A.S.) *to cast*

catel (A.N.) 70, 78, 175, 437, *goods, property, treasure, possessions*

cauken (A.S.?) 223, 241, a technical term, applied to birds at their time of breeding. It is found in the St. Albans Book of Hawking, 1496, sign. A. i.; "And in the tyme of their (the hawks') love, they calle, and not *cauke.*"

kaurymaury, 81, *care, trouble?*

†cautel (A.N.) 469, *a cunning trick*
kaylewey (.) 334 (?)
kemben (A.S.) 174, *to comb*
kene (A.S.) *sharp, earnest*
kennen, kenne (A.S.) 355, 396, 410, *to teach. pres. pl.* konne, 3. *imperat.* kenne (*teach*), 621. *pret.* kenned, 67, 241, kennede, 409
kepen, kepe (A.S.) *to keep, to abstain*, 60. *pret. pl.* kepten, 235, 404. have kepe this man, 352, *have this man to keep*
kernelen (A.N.) 113, *to embattle a building, build the battlements*
kerse (A.S.) 174, *cress*
kerven (A.S.) *to carve.* †*part. past*, y-corven, 460
kerver, 184, *a sculptor*
cesse (A.N.) 375, *to end, cease*
kevere (A.N.) 445, *to recover*
kex (A.S.) 361, *the dried stalk of hemlock*
chace (A.N.) 351, *to race, to go fast*
chaffare (A.S.) 131, 292, 301, 305, 338, *to deal, traffic, trade*
chaffare (A. S.) 3, 31, 84, 268, 305, *merchandise*
chalangen (A.N.) *to challenge, claim.* chalangynge, 82. chalanged, 87
chapitle (A.N.) *a chapter*
†chaple (A.N.) 485, *a chapel*
chapman (A. S.) *a merchant, buyer*
†chapolories (A.N.) 483, *chapelaries*
†charthous (A.N.) 490, *Carthusians*
chastilet (A.N.) *a little castle*
chatre (A.N.) 287, *to chatter*
chauncelrie (A.N.) *chancery*
cheke (A.S.) 68, *the cheek.* maugree hire chekes, 68. We have in Chaucer, *maugré thin eyen, maugré hire hed*, &c. See Tyrwhit's Gloss. v. *Maugre.* One of these instances is exactly analogous to the passage of Piers Ploughman (C. T. l. 6467):—

And happed, al alone as sche was born,
He saugh a mayde walkyng him byforn,
Of which mayden anoon *maugré hir heed*,
By verray fors byraft hir maydenhed.

cheker (A. N.) *the exchequer*
chele (A.S.) 176, 439, *cold*
chepen (A.S.) 296, *to buy*
chepyng (A.S.) 68, 135, *market, sale*
cherl (A.S.) 210, *pl.* cherles, 337, 375, *a serf, peasant, churl*
†cherlich (A.N.) 485, *richly, sumptuously*
chervello (A.S.) 134, *chervil, a plant which was eaten as a pot-herb* (*cerefolium*)
chese (A.S.) 296, *to choose*
cheeste, cheste (A.S.) 33, 169, 253, *dissension, strife, debate*
cheve (A.N.) 375, *to compass a thing, to succeed, or bring to an end, to obtain, adopt. pres. s.* cheveth, 287. *pret. pl.* cheveden, 3, chewe, 381, 439. lat hem chewe as thei chosen, *let them take as they choose*
chewen (A.N.) 26, 490, *to eschewe*
chibolle (A.N.) 134, *a kind of leek*, called in French *ciboule*

chicke, *pl.* chicknes, 67 (A.S.) *a chicken*

chevysaunce (A.N.) 92, 426, *an agreement for borrowing money*

chiden (A.S.) *to chide*

child (A.S.) *a child. gen. pl.* childrene, 72

chymenee (A.N.) 179, *a fireplace*

chirie-tyme, 86, *cherry-time*

chyvelen (A.S.?) 88, *to become shrivelled*

†chol (A.S.) 464, *the jowl*

kidde, *see* couthen

kirk (A.S.) *a church*

kirtel (A.S.) *a kirtle, frock*

kissen (A.S.) 395, *to kiss. pret. s.* kiste, 394

kith, kyth (A.S.) 55, 324, 400, *relationship, family connection.* to kith and to kyn, 268, *to family connection and kindred*

kitone (A.N.) *kitten, young cat*

clawe (A.S.) 274, *to brush, to stroke*

clene (A.S.) *pure, clean.* clenner, 410, *purer.* clennesse, *purity, cleanness*

clepen, clepe (A.S.) *to call. pret.* cleped, 436. *part. pas.* cleped, 174

clergie (A.N.) *science, clergy*

clerk (A.N.) *pl.* clerkes, *gen. pl.* clerkene, 72, *a scholar*

cler-matyn (A.N.) 135, *a kind of fine bread*

cleven (A.S.) *to split, cleave* (intransitive). *pret. s.* cleef, 373

cleymen (A.N.) 389, *to claim. pret. s.* cleymede, 430

cliket (A.N.) 114, *a kind of latch key.* cliketten, 114, *to fasten with a cliket.* Tyrwhit explains the word simply as meaning a key—but in Piers Ploughman it is put so in immediate apposition with the word key, that it must have differed from it. In Chaucer, C. T. 9990, et seq. it appears to be the key of a garden gate:—

This freissche May, that I spake of so yore,
In warm wex hath emprynted the *cliket*
That January bar of the smale wiket,
By which into his gardyn ofte he went;
And Damyan, that knew al hir entent,
The *cliket* counterfeted prively.

In a document of the date 1416, quoted by Ducange, v. *Cliquetus*, it is ordered that, Refectorarius semper teneat hostium refectorii clausum *cum cliqueto*

clyngen (A.S.) 276, *to shrink, wither, pine.* Reliq. Antiquæ, vol. ii, p. 210:—

When eld me wol aweld, mi wele is awni;
Eld wol keld, and *cling* so the clai.

clippe (A.S.) 359, 394, *to embrace, enfold*

clips (A.N. ?) 377, *an eclipse*

clyven (A.S.) 367, *to cleave, stick to*

clokken (A.N.) 45, *to limp or hobble, to walk lamely*

clomsen (A.N.) 276, *to shrink or contract.* A verb used often in the Wycliffite Bible. In Prompt. Parv. aclomsid.

clooth (A.S.) *cloth*

clouch (A.S.) *pl.* clouches, *a clutch*

clouten (A.S.) *to patch, mend. part. past,* y-clouted, 120

cluccbe (A.S.) 359, *to clutch, hold*

knappe (A.S.) 133, *a knop, a button*

knave (A.S.) 14, 66, *a servant lad*

†knoppede (A.S.) 476, *full of knobs*

knowelichen (A.S.) *to acknowledge. pret. s.* knoweliched, 239, 407. *part. act.* knowelichynge, 400

knowes (A.S.) 98, *knees*

knowen, knowe (A.S.) 408, *to know. pres. pl.* knowen. *pret. s.* knew, 232. *pl.* knewen, 237. *part. pas.* knowen, knowe.

coffe (A.S. ?) 120, *a cuff*

†cofrene (A.N.) 455, *to put in a coffer*

coghen (A.S.) 367, *to cough*

coke (A.S.) *a cook*

cokeney (A.N.) 134, *some kind of meager food, probably a young or small cock, which had little flesh on its bones.* This meaning of the word (which has been misunderstood) may be gathered from a comparison of the passage in Piers Ploughman with one in the "Turnament of Tottenham," where the writer intended to satirize the poorness of the fare:—

At that fest were thei servyd in a rich aray,
Every fyve and fyve had *a cokeney.*

Heywood, in his Proverbs, part i, chap. xi, gives a proverb in which the word is evidently used in the same sense, and appears to be intentionally contrasted with a *fat hen*:—

— Men soy,
He that comth every daie shall have *a cocknaie,*
He that comth now and then, shall have a fat hen;
But I gat not so muche in comyng seelde when,
As a goode hens fether or a poore eg-shell.

I think that *cokenay* in Chaucer is the same word, used metaphorically to signify a person without worth or courage (C. T. 4205):—

And when this jape is told another day,
I sal be hald a daf, *a cokenay.*

coker (A. S.) 120, *a short stocking, or glove, a sheath*

coket (A. N.) 135, *a kind of fine bread*

cokewold (A. N.) 75, *a cuckold*

cole (A. N.) 134, *cabbage*

coler (A. N.) *a collar*

collen (A. N.) 203, *to embrace, put one's arms round a person's neck,* in French, *accoller*

colomy (A. . .) 267 (?)

colvere (A.S.) 319, *a dove, pigeon*

come (A. S.) 416, *to come. pres. s.* he comth, 18, 332. *pret. s.* cam, kam, coom, 168, com, 401. *pl.* comen, 438, come, 235, 237, 430, coome, 416, coomen, 438. *subj,* til he coome, 328, or thei coome, 353

comsen (A. N.) 23, 24, 49, 77,

81, 119, 136, 152, 244, 372, *to begin, commence, to endeavour. pret. s.* comsede, 402, 403. comsynge, 384

comunes (A. N.) 80, 420, *commons, allowance of provision*

confus (A. N.) *confused*

congeyen, congeien (A. N.) 258, *to give leave, dismiss*

congie (A. N.) 258, *leave*

konne (A. S.) 401, 408, 437, *to learn, know. pres. s.* kan. *pret.* kouthe, 411, koude. *subj.* In case that thow konne, 424, and thou konne, 397, *if thou know. pret. act.* konnyng, 206, *knowing*

konnynge (A.S.) 409, *knowledge, science, cunning*

contenaunce (A. N.) 2, 203, *appearance, gesture, carriage*

contrarien (A. N.) 367, *to go against, vex, oppose*

contree (A. N.) *a country*

contreve (A. N.) *to contrive.* contreved, *contrived*

conyng (A. N.?) *a rabbit*

copen (A. N.) 51, *to cover with a cope, like a friar*

coppe (A. N.) 44, 191, *a cup, basin*

coroune (A. N.) *a crown*

corounen (A. N.) *to crown. part. p.* y-corouned

cors (A. N.) 295, *the body*

corsaint (A. N.) 109, *a relique, the body of a saint*

corsen (A. S.) 305, *to curse*

corsede (A. S.) *cursed:* corseder, 421, *more cursed, worse*

cost (A. N.) 33, 151, 376, *a side, region*

costen (A. N.) *to cost. pret. s.* costed, 13. *part. pas.* costned, 13

cote (A. S.) 152, *a cottage, cot*

coten (A. N.) 51, *to dress in a coat*

† cotinge (A. S.) 468, *cutting*

coupable (A. N.) 366, *guilty, culpable*

coupe (A. N.) 44, 95, *a cup*

coupen (A. N.) *to cut out, fashion* (?) *part. past,* y-couped, 370

courben (A. N.) 19, 28, *to bend, stoop*

courtepy (A. N.) 82, 128, *a short cloak of coarse cloth*

couthen (A.S.) 87, *to make known, discover, publish. pret.* kidde, 103, 269

† couuen (A. S.) 473, perhaps an error in the old printed text for *connen*

coveiten (A. N.) *to covet*

covent (A. N.) 428, *a convent*

coveren (A. N.) 228, *to recover*

cracchen (A. S.) 211, 322, *to scratch*

crafte (A. S.) *craft, art.* craftymen, 121, *artisans*

creaunt (A. N.) 239, *believing*

cropen (A. S.) *to creep. pret. s.* crope, *pl.* cropen

cryen (A. N.) *to cry. pret. s.* cried, cryde, 374, *pl.* cryden, cride

croft (A. S.) *a small inclosed field, a croft*

crokke (A. S.) 412, *a pot, pitcher, vessel of earthenware*

† crom-bolle (A. S.) 476, *a crumbowl*

crop (A.S.) 332, 334, *the head or top of a tree or plant;* hence the expression "root and crop," still in use

cropiers (A. N.) *the housings on the horse's back*
croppen (A. S.) 319, *to eat (said of a bird), to put into its crop or craw*
crouche (A. N.) 109, *a cross.* Hence is derived the name of the *Crutched Friars*
† crouken (A. S.) 495, *to bend*
† crucchen (A. S.) 495, *to crouch*
cruddes (A. S.) *curds*
cruwel (A. N.) 269, *cruel*
ku, *pl.* kyen (A. S.) 125, *a cow*
kulle (A. S.) 344, kille, 434, *to kill. pret. s.* kilde, 431. *part. past*, kulled, 339. to kulle, 338
culorum (*Lat.*) 60, 198, *the conclusion or moral of a tale*
cultour (A. S.) 123, kultour, 61, *a culter, blade*
cuppe-mele (A. S.) 90, *cup by cup*
kutte, 79 (A. S.) *to cut. imperat.* kut, 75. *pret. pl.* kitten, 128
kynde (A. S.) *nature, race, kind*
kynde (A. S.) *natural.* kyndeliche, 382, *naturally*
kyng (A. S.) *pl.* kynges. *gen. pl.* kyngene, 21, 400, *a king*
kyng-ryche (A. S.) *a kingdom*
kyn, *gen. s.* kynnes (A. S.) 40, *kin, kind.* This word is used in the genitive case in such phrases as the following: of foure kynnes thynges, 151, *of four kinds of things.* othere kynnes men, 177, *other kinds of men.* none kynnes riche, 213, *no kind of rich men,* or *rich men of no kind.* many kynnes maneres, 659, *many sorts of manners.* any kynnes catel, 400, *any kind of property*

D.

daffe (A. S.) *a fool*
daggen (A. S.) 483, *to dag, to cut the edges of the garment in jagged ornaments, as was the custom at this period*
daren (A. S.) *to dare. pres. pl.* dar, 10, 280. *pret. s.* and *pl.* dorste, 11, 42, 253, 393
dawe (A. S.) 380, *dawn. pret. s.* dawed, 395
dawnten (A. N.) 319, *to tame,*— also, *to daunt, to fear*
deceurren (A. N.) 285, *to discover, lay open, narrate*
dedeynous (A. N.) 156, *disdainful*
deed (A. S.) *dead*
deen (A. N.) *a dean*
dees (A. N.) *dice*
deef (A. S.) *pl.* deve, 403, *deaf*
defende (A. N.) 47, 485, *to forbid, prohibit*
defien, defyen, defie (A. N.?) 84, 100, 141, 298, *to digest*
defyen (A. N.) *to defy. pret. s.* defyed, 429
degised (A. N.) 2, *disguised*
deyen (A. S.) *to die. pret. s.* deide, 214. to dye, 352
deyntee (A. N.) 205, *dainty, niceness, preciousness*
deys, dees (A. N.) 139, 250, *the dais, or high table in the hall*
deitee (A. N.) *daity, godhead*
del, deel (A. S.) *part, portion.* tithe deel, 323, *tenth part*
delen, dele, deelen (A. S.) 47, 175, 218, *share, distribute, give, deal. pres.* ye deele, 144
deliten (A. N.) *to delight, take pleasure*

delitable (A. N.) *delightful, pleasant*
delven (A. S.) 417, *to dig, bury. pret. pl.* dolven, 128. *part. pas.* dolven, 128, 293
delvere (A. S.) *a digger, delver*
demen (A. S.) *to judge. pret.* demede
dene (A. S.) 373, *din, noise*
dene (A. N.) *a dean*
departable (A. N.) 355, *divisible*
depper (A. S.) 307, *deeper*
dere (A. S.) 140, 349, 370, *to injure, hurt*
derely (A.S.) 396, *expensively, richly*
dereworthe (A. S.) *precious, honourable*
derk (A.S.) *dark*
derne (A.S.) 38, 249, *secret*
destruyen, destruye (A.N.) 361, *to destroy. pret. s.* destruyed, 340
dette (A.N.) *pl.* dettes, *a debt*
devoir (A.N.) *duty*
devors (A.N.) 438, *divorce*
dya (A.N.) 435, *dyachylon*
diapenidion, 84, *an electuary*
dido (A. .) 256, *a trifle, a trick*
dighte (A.S.) 134, *to fit out, make, dispose, dress. pret. s.* dighte, 396
†digne (A.N.) 472, *worthy*
digneliche (A.N.) *worthily, deservedly*
dyk, 417 (A.S.) dych, *a ditch*
dikere, dykere (A.S.) 96, *a ditch or foss digger, ditcher*
dymes (A.N.) 326, *tithes*
dymme (A.S.) 388, *dark, adv.* dymme, 184, *darkly*
dymmen (A.S.) 98, *to become dim or dark*
dyngen (A.S.) 62, 125, 193, 295, *to strike, ding, knock*
dynt (A.S.) 370, *a blow, knock*
disalowed (A.N.) 281, *disallowed, disapproved.* disalowyng, 282, *disapproving*
discryven (A.N.) *to describe*
disour (A.N.) *a player at dice*
disour (A.N.) 120, *a teller of tales*
dyssheres (A.S.) 96, *a female who makes dishes*
†distrie (A.N.) 478, *to destroy*
doel (A.N.) 100, 124, 368, *grief, lamentation*
doughtier (A.S.) 83, *more doughty, more to be feared.* doghtiest, 403, *bravest.* doghtiliche, 371, *doughtily, bravely*
doke (A.S.) 81, 352, *a duck*
dole (A.S.) 47, *a share, portion.* Another form of *del.*
donet (A.N.) 89, *grammar, elements, first principles,* from Donatus. See note on l. 7944
domesman (A.S.) 414, *a judge*
dongeon (A.N.) *a fort, the chief tower of a castle*
doom, dome (A.S.) *pl.* domes, *judgment*
doon (A.S.) *to do. pres. sing.* dooth, *pl.* doon, don. *pret. s.* dide, *pl.* diden, 278, 392, dide, 389. *part. pas.* doon, do. *imperat. pl.* dooth, 152. to doone, 226, 263
dore-tree (A.S.) *a door post*
†dortour (A.N.) 463, *a dormitory*
doted (A.S.) *foolish, simple*
doughtres (A.S.) *daughters*

doute (A.N.) *fear, doubt*
dowen (A.N.) *to endow. pret.* dowed, 325, *endowed*
dowve (A.S.) 319, *a dove*
draf (A.S.) 173, 419, *dregs, dirt.* Things thrown away as unfit for man's food, particularly the dust and husks of corn after it has been threshed. Chaucer's Parson (C. T. l. 17329), says:—

> Why schuld I sowen *draf* out of my fest,
> Whan I may sowe whete, if that me lest?

†drane (A.S.) 493, *a drone*
drawen (A.S.) *to draw. pret. s.* drough, 89, 98. drogh, 280, 487. drow, 375, *pl.* drowen, 222. *part. pas.* drawe, 175
†drecchen (A.S.) 478, 480, *to vex, grieve, oppress*
dredo (A.S.) 434, *to dread, fear, pres. s.* he drat, 165. *pret. s.* dredde, 280. *pl.* dradden, 429. *imperat.* dred, 17
dredfully (A.S.) 252, *fearfully, terrified*
dregges (A.S.) 419, *dregs*
dremels (A. S.) 148, 247, *a dream*
drenchen, drenche (A.S.) 154, 237, *to drown. pret. pl.* adreynten, 198
drevelen (A.S.) 175, *to drivel*
drye (A.S.) 276, *thirst*
drien (A.S.) 16, *to be dry, thirsty*
drihte (A.S.) 262, *lord.* drighte, 279
drinken (A.S.) *to drink. pret. s.* drank, *pl.* dronken, 277, dronke, 278. *part. pas.* dronken, y-dronke, 354
dryven (A.S.) *to drive*
droghte (A.S.) 134, *a drought, deficiency of wet*
dronklewe (A.S.) 156, *drunken, given to drink.* The word occurs in Chaucer, C. T. l. 7625:—

> Irous Cambises was eek *dronkelewe*,
> And ay delited him to ben a schrewe.

Again (C. T. l. 12426):—

> Seneca saith a good word douteles:
> He saith he can no difference find,
> Betwix a man that is out of his mind,
> And a man whiche that is *dronkelew*.

The word used by Seneca is *ebrius*
drury (A.N.) 20, *courtship, gallantry*
duc (A. N.) 414, *a duke. pl.* dukes, 188
†duen (A.N.) 496, *to endue, or endow*

E.

ech (A.S.) *each.* echone (i. e. *each one*) *every one, each*
edifie (A.N.) 371, *to build*
edwyte (A.S.) 99, *to reproach, blame, upbraid*
eest (A.S.) *east*
eft (A.S.) 354, 371, *again*
eggen (A.S.) 19, 386, *to egg on, urge, incite*
egreliche (A.N.) 334, 418, *sourly, bitterly*
†ey (A.S.) 464, *an egg*
eighe (A.S.) 180, 190, 306, *pl.* eighen, 5, 80, 127, eighes, 33, *the eye*
eylen (A.S.) *to ail*
eyr (A.N.) *air*
elde (A.S.) *old age*

clenge (A. S.) 12, 179, 425, *mournful, sorrowful.* elengliche, 231, *sorrowfully, in trouble*
eller (A.S.) 19, ellere, 168, *an elder tree*
ellis (A.S.) 6, *else, otherwise, at other times*
enbawmen (A. N.) *to embalm. pret. s.* enbawmed, 352
enblaunchen (A. N.) 301, *to whiten over*
engyne (A.N.) 384, *to contrive, lay a plan, catch*
engleymen (A.N.) 298, *to beslime*
engreyned (A.N.) 29, *powdered*
ensclen (A.N.) *to put a seal to*
†entayled (A.N.) 462, *carved*
entre-metten (A.N.) 226, 263, *to intermeddle*
envenyme (A.N.) *venom, poison*
er (A.S.) *before, formerly*
erchdekenes (A.N.) *archdeacons*
ere (A.S.) *pl.* eris, *the ear*
erien, erie, erye (A.S.) 117, 138, *to plough. pret. pl.* eriede, 411. *part. past,* eryed, 117
eerl, *pl.* erles (A.S.) *an earl*
ernynge (A.S.) 418, *running. see* yerne
ers (A.S.) 87, 180, 191, *the fundament, podex*
erst (A.S.) *first, most before, superl. of* er
eschaunge (A.N.) *exchange*
eschetes (A.N.) 75, *escheats*
ese (A.N.) *ease*
eten, ete (A.S.) 385, *to eat. pret. s.* eet, 100, 135, 146, 241, &c. *pl.* eten, 114, 248, ete, 278. *part. pas.* eten, 354.
†evelles (A.S.) 465, *without evil*
even (A.S.) *equal.* even-cristen, *equal christian, or equal by baptism; fellow-christian,* evene, 76, *evenly, equally.* evene forth, 356, *equally*
†eyesed (A.S.) 460, *furnished with eaves*
evesynge (A.S.) 361, *the ice which hangs on the eaves of houses*
ewage (A. N.) 29, *a kind of precious stone*
expounen (A.N.) 290, *to expound, explain*

F.

fader (A.S.) 361, a *father*
fayn (A.S.) *fain, glad*
faiten (A.N.) 144, 308, *to beg, idle, to flatter. pret. pl.* faiteden, 3. faityng, 175, *deceiving*
faiterie (A.N.) 207, *flattery, deception*
faitour (A.N.) *a deceiver, an idle lazy fellow, a flatterer*
faithly (A.N.) 400, *truly, properly*
fallen (A. S.) *to fall. pres. s.* he falleth. *pret. s.* fel, 280, 297, fil, 278, 312, 374, fille, 285, 336, *pl.* fellen, felle, 336, 388. *part. pas.* fallen, 375
fals (A.N.) *false, falseness.* falshede, *falsehood.* falsliche, 390, *falsely*
fangen (A.-S.) 111, fonge, 282, 336, *to take, take hold of. pret. s. under*-feng, 19, *under*-fonged, 209. *part. past, under*-fongen, 115, 211
faren, fare (A.S.) 197, *to go, fare. pret. s.* ferde, 443, *pl.* ferden, 168.

part. past, faren, 77, 123, 228
fare (A.S.) 376, *proceeding, manner of going on, fare*
fasten (A.S.) *to fast*
fauchon (A.N.) 295, *a sword, falchion*
faunt (A.N.) 134, 144, 336, 403, *a child, infant*
fauntekyn (A.N.) 259, *a young child*
fauntelte, fauntelté (A.N.) 204, 304, *childishness*
faute, *pl.* fautes (A.N.) 179, *a fault*
fauten (A.N.) *to want. pret.* fauted, 163
favel (A.N.) 28, 30, *deception by flattery, cajolery*
feble (A.N.) 355, *feeble, weak*
feechen (A.S.) 39, 385, 410, *to fetch. pres. s.* I fecche, thow fettest, 390. *pret. s.* fet, fette, 36, 104, 202, 385. *pl.* fetten, 134. *part. pas.* fet. 444, fette water at hise eighen, *threw water at his eyes*; to fetch a thing at another, for, to throw, is an expression still in use
feden (A.S.) *to feed*
fee (A.S.) *property, money, fee*
feere (A.S.) 367, *pl.* feeres, feeris, *companion*
feere (A.S.) 256, 367, 376, *fear*
feet (A.N.) 26, *a deed, fact*
feffement (A.N.) 32, *enfeofment*
feffen (A.N.) 33, 37, *to infeof, to fee, present*
feynen (A.N.) *to feign, dissemble*
feyntise (A. S.) 77, *faintness, weakness*
feire (A.N.) *a fair*
fel (A.S.) *the skin*
fele (A. S.) *many.* fele fold, *manyfold*
fellen (A.S.) *to fell, kill*
felonliche (A. N.) 390, *like a felon, in manner of a felon*
†fen (A.S.) 476, *mud, mire*
fend (A.S.) *pl.* fendes, *a fiend, devil.* fyndekynes, 391, *little fiends*
fennel-seed (A.S.) 95, *the seed of sweet-fennel was formerly used as a spice*
fenestre (A. N.) 285, 370, *a window*
fer (A.S.) *far*
fere (A.S.) 140, *to frighten*
ferly (A.S.) *pl.* ferlies, *a wonder*, 196, 253, 376
ferie (A.N.) 270, *a week-day*
ferme (A.N.) 403, *adv. firmly*
formed (A. N.) 177, *strengthened*
fernyere (A. S.) 103, 228, *in former times*
fermerye (A.N.) 253, *the infirmary*
†ferrer (A.S.) 463, *further*
ferthe (A.S.) 413, *fourth*
festnen (A.S.) *to fasten. part. pas.* fest, 35
festynge (A.N.) *feasting*
festu (A.N.) 190, *a mote in the eye.* (festuca, *lat.*)
fetisliche, 28, fetisly, 38 (A.N.) *elegantly, neatly, featously*
fibieches (A.N. ?) 186 (?)
†fichewes (A.S.) 468, *a kind of weasel*, called a *fitchet* in Shropshire
†fyen (A.N.) 487, *to say, fy!* The exclamation, *fy!* was originally one of disgust, occasioned by anything that stunk, according to the old distich (MS. Cotton, Cleop.

B. ix, fol. 11, v°. of the thirteenth cent.):—

Phi, nota *fœtoris*, lippus gravis omnibus horis,
Sit *phi*, sit lippus semper procul, ergo Philippus!

fiers (A.N.) *proud, fierce*

fighten (A.S.) to *fight*. *pret. s.* faught, 391, 402. *pl.* foughten. *part. pas.* y-foughte, 126, 386

fyle (A.N.) 86, *a daughter, girl*, apparently used here in the sense of a *common woman;* as they say now in French, *elle n'est qu'une fille*, she is no better than a strumpet

fyn (A.N.) 403, *fine, clever*

fynden (A.S.) *to find, to furnish. pres. s.* he fynt, 73 146, 305, 367. *pret. s.* fond, foond, 219, 304, 312

fir (A.S.) 360, *fire.* fuyr, *fire*

fithele (A. N.) 272, *to fiddle.* fithele, 165, *a fiddle*

flappen (A.S.) *to strike with a flail, or with any flat loose weapon. pret. pl.* flapten, 128

flatten (A.N.) *to slap. pret. s.* flatte, 104

flawmbe, flaumbe (A.N.) 360, 362, *a flame*

flawme (A.S.) 243, *to emit a fetid exhalation* (?)

flawmen (A.N.) 361, *to flame.* flawmynge, 360, *flaming*

fle, 40, fleen, 168, 366 (A.S.) *to fly. pret. s.* fleigh, 40, 351, 353, 402, 435. *pl.* flowen, 42, 128. fledden, 42

fleckede (A.S.) 222, *spotted*

flesshe (A.S.) *flesh*

fleten (A.S.) 237, *to float, swim involuntarily*

flittynge (A.S.) 206, *disputing, flyting*

flobre (A.S.) ?) 274, *to slobber*(?)

florisshe (A.N.) 291, *to adorn*

floryn (A.N.) 74, *a florin* (a gold coin)

†flurichen (A.N.) 479, *to flourish*

fode (A.S.) *food*

†foynes (A.N.) 468, *a kind of marten, of which the fur was used for dresses*

fold, foold (A.S.) 24, 141, 243, *the world, the earth*

fole (A.S.) *a foal*

follede, 321, *baptized.* see *fullen*

†folloke (A.S.) 489 (?)

folvyle (A.N.) 410 (?)

folwe, folwen (A.S.) 355, *to follow. pres. pl.* folwen. *pret. s.* folwed, folwede, 353. *pl.* folwede, 301. *part. past*, folwed

folwere (A.S.) *a follower*

fonden (A.S.) 238, *to try, tempt, inquire. pret. s.* fonded, fondede, 315, 344, 353

fongen, *see* fangen

fongynge (A. S.) 291, *a temptation, undertaking*

foot (A.S.) *a foot.* foote, 314, *on foot*

for (A.S.) *for, for that, because;* for-thi, *because, therefore*

for-, in composition in verbs derived from the Anglo-Saxon, conveys the idea of privation or deterioration, and answers to the modern German *ver-*. It is preserved in a few words in our language, such as *forbid, for-*

bear, forlorn, &c. The following instances occur in Piers Ploughman :—

for-bete (A. S.) *to beat down, beat to pieces, or to death, beat entirely. part. past*, for-beten, 436

for-bode (A.S.) *denial, forbidding*

for-biten (A.S.) 332, *to bite to pieces*

for-doon, for-do (A.S.) 78, 163, 371, *to undo, ruin. pret. s.* for-dide, 340, 390. *part. past*, for-do, 262, for-doon, 371

for-faren (A.S.) 303, *to go to ruin, perish, to fare ill*

for-freten (A.S.) 332, *to eat to pieces*

†for-gabben (A. N.) 488, *to mock*

for-yeten (A.S.) 362, *to forget. pret. s.* for-yat, 205

for-gyven (A.S.) *to forgive. pret. s.* 374. *part. pas.* for-gyve, 365

for-glutten (A. S.) 178, *to devour, swallow up*

for-pynede (A. S.) 126, *pined or starved to death, wasted away, niggardly.* Chaucer, C. T. l. 1453 :—

In derknes and orrible and strong prisoun
This seven yeer hath seten Palamon,
For-pyned, what for woo and for destresse.

And C. T. l. 205 :—

He was not pale as a *for-pyned* goost.

In this latter place Tyrwhit seems to interpret it as meaning *tormented*

for-shapen (A. S.) *to unmake. pret. s.* for-shapte, 365.

for-sleuthen (A. S.) 103, *to be spoilt from lying idle*

for-stallen (A. S.) 68, *to hinder, forestal, stop*

for-sweren (A. S.) 170, *to perjure, swear falsely. part. pas.* forsworen, 418, *forsworn*

for-thynken (A. S.) 167, *to repent, beg pardon*

for-wandred (A. S.) 1, *worn out with wandering about*

for-wanye (A. S.) 79, *to spoil*

†forwerd (A. S.) 476, 494, *worn out*

for-yelden (A. S.) 184, 257, *to make a return for a thing, repay*

forbisne (A. S.) 152, *an example, similitude, parable*

forceres (A. N.) 186, *coffers*

fore-ward, for-ward, for-warde (A. S.) 65, 119, 206, *a bargain, promise*

for-goer (A. S.) 39, *a goer before*

for-goers (A. S.) 31, *people whose business it was to go before the great lords in their progresses, and buy up provisions for them*

formest (A. S.) 186, 409, *first, foremost*

†formfaderes (A. S.) 498, *first fathers*

formour (A.N.) 160, 358, *a creator, maker*

forreyour (A. N.) 430, *a scout, forager*

forster (A. N.) 354, *a forester*

†forytoures, 465, perhaps an error of the press in the old edition for *fautoures*

forwit (A. S.) 87, *prescience, forethought, anticipation*
fostren (A. S.) 360, *to foster*
foulen (A. S.) 414, *to defoul*
fowel (A. S.) *a fowl, bird*
fraynen (A. S.) *to ask, inquire, question. pret. s.* frayned, 18, 109, 151, 341, 370
†fraynyng (A. S.) 452, *questioning*
frankelcyn (A. N.) 398, *a large freeholder*, in rank in society classed with, but after, the *miles* and *armiger*. See Tyrwhit's note on the Canterbury Tales, l. 333
frayel (A. N.) 252, *a wicker basket*. See note. In the romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, l. 1547, king Richard says:—

Richard aunsweryth, with herte free,
Off froyt there is gret plenté;
Fyggys, raysyns, in *frayel*,
And notes may serve us fol wel.

fraytour (A. N.) 192, 463, *a refectory*
freke (A. S.) 74, 87, 130, 132, 188, 203, 246, 250, 341, *man, fellow*
frele (A. N.) *frail*
frelete (A. N.) 46, frelete, 367, *frailty*
frommed (A. S.) 303, *strange*
frere (A. N.) *a friar, brother*
frete (A. S.) 4, 265, *to fret*
frete, freten (A. S.) 33, *to eat, devour. pret. s.* freet, 381
fretien (A. S.) *to adorn. part. p.* fretted
fryth (A. S.) 224, 241, 355, *an inclosed wood*
frythed (A. S.) 112, *wooded*
frounces (A. N.) 265, *wrinkles*
fullen (A. S.) 322, *to full cloth*
fullen (A. S.) 176, *to become full*
fullen (A. S.) *to baptize. pret. s.* follede, 321, *part. past*, y-fulled, 398
fullynge (A. S.) 244, 322, 398, *baptizing, baptism*
furwe (A. S.) *a furrow*
fust (A. S.) 356, *the fist*

G. Y.

gabben (A. N.) 53, *to joke, trifle, tell tales.* gabbyng (A. N.) 423, *joking, idle talk*
gadelyng (A. S.) 434, gedelyng, 165. *pl.* gedelynges, 171, gadelynges, 68, *a vagabond*. In Anglo-Saxon the word *gædeling* means a companion or associate, apparently without any bad sense. Thus the romance of Beowulf speaks of the armour of one of the heroes:—

þæt Onela for-geaf,
his gædelinges
guð-ge-wædu.
which Onela had given him, the war-weeds of his comrade, the ready implements of war.

This, and most of the other similar Anglo-Saxon words, applied to their heroes and warriors, became degraded under the Anglo-Normans. We may mention as other examples, the words, *fellow, renk, grom, wye*, &c.
†gaynage (A. N.) 462, *profit*
gaynesse (A. N.) 178, *gaiety*

galoche (A. N.) 370, *a shoe.* The word occurs in Chaucer
galpen (A. S.) 252, *to belch*
gamen (A. S.) *play*
gangen, gange (A. S.) *to go*
†garites (A. S.) 463, *garrets*
garnementz (A. N.) 379, *garments, ornaments*
gare (A. S.) *to make or cause to do a thing. pret. s.* garte, 22, 80, 135, 321, gart, 84, gerte, 428
gate (A. S.) 67, 171, 383, *way, going.* go thi gate, 351, 445, *go thy way.* this ilke gate, 354, *this same way*
yate (A. S.) 385, 406, *a gate*
geaunt (A. N.) 384, *a giant*
gentile (A. N.) 26, 174, 175, *gentle, genteel*
gentilliche (A. N.) 44, *beautifully, finely, genteelly*
gentrie (A. N.) 370, *gentility*
gerl (A. S.) *pl.* gerles, girles, gerlis, 17, 184, 369, *youth of either sex.* In the Coventry Mystery of the Slaughter of the Innocents (p. 181), one of the knights engaged in the massacre, says :—

> I xall sle scharlys,
> And qwenys with therlys,
> Here *knave gerlys*
> I xal steke.
> Forthe wyl I spede,
> To don hem blede,
> Thow *gerlys* grede,
> We xul be wreke.

gerner (A. N.) *a garner*
gesene (A. S. ?) 262, *rare, scarce*
gesse (A. S.) *a guess.* up gesse, 102, *upon guess, by guess*
gest, *pl.* gestes (A. N.) *a deed, history, tale*
gest (A. S.) 312, *a guest*
geten, gete (A. S.) *to get: pres. pl.* geten. *pret. s.* gat, thow gete, 386, 389, 390, getest, 390, *part. past,* geten, 375, gete, 403
yiftes (A. S.) 49, *gifts*
gyle (A. S.) *guile, deceit*
gilour (A. S.) *a deceiver*
gyn (A. N.) 384, *a trap, machine, contrivance*
gynful (A. N.) 186, *full of tricks or contrivances*
gynnen (A. S.) *to begin. pret. sing.* gan, 2. *pl.* gonne, 158, gonnen, 262. gynnyng, *beginning.* The preterite is frequently used as an auxiliary verb to form with others a kind of imperfect or preterite, as, gan drawe, 352, *drew*; gan despise, 374, *despised*
gyen (A. N.) 39, *to rule*
gyour (A. N.) 421, 429, *a ruler, leader*
girden (A. S.) 40, *to cast, strike. pret. s.* girte, 99. In the second Towneley Mystery of the Shepherds, p. 115, Mak says, "If I trespas eft, *gyrd* of my heede."
gyterne (A. N.) 260, *a gittern,* a musical instrument, resembling, or identical with, the modern guitar
gyven (A. S.) *to give. pres. pl.* gyven. *pret. sing.* gaf, yaf, 387. *part. past,* yeven, y-gyve, 37
gyven (A. S.) 436, *to fetter, bind in gyves*
†gladdyng (A. S.) 481, *merry* (?)
gladen, 404, gladie, 384 (A. S.) *to gladden, cause joy to. pret. s.* gladede, 435

†glaverynge (A. N.) 454, 492, *smooth, slippery, flattering*
glazene (A. S.) 435, *made of glass* (?) See note
glee (A.S.) *the performance of the minstrel or jongleur*
gle-man (A.S.) 98, 165, *a minstrel*
glede, glade (A.S.) 94, 361, *a spark, glowing ember*
†gleym ( ) 479 (?)
†gloppynge (A.S.) 456, *sucking in*
glosen (A. N.) *to gloss, paraphrase, comment*
gloton (A. N.) *a glutton*
glotonye (A. N.) *gluttony*
glubben (A. S.) *to suck in, gobble up. part. pas.* y-glubbed, 97, *sucked in.* glubbere, 162, *a glutton*
gnawen (A. S.) *to gnaw*
† gode (A. S.) 476, *a goad*
goky (A. S.) 220, *a gawky, clown*
goliardeis (A. N.) 9, *one who gains his living by following rich men's tables, and telling tales and making sport for the guests.* See on this word the Introduction to the Poems of Walter Mapes. It occurs in Chaucer, C. T. 1. 562 :—

¶He was a jangler and *a golyardeys*,
And that was most of synne and harlotries.

gome (A. S.) 257, 263, 267, 288, 308, 312, 350, 354, 382, 403, *a man*
gomme (A. N.) *gum*
goon (A. S.) 37, *to go. pres. s.* he gooth, 354. *pl.* gon, goon, 303. *pret. sing.* wente. *pl.* wenten, 233, 321
goost (A. S.) *spirit, ghost*
goostliche (A.S.) 427, *spiritually*
gorge (A. N.) 176, 177, *the throat, mouth*
gos (A. S.) *pl.* gees, *a goose*
gothelen (A. S.) 97, 252, *to grumble* (as is said of the belly)
gowe (A. S.) 14, *a phrase of invitation, i. e. go we, let us go*
graffen (A. N.) 85, *to graft*
† graith (A. S.) 453, 464, *the truth* (?)
graithe (A. S.) 27, *ready, prepared*
graithen (A. S.) *to prepare, make ready. †part. pas.* y-greithed, 462, 487. graythed, 491
graithly (A. S.) 386. graythliche, 482, *readily, speedily*
graunt (A. N.) 353, *great*
graven (A. N.) *to engrave. part. pas.* grave, 73, *engraved*
gravynge (A. N.) *engraving, sculpturing*
graven (A.N.) 206, *to put in grave*
greden (A. S.) 32, 47, *to cry out, shout, make a noise. pret. s.* thow graddest, 421, he gradde, 335, 448
gree (A. N.) 375, *pleasure, will*
greete (A. S.) 100, *to lament*
greyne (A. N.) 412, 415, *a grain, seed*
greten (A. S.) 97, 379, *to greet. pret. s.* grette, 186, 344, 446
gretter (A. S.) *greater*
greven (A. N.) 354, *to grieve*
grys (A. S.) 14, 68, 134, *pigs.* See the story of Will *Gris* in the Lanercost Chronicle
grys (A. N.) 308, *a kind of fur*
†grysliche (A. S.) 485, *fearfully*

grom (A.S.) 99, *a man:* hence the modern *groom*

grote (A. N.) 51, *a groat, a coin of the value of four pennies*

grucchen, grucche (A. S.) *to grudge*

H

hailsen (A. S.) *to salute. pres. s.* hailse, 83. *pret.* hailsed, 148, 151

hayward (A.N.) 415, *a man employed to watch and guard the inclosed fields, or hays.* An illustration of this word will be found in the passage from Whitaker's text given in the note on l. 2473

hakke (A.S.) 420, *to follow, run after, cut along after*

half (A.S.) *half, side*

halie (A.S.) 156, *to hawl*

hals (A.S.) *the neck*

halwe (A.S.) 327, *to hallow, consecrate, make holy*

hamlen (A.S.) †*part. pas.* y-hamled, 468, *to tie or attach* (?)

handy dandy (A.S.) 69, the expression still used in Shropshire and Herefordshire

hange, honge (A.S.) 348, 384, *to hang* (intransitive). *pret. s.* hanged, 19

hange, hangen (A.S.) 39, 392, *to hang* (transitive). *pret. pl.* hengen, 25

hanylons (A.N.) 181, *the wiles of a fox.* See Sir Frederick Madden's Glossary to Gawayn (v. *hamlounez*) who quotes the following lines from the Boke of St. Albans:—

And yf your houndes at a chace renne there ye hunte,
And the beest begyn to renne, as hartes ben wonte,
Or for to *hanylon*, as dooth the foxe wyth his gyle,
Or for to crosse, as the roo doth otherwhyle.

hanselle (A.S.) 96, *gift, reward, bribe.* It is used in the alliterative poem on the Deposition of Richard II, p. 30:—

Some parled as perte,
As provyd well after,
And clappid more for the coyne
That the kyng owed hem,
Thanne ffor comforte of the comyne
That her cost paied,
And were behote *hansell*,
If they helpe wolde.

hardy (A.N.) 413, *bold, hardy, courageous.* hardier, 354, *more bold*

hardie (A.N.) 321, *to encourage, embolden*

harewe (A.S.) 412, *a harrow*

harewen, harewe (A.S.) 412, 414, *to harrow. pret.* harewede, *ib.*

harlot (A. N.) 175, 270, 271, 303, 354, *a blackguard, person of infamous life.* The word was used in both genders. It appears to have answered exactly to the French *ribaud*, as Chaucer in the Romance of the Rose translates *roy des ribaulx*, by *king of harlots.* Chaucer says of the Sompnour (C. T. l. 649):—

He was a *gentil harlot* and a kynde
A bettre felaw schulde men nowher fynde.

He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn,
A good felawe to han his concubyn
A twelve moneth, and excuse him atte fulle.

This passage gives us a remarkable trait of the character of the ribald, or harlot, who formed a peculiar class of middle-age society. Among some old glosses in the Reliquiæ Antiquæ (vol. i, p. 7), we find "*scurra*, a harlotte." In the Coventry Mystery of the Woman taken in Adultery (p. 217), it is the young man who is caught with the woman, and not the woman herself, who is stigmatised as a *harlot*.

harpen (A.S.) *to harp. pret. pl.* harpeden, 394

harrow (A.N.) 430, an exclamation, or rather a cry, said to have been peculiar to the Normans, the origin and derivation of which have been the subject of much discussion among antiquaries. It was the cry which every one was bound to raise and repeat, when any murder, theft, robbery, or other violent crime, was attempted or perpetrated, in order that the offenders might be hindered or secured. It was afterwards used in any great tumult or disorder, and became a general exclamation of persons wanting help. (See Ducange, in v. *Haro*.) In the Towneley Mysteries (p. 14), when Cain finds that his offering will not burn, he cries:—

Wo! out! haro! help to blaw!
It wille not bren for me, I traw.

haspen (A.S.) *to clasp*. y-hasped, 26

hastilokest (A.N.) 434, *most quickly, speedily, hastily*

haten (A.S.) *to call, order. pres. s.* I hote. *pret. s.* highte, heet, 445. *part. pas.* y-hote, hoten, hote, *called, ordered*

haten (A.S.) *to be called or named. pres. s.* hatte, *is called*, I hatie, 260, *am called. pret. s.* highte, *was called*

hater (A.S.) 273, *dress*

haterynge (A.S.) 299, *dressing, attire*

hatien (A.S.) 179, *to hate*

haven, have, han (A.S.) *to have. pres. pl.* han. *pret. s.* hadde, *pl.* hadden, hadde

haver (A.S.) *oats*, 134, an haver cake, *an oat-cake*

heed (A.S.) *the head. See* hoved

heele (A.S.) *health*

heep (A.S.) *a heap*

heeth (A.S.) 322, *heath*

hegge (A.S.) *pl.* hegges, *a hedge*

heigh (A.S.) *high*

theyne (A.N.) 466, *hatred* (?)

heyre (A.S.) *hair. gen.* heris, 192, *hair's*

hele, heele (A.S.) *health*

hele (A.S.) 150, *a heel*

helen, (A.S.) 87, 445. helien, 241, *to conceal, hide*

helen, heele, 355 (A.S.) *to heal. pret. s.* heeled, 337. an helyng, 355, *in healing, in the course of recovering his health*

helpen, helpe (A.S.) *to help. pret. s.* halp, 403, 418, *pl.* holpen, 123. *part. pas.* holpen, 75, 303, 338, holpe, 115

hem (A.S.) *them*
hemselve (A.S.) *themselves*
hende (A.S.) 308, *gentle, polite.* hendenesse, 398, *gentleness, worthiness.* hendely, hendiliche, 44, *politely, gently*
hennes (A.S.) *hence, from this time*
henten, hente (A.S.) *to take, seize. pret. s.* hente, hent, 435
heraud (A.N.) *a herald*
herberwe (A.S.) *a harbour*
herberwen (A. S.) *to harbour, shelter. pret. s.* herberwed, 352
heremite (A.N.) *a hermit*
heren, here (A.S.) *to hear. pret. s.* herde. *imperat.* y-heer, 356
horne (A.S.) 42, 393, *a corner*
herte (A.S.) *the heart*
heste (A.S.) *a commandment*
†hethen (A.S.) 475, *hence*
†hetheved (A.S.) 469, *head*
hethynesse (A.S.) 321, *heathenness, paganism, idolatry*
heved (A.S.) *a head.* heed, 352
hewe (A.S.) 110, *pl.* hewen, 71, 173, 281, *a husbandman, a workman*
hewe, *pl.* hewes (A.S.) 224, *hue, colour*
hiden (A.S.) *to hide. pret. s.* hidde, 354. *part. pas.* y-hudde, 199
†hyen (A.S.) 475, *to hie, go. pret. s.* hiede, 444
hyere (A.S.) *higher*
hii (A.S.) *they*
hil (A.S.) *pl.* hulles, *a hill*
hilen (A.S.) 113, *to cover over. pret. s.* hiled, 241, *pl.* hileden, 223
hynde (A.S.) 311, *a doe, female deer*
hyne (A.S.) *a servant, serf, rustic, labourer*
hyne, 72, 268, *a hen* (?)
hippynge (A.S.) 351, *hopping*
hire (A.S.) *their*
hir (A.S.) *of them. gen. pl.* of he. hir neither, 67, *neither of them.* hir eyther, 212, 446, *either of them.* hir noon, 237, *none of them.* hir oon-fordooth hir oother, 373, *one of them destroys the other of them*
his (A.S.) *pl.* hise, *his*
hitten (A.S.) *to hit. pret. s.* hite, 86, hitte, 96
†hod (A.S.) 476, *a hood*
†hok-shynes (A.S.) 476, *crooked shins. hok* seems almost superfluous: the shin towards the *hock* or ancle?
holden (A.S.) *to hold. pres. s.* he halt, 354, 357, *pl.* holde, 15, holden, 18. *pret. s.* heeld, 156, 206, *pl.* helden, 294, 418, 438. *part. pas.* y-holden, 358, holden, y-holde, 440, 441
hool (A.S.) *pl.* hole, 392, *whole, entire.* hooly, *wholly.* holly, 396, *wholly.* †hollich, 452, *wholly*
homliche (A.S.) 179, *from house to house*
hoom (A.S.) *home.* the viker hadde ler hoom, 424, *the vicar had far to go home*
hoor (A.S.) *pl.* hore, 144, *hoary.* as hoor as an hawethorn, 341
hoord (A.S.) *a hoard*
hoors (A.S.) 367, *hoarse*
hoot (A.S.) 360, *hot*
hopen (A.S.) 329, *to expect, hope*
hoper (A. S.) 120, *the hopper of a mill*

hore (A. S.) 75, *pl.* hoores, 299, hores, 303, *a whore*
†hornes (A.S.) 461, *corners*
hostele (A.N.) 355, *to give lodging, to receive into an inn*
hostiler (A.N.) 352, 355, *the keeper of a hostelry or inn*
hostrie (A.N.) 352, *a hostelry, inn*
houpen (A.S.) 127, *to hoop, shout*
houres (A.N. heures, *Lat.* horæ) *the Romish service*
housel (A.S.) 419, *the sacrament of the Eucharist*
houselen (A.S.) *to receive the Eucharist. part. past*, housled, 396, 424, houseled, 419
hoven (A.S.) 13, *to tarry, hover, dwell. pret. s.* hoved, 374
howve (A.S.) *pl.* howves, 13, 60, 435, *a cap or hood*
hucche (A.S.) 72, *a hutch, chest*
huge (A.S.) 216, *great*
hukkerye (A.S.) 90, *huckstry*
hunten (A.S.) *to hunt. part. pas.* y-honted, 41
huppe (A.S.) 327, *to hop*
huyre (A.S.) 111, *hire, wages*

I. Y.

ic, ich, ik (A.S.) *I*
†ich (A.S.) *each.* †ichon, 479, *each one. See* ech
ydel (A.S.) *idleness, vanity.* on ydel, *in vain*
†iis (A.S.) 476, *ice*
ilke (A.S.) *same*
impe (A.N.) 85, *a sprig, twig growing from the root of a tree*
impen, ympen (A.N.) 85, *to graft.* †*part. past*, ymped, 469, *grafted*
in-going (A.S.) 115, *entrance*
inne (A.S.) the adverbial form of *in*
inne (A.S.) *a lodging*, hence our *inn*
inwit (A.S.) 160, 162, 364, *conscience, interior understanding.* with inwit and outwit, 263
yren (A.S.) 288, *iron*
yskeles (A.S.) 361, *icicles*

J.

jangeleres, jangleris (A.N.) 3, 175, *praters*
jangle (A.N.) 9, 33, 74, 136, 164, 251, 337, 339, *to jangle, to talk emptily, to prate*
janglynge (A. N.) 169, 419, *jangling, empty talking, nonsense*
jape (A.S.) 433, *a jest*
japen (A. S.) 19, 33, 260, *to jest, mock, cajole. part. past*, japed, 371
japer (A.S.) *pl.* japeres, japeris, 3, 164, 175, *a jester, mocker*
Jewe, *gen. pl.* Jewen, 19, Jewene, 384, 402, *a Jew*
jogele (A.N.) 260, *to play the minstrel*, or *jongleur*
jogelour (A. N.) 121, 175, *a minstrel, jongleur, one who played mountebank tricks*
jouke (A.S.) 336, *to rest, dwell*
joute (A.N.) 86, *a battle, combat*
jugge (A.N.) *a judge*
juggen (A.N.) 290, 427, *to judge*
jurdan (A.N.) 251, *a pot.* At a

later period the word was only applied to a chamber-pot, as in Shakespeare

juste (A. N.) 251, justes, 351, 352, 370, *a joust, battle, tournament*

justen, juste (A.N.) 336, 370, 374, *to joust, tilt (in a tournament). pret. s.* justed, 340, justede, 380

justere (A. N.) 396, *one who goes to jousts, engages in tournaments*

justice (A.N.) 404, *to judge*

juttes (A.N. ?) 201, *low persons*

juventee (A.N.) 402, *youth*

juwise (A.N.) 392, *judgment*, from *judicium*

K. *See under* C.

L.

lachesse (A.N.) 153, *negligence*

ladde (A.S.) *pl.* laddes, 398, *a low common person*

† laiche (A.S.) 486, *to catch, obtain. see* lakke

layk (A.S.) 287, *play*

laiken (A.S.) 11, *to play.* The writer of the romance of Kyng Alisaunder, in describing a battle (Weber, p. 159), says,—

There was *sweord lakkyng,*

i. e. there was playing with the sword. Weber, in his Glossary, has very wrongly explained it by *licking.* It is the Anglo-Saxon poetic phrase, sweorda ge-lác, *the play of swords*

lakke (A. S.) 189, *a fault, a lack, or something deficient or wanting*

lakken, lacche (A.S.) 31, 40, 130, 220, 260, 309, 333, *to obtain, catch, take. pret. s.* laughte, 357, 388, 434. *part. act.* lacchynge, 21

lakken (A.S.) 85, 130, 185, 189, 208, 214, 234, 263, 307, 309, 329, 411, *to mock, to blame, or reproach. pret. pl.* lakkede, 294. *part. pas.* y-lakked, 29

lakken (A.S.) 46, 218, 219, 262, 310, 365, 423, *to lack, to be wanting. pret. s.* lakkede, 402, *was wanting*

lambren (A.S.) 307, *lambs.* So Lydgate (Minor Poems, ed. Halliwell), p. 169,—

Takith to his larder at what price he wold,
Of gretter *lambren*, j., ij., or thre,
In wynter nyghtis frostis bien so colde,
The sheppard slepithe, God lete hym never the!

lang (A.S.) *long*

lape (A.S.) 426, *to lap, as a dog*

large (A.N.) 398, *largess* (?)

lasse (A.S.) *less*

late, lete (A.S.) 76, 386, *to let. pres. s.* leet, 305, 384. *pret. s.* leet, 27, 74, 127, 209, 346, *pl.* leten, lete, 294, 393. *subj. s.* late

† lath (.) 476. Perhaps an error of the old edition for *lay?*

† latun (A.N.) 462, *a mixed metal of the colour of brass*

laughen (A. S.) 439, *to laugh. pret. s.* lough, 423. *part. pas.* lowen, 82

launde (A.N.) 155, 183, 312, *a plain, a level space clear of trees in the midst of a forest, a lawn*

lave (A.N.) 273, *to wash*

lavendrye (A.N.) 306, *washing*

† lavoures (A.N.) 462, *lavers, ewers, basins to receive water*

leauté (A.N.) *loyalty*

leche (A.S.) 443, *a physician*

lechecraft (A.S.) 336, 435, *the art of healing, medicine*

lechen (A. S.) 261, *to cure. pret. s.* leched, 337

leden, lede (A.S.) 355, 393, *to lead. pret. s.* ladde, 352. *part. act.* ledynge. *part. pas.* lad, 160, 246

ledene (A.S.) 242, 243, *speech, language.* This is applied, as here, to birds, by Chaucer, C. T. 10749:—

This faire kynges doughter, Canace,
That on hir fyngers bar the queynte ryng,
Thurgh which sche understood wel every thing
That eny foul may *in his lydne* sayn,
And couthe answer him *in his lydne* agayn.

ledes (A.S.) 326, *people attached to the land, peasants*

leef (A.S.) *dear, love.* his leef, *his dear*

leef (A.S.) 301, *pl.* leves. *a leaf*

leelly (A.N.) 19, lelly, 45, 146, *loyally, faithfully.* leele, lele, *loyal.* lelest, 349, *most loyal*

leere, lere (A.S.) 15, 173,, *countenance, mien, complexion*

leggen (A.S.) 30, 133, 235, 306, 426, leyen, 374, *to lay, to bet (to lay down a wager). pret. s.* leide, 352, 372, 432, leyde, 98, 436

legistre (A.N.) 139, *a legist, one skilled in the law*

ley, *pl.* leyes (A.S.) 138, *a lea* (Lat. *saltus*)

leye (A.S.) 360, 364, *flame*

leme (A.S.) 376, 377, *brightness*

lemman (A.S.) *pl.* lemmannes, 303, *a sweetheart, a mistress*

lene (A.S.) *lean*

lenen, lene (A.S.) *to give;* hence our *lend. pret.* lened, 269. *part. past,* lent, 275

lenen (A.S.) *to lean. pret. s.* lened, 369

lenge (A.S.) 27, 421, *to rest, remain, reside long in a place. pret. s.* lenged, 151. † *pret. pl.* lengeden, 469, *dwelt, remained*

Lenten (A.S.) *Lent*

lenten (A.S.) 369, *a linden tree*

leode (A.S.) 352, *people, a person,* whence our *lad*

lepen (A.S.) 41, 236, *to leap. pret. s.* leep, 10, 41, lepe, 71, lepe, 107, lepte, 434. *pl.* lopen, 14, 22, 86, lope, 74, *part. pas.* lopen, 88

leperis (A.S.) *leapers.* lond leperis heremytes, *hermits who leap or wander over different lands*

lered (A.S.) 45, *learned, educated, clergy*

leren (A.S.) 146, *to teach. pres.* he lereth. *pret.* lerned, 146, 412, lered, 292, 336, 410

lerne (A.S.) 350, 351, 437, 441, *to learn. part. pas.* y-lerned, 141

lesen (A.S.) *to lose. pres. s.* lese, lees, 107, 148. *part. act.* le-

synge. *part. pas.* lost, lore, 374, y-lorn, 388

lese (A.S.) 121, *to glean.* The word is still used in Shropshire and Herefordshire

lesynge (A.S.) 66, 387, 388, *a lie, fable, falsehood*

lethi (A.S.) 184, *hateful*

letten, leten, lette (A.S.) 352, 435, *to hinder, to tarry. pret. s.* lette, 368, letted, 335. *part. past,* letted, 418. lettere, 19, *a hinderer.* lettyng, *a hindrance*

lettrede (A. N.) 49, *lettered, learned.* y-lettrede, *learned, instructed*

lettrure (A.N.) *learning, scripture, literature*

leve (A.S.) 385, *leave, permission*

leve (A.S.) *pl.* leeve, *dear, precious.* levere, *dearer, rather.* leveste, levest, 364, *dearest*

leved (A.S.) 300, *leaved, covered with leaves*

leven (A.S.) 299, 301, *to leave. part. s.* lafte, 447

leven (A.S.) *to dwell, remain. pret.* lafte, 440. †*pret. s.* lefte, 473, *dwelt, remained*

leven, leeve (A.S.) *to believe,* 304, 319. *pret. s.* leeved, 435. leved, 392. *pl.* leveden

lewed (A.S.) 26, 420, *lay, ignorant, untaught, useless.* lewed of that labour, 237, *ignorant of,* or *unskilful in, that labour.* lewednesse, 45, *ignorance, rusticity*

lewté (A.N.) *loyalty*

lyard (A.N.) 352, 368, a common name for *a horse,* but signifying originally *a horse of a grey colour*

libben. libbe (A.S.) 275, *to live. part. act.* libbynge

lyen (A.S.) *to lie. pres. s.* 2 *pers.* thow lixt, 86. *pret.* thow leighe, 393, *thou didst lie*

liere (A.S.) *a liar*

lif (A.S.) *pl.* lives, *life*

liflode (A.S.) *living, state of life*

lift (A.S.) 316, *air, sky*

lige (A.N.) 76, 390, *liege*

liggen, ligge (A.S.) 361, *to lie down. pres. s.* I ligge, he lith, lyth, 355, thei ligge, 421. *pret. sing.* lay. *part. act.* liggynge. *part. pas.* leven, 45, y-leye, 82, y-leyen, 198, 399

lighten (A.S.) *to alight, descend, or dismount from. pret. s.* lighte, 352

lightloker (A.S.) 112, 237, 321, *more lightly, more easily*

lik, lich, y-lik (A.S.) 389, *like, resembling.* liknesse, *likeness,* y-liche, 401

liche (A.S.) 173, *the body.* Chaucer, C. T. l. 2960, speaks of the *liche-wake,* or ceremonies of waking and watching the corpse, still preserved in Ireland:—

> Ne how the *liche-wake* was y-holde
> Al thilke night, ne how the Grekes pleye.

In the romance of Alexander (Weber, p. 145), the word is applied to a living body (as in Piers Ploughman):—

> The armure he dude on his liche—
> *he put the armour on his body*

likame, lycame (A.S.) *the body*

liken (A.S.) 455, *to please, to like* (i. e. *be pleased with*). liketh, 17, 262. *pret. s.* liked

likynge (A.S.) 203, *pleasure, love, liking*

likerous (A.N.) 133, *nice, voluptuous, lecherous*

likne (A.S.) 175, 190, *to imitate, to mimic, to make a simile*

lyme (A.S.) 436, *limb*

lyme-yerd (A.S.) 170, *limed twig*

lymitour (A.N.) 85, 445, *a limitour, a begging friar*

lynde (A.S.) 24, 155, *the linden tree*

lippe (A.S.) 324, *a slip, portion*

liser (A.N.) 89, *list of cloth* (?)

lisse (A.S.) 160, 383, *joy, happiness, bliss*

liste (A.S.) *to please, list. pret.* list, 356, *it pleased*

listre (A.S.) 85, *a deceiver*

lite (A.S.) 262, *little*

litel (A.S.) *little.* litlum and litlum, 329, *by little and little*, the uncorrupted Anglo-Saxon phrase. *See* note

lyth (A.S.) 341, *a body*

lythe, lithen (A.S.) 155, 270, *to listen to*

lyven, lyve (A.S.) *to live. pr. pl.* lyveden, 2. *part. act.* lybbynge. *See* libben

lyves (A.S.) *alive.* lyves and lokynge, 405, *alive and looking. See* note on l. 5014

lyveris (A.S.) 235, *livers, people who live*

lobies (A.S.) 4, *loobies, clowns*

loft (A.S.) *high, height.* bi lofte and by grounde, 372, *in height and in ground-plan.* o-lofte, *aloft, on high*

lok (A.S.) 27, *a lock*

loken (A.S.) 388, *to look, to over-see*, 148. *pret. s.* lokede, 276

lollen (A.S.) 240, *to loll. part. pas.* lolled, 239. *part. act.* lollynge, 346

lolleris (A.S.) 308, *lollards.* The origin of this word is doubtful, but it seems to mean generally people who go about from place to place with a hypocritical show of praying and devotion. It was certainly in use long before the time of the Wycliffites, in Germany as well as in England. Johannes Hocsemius (quoted by Ducange, v. *Lollardi*) says, in his chronicle on the year 1309, "Eodem anno quidam hypocritæ gyrovagi, qui *Lollardi sive Deum laudantes* vocabantur, per Hannoniam et Brabantiam quasdam mulieres nobiles decoperunt," &c. The term, used in the time of Piers Ploughman as one of reproach, was afterwards contemptuously given to the church reformers. The writer of the Ploughman's Tale, printed in Chaucer, Speght, fol. 86, appears to apply it to wandering friars:—

i-cleped *lollers* and londlese.

lomere (A.S.) 439, *more frequently*

lond-buggere (A.S.) 191, *a buyer of land*

†lone (A.S.) 493, *a loan* (?)

longen (A.S.) *to belong*
loof (A.S.) *a loaf*
loone (A.S.) 442, *a loan.* lenger yeres loone, *a loan of a year longer, a year's extension or renewal of the loan*
loore (A.S.) 79, 244, *teaching, lore, doctrine, science*
loores-man, lores-man (A.S.) 164, 318, *a teacher*
loos (A.S.) 219, *honour, praise*
lorel (A. N.) 147, 294, 351, 369, *a bad man, a good-for-nothing fellow.* Chaucer, in his translation of Boethius, uses it to represent the Latin *perditissimus.* Compare the description of the *lorel* in the Ploughman's Tale (Speght's Chaucer) fol. 91 :—

> For thou canst no cattell gete,
> But livest in lond as a *lorell,*
> With glosing gettest thou thy mete.

losel (A.N.) 5, 124, 176, 303, *a wretch, good-for-nothing fellow.* It appears to be a different form of the preceding word. loselly, 240, *in a disgraceful, good-for-nothing manner*
losengerie (A. N.) 125, 176, *flattery, lying*
lothen (A.S.) *to loath*
looth (A.S.) *loath, hateful.* lother, 318, *more loath.* lothliche, *hateful*
lotebies (A.S. ?) 52, *private companions, bed-fellows.* In the romance of the Seven Sages (Weber, p. 57) it is said of a woman unfaithful to her husband :—

> Sche stal a-wai, mididone,
> And wente to here *lotebi.*

Chaucer uses the word (in the romance of the Rose, l. 6339), in a passage rather similar to this of Piers Ploughman :—

> Now am I yong and stout and bolde,
> Now am I Robert, now Robin,
> Now frere Minor now Jacobin,
> And *with me followeth my loteby,*
> To don me solace and company.

In the original the word is *compaigne*
lotien (A.S.) 354, *to lurk, lie in ambush*
louke (A.S.) 384, *to lock*
louren (A.S.) *to lower*
lous, lys (A.S.) *pl. a louse*
louten (A.S.) 50, 181, 182, 300, *to make a salutation, reverence. pret. s.* louted, 294, 470
lovyen, lovye, lovien (A. S.) *to love.* hym lovede, 356, *it pleased him*
lowen (A. S.) *to condescend* (?) *pret.* lowed, 8
luft (A. S.) 69, *fellow, person*
†lullyng (A.S.) 455, *lolling* (?)
lurdayne (A. S.) 375, 436, *a clown, rustic, ill-bred person*
lusard (A. N.) 389, *a lizard, crocodile*
lussheburwes (A.N.) 316, *base or adulterated coins;* which took their name and were imported from Luxemburg. See note on l. 10322
luten (A.N.) *to play on the lute. pret. s.* lutede, 395
luther (A.S.) 316, 390, *bad, wicked*

M.

macche (A.S.) 248, 249, *companion, match-fellow*
macche (A.S.) 360, *a match*
macer (A.N.) 47, *one who carries a mace*
mayen (A.S.) *to be able* (it is seldom or never used in the infinitive mood). *pres. s.* may, *pl.* mowen, mowe. *pret. s.* myghte, *pl.* mighte
y-maymed (A.S.) 359, *maimed*
mayn-pernour, (A.N.) 71, 380. *See* the next word
mayn-prise (A.N.) 70, 346, *a kind of bail.* a law term. "It signifieth in our Common Law the taking or receiving a man in friendly custodie, that otherwise is or might be committed to prison, and so upon securitie given for his forth coming at a day assigned: and they that doe thus undertake for any, are called *mainpernours*, because they do receive him into their hands." MINSHEU. The persons thus received were allowed to go at large
mayn-prise (A.N.) 75, 426, meynprise, 39, *to bail in the manner described under the foregoing word*
mair (A.N.) 290, *pl.* meires, 150, *a mayor*
maistrie (A.N.) 66, *a mastery, a feat of science*
make (A.S.) 50, 222, 230, *a companion, consort*
maken, make (A.S.) *to make. pret. s.* made. *part. pas.* y-maked, 2. maad, 71, 248
make (A.S.) 229, *to compose poetry. See* note
makynge (A.S.) 229, *writing poetry*
male (A.N.) 91, *a box, pack*
†malisones (A.N.) 493, *curses*
mamelen (A.S.) 78, 226, *to chatter, mumble*
menacen (A.N.) *to menace, threaten*
manere (A.N.) *manner*
mange (A.N.) 132, *to eat*
mangerie (A.N.) 209, 328, *an eating, a feast*
manlich (A.S.) 92, *humane.* manliche, *manfully, humanely*
mansed (A.N.) 30, 74, 190, 233, 438, *cursed, excommunicated*
marc (A.N.) 161, *a mark* (*a coin*)
marche (A.S.) 159, 321, *a border.* The word is preserved in the term "Marches of Wales," "Marches of Scotland"
marchen (A.N.) *to march, go*
mareys (A.N.) *a marsh*
†masedere (A.N.) 499, *more amazed*
maugree (A.N.) 131, *ill thanks, in spite of*
maundee (A.S.) 339, *maunday*
maundement (A.N.) 348, *a commandment*
mawe (A.S.) 298, *mouth, maw*
maze (A.N.) 12, *doubt, amazement, a labyrinth*
meden (A.S.) 56, *to reward, bribe*
mede (A.S.) *meed, reward*
medlen (A.N.) *to mix with*
meel (A.S.) *meal*

meene (A. N.) *poor, moderate, middle*
mees (A.S.) 242, 313, *a mess or portion of meat*
megre (A.N.) *meagre, thin*
meynee (A.N.) 178, *household, household retinue*
meken (A.S.) *to make meek, humiliate*
mele (A.S.) 262, *meal, flour*
mendinaunt, *pl.* mendinauntz (A.N.) *a beggar; friars of the begging orders*
mene, meene (A.N.) *mean, middle*
mene (A.N.) 326, *a mean*
menen (A.S.) *to mean.* to meene, 15, 18. that is Crist to mene, 399, *that means Christ*
menen (A. S.) *to moan, lament. pret.* mened
†menemong (A.S.) 497, *of an ordinary quality*
menever (A.N.) 433, *a kind of fur; the fur of the ermine and small weasel mixed*
mengen (A.S.) *to mix, meddle*
menyson (A.N.) 337, *a flux, dysentery*
menour (A.N.) *a Minorite*
menske (A.S.) 54, 455, *decency, honour, manliness*
mercien (A.N.) *to thank*
mercy (A.N.) 17, 353, *thanks*
mercy (A.N.) 360, 361, *mercy*
mercyment (A.N.) *amercement*
merk (A.S.) 316, *a mark*
merke (A.S.) 15, *dark.* merknesse (A.S.) 377, 379, *darkness*
merveillous (A. N.) *marvellous, wonderful*
meschief (A.N.) 197, *mishap, evil, mischief*
mesel (A.S.) *pl.* meseles, 51, 144, 337, *a leper*
meson-Dieux (A.N.) 139, *hospitals*
messe (A.S.) *mass, the Romish ceremony*
mestier (A.N.) 138, *occupation*
mesurable (A.N.) *moderate*
met (A.S.) 267, *measure*
mete (A.S.) *meat.* mete-less, (A.S.) *without meat*
metels (A.S.) 13, 31, 147, 149, 155, 202, 206, *a dream*
meten, meete (A. S.) 310, *to meet. pret. s.* mette, 351. *part. pas.* met, 216
meten (A.S.) *to dream. pret. s.* mette, 148, 155, 396. *part. s.* metynge, 221
metyng (A.S.) 246, *a dream*
† meter (A.S.) 476, *fitter* (?)
meve (A.N.) 153, 288, *to move. pres. pl.* ye moeven, 298
myd (A.S.) *with*
myddel-erthe (A. S.) 221, *the world*
middes (A.S.) *middle, midst*
mynistren (A.N.) 231, *to administer*
mynnen (A.S.) 322, *to mind, to recollect*
mynours (A.N.) *miners, diggers of mines*
mys-beden (A.S.) 119, *to injure*
mysese (A.N.) 16, *ill ease*
mys-eise (A.N.) 139, *ill at ease*
mysfeet (A.N.) 224, *ill deed, wrong*
† myster (A.N.) 484, *kind, species*
mystier (A.S.) *more misty, more dark*
† myteynes (A.N.) 476, *mittens, gloves*

mnam, 131, *a Hebrew coin*
mo (A.S.) *more*
mody (A.S.) *moody.* modiliche, *moodily*
moeble, meble (A.N.) 364, *goods*
molde, mooldo (A.S.) *earth, mould*
moled (A.N.) 262, 264, *spotted, stained*
mom (A.S.) 13, *a mum, sound*
mone (A.S.) 295, *lamentation*
† monelich (A.N.) 457, *meanly*
monials (A.N.) 192, *nuns* (*Lat.* moniales)
moore (A.S.) 403, *greater*
moost (A.S.) *greatest*
moot (A.N.) 113, 417, *a moat*
mool-halle (A.S.) 73, 74, *hall of meeting, of justice*
more (A.S.) 300, 330, 331, 334, *pl.* mores, 416, *a root*
mornen (A.S.) *to mourn. pret. s.* mornede
mortrews (A.N.) 248, 250, 252, *a kind of soup*
morwe (A.S.) *morning, morrow*
morwenynge (A.S.) *morning*
mote (A.S.) 25, *to hold courts of justice*
motyng (A.S.) 141, *judging, meeting for justice*
moton (A.N.) 44, *the name of a coin. See* note on l. 1404
mous (A.S.) *pl.* mees, *a mouse*
mouster (A.N.) 267, *muster, arrangement*
muche (A.S.) 155, 417, *great*
muchel (A.S.) 401, *great, much*
muliere, mulliere (A.N.) 343, 344, *a wife, woman*
murie (A.S.) *pleasant, merry, joyful.* murye, 1, *pleasantly,* murier, *more pleasant*
murthe (A.S.) 382, *pleasure, joy, mirth*
murthen (A.S.) 362, *to make merry or joyful*
muson (A.N.) 183, *measures* (?)
must (A.S.) 391, *a liquor made of honey*

N.

nale (A.S.) 124, *the ale. see* atte
namoore (A.S.) *no more*
naught (A.S.) *not, nought*
ne (A.S.) *not.* The negative *ne* is combined with the verb *to will, to be,* &c.; as *nelle,* for *ne wille, nel, nyl,* for *ne wil, nere,* for *ne were, nolde,* for *ne wolde, nyste,* for *ne wiste.* It is sometimes combined with other verbs, as *naroos,* 399, for *ne aroos.* So we have such expressions as, wol he nele he, 427, i. e. *whether he will or he will not*
nede (A.S.) *need*
neddre (A.S.) 82, *an adder, venomous serpent*
nedlere (A.S.) 96, *maker of, or dealer in, needles*
neet (A.S.) 411, *cattle.* Farmers still talk of *neat cattle*
neghen (A.S.) *to approach, to near. pret. s.* neghed, 425, neghede, 438
neigh (A.S.) *near, nigh*
nempne (A.S.) 397, *to name, call. pret. s.* nempned, 397, 404. *part. pas.* y-nempned, nempned
nevelynge (A.S.) 85, *sniveling*
nygard (A.S.) *niggard*
nymen, nyme (A.S.) 268, 304,

426, *to take. part. pas.* y-nome, 427
nyppe (A.S.) 379, *a point* (?)
noble (A.N.) 191, *a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eightpence*
noght (A.S.) *nought, nothing*
noyen (A.N.) *to injure, annoy, plague*
nones (A.N.) 125, *the hour of two or three in the afternoon*
nonne (A.S.) 86, *a nun*
noon (A.S.) *none*
nounpere (A.N.) 97, *an umpire, an arbitrator*
noughty (A.S.) 130, *possessed of nothing*
noun (A.N.) 366, *no*
nouthe (A.S.) *now*
oughen (A.S.) *to own, possess, owe. pret. s.* oughte, 47
outher (A.S.) *other, either, or*
over-come (A.S.) *to overcome. pret. s.* over-coom, 405
over-hoven (A.S.) 55, 379, *to hover or dwell over, hang over*
over-hippen (A.S.) *to hop over, skip over. pret. pl.* thei over-huppen, 250, 318
over-leden (A.S.) 62, *to overlead, tyrannize over*
over-spreden (A.S.) *to spread over. pret. s.* over-spradde, 408
over-tilten (A.S.) *to tilt or throw over. pret. s.* over-tilte, 428, 433, *threw over, dug up*
owene (A.S.) 366, *own*

O.

o (A.S.) 349, *one*
of-gon (A.S.) 166, *to derive* (?)
of-walked (A.S.) 258, *fatigued with walking*
o-lofte (A.S.) *aloft, on high*
one, oone (A.S.) *singly, alone, only.* myn one, 154, *myself singly*
†onethe (A.S.) *scarcely. See* unnethe
oon (A.S.) *one*
oost (A.N.) 416, *a host, army*
openen, opene (A.S.) *to open. pret. pl.* opned, 388
ordeigne, ordeyne (A.N.) 415, *to ordain*
organye (A.N.) 369, *a musical instrument.* by organye, *as an accompaniment to music*
ote (A.S.) *an oat*

P.

paast (A.N.) 275, *paste, dough*
payn (A.N.) *bread*
paynym (A.N.) 108, 326, *a pagan*
pays (A.N.) 340, *country*
pallen (A.S.) 333, *to knock. pret. s.* I palle, 332
palmere (A.N.) 83, *a palmer, pilgrim to distant lands*
paltok (A.N.) 370, 438, *a cloak*
panne (A.S.) 69, *the scull, head*
pardoner (A.N.) *a dealer in pardons*
parentrelynarie (A.N.) 220, *betwæn the lines, interlineal*
parfiter (A.N.) 229, *more perfectly*
parfitly (A.N.) *perfectly*
parfourne (A.N.) *to perform*
parisshen (A.N.) 206, 441, *a parishioner*

parle (A.N.) *to talk. part. past,* parled, 385
parroken (A.N.) 312, *to park or inclose*
parten (A.N.) *to share, to part.* †*part. pas.* parten, 475
Pasqe (A.N.) 338, *Easter*
passhen (A.S.) 431, *to crush*
pawme (A.N.) 356, *the palm of the hand*
pece (A.N.) 276, *a piece*
peeren (A.N.) 320, *make themselves equal*
peeren (A.N.) 11, *to appear*
pees (A.N.) *peace.* preide hem be pees, 405, *prayed them to be quiet*
peire (A.N.) *a pair*
peiren (A.N.) 50, *to diminish, injure. see* apeiren
peis (A.N.) 91, *weight*
peisen (A.N.) 90, *to weigh*
pelure (A.N.) 420, *fur*
pens (A.S.) *pence*
peraunter (A.N.) 202, *peradventure, by chance*
percell, *pl.* parcelles (A.N.) 177, 220, 349, *a parcel, part*
percel-mele (A.N.) 48, *piecemeal*
percile (A.N.) 134, *parsley*
pere (A.N.) 139, *a peer, an equal*
perfourne (A.N.) 251, *to finish, complete, to furnish*
perillousli (A.N.) *dangerously, rudely*
y-perissed (A.N.) 359, *perished, destroyed*
perree (A.N.) 173, *precious stones, jewellery*
persaunt (A.N.) 24, *piercing*
person (A.N.) 441, *a parson.* personage, *a parsonage*
pertliche (A.N.) 78, *openly*
pese (A.N.) *pease*
petit (A.N.) *little*
picche (A.S.) 123, *to pick*
pie (A.N.) 150, *a magpie*
pik (A.S.) *a pike*
pikstaf (A.S.) 123, *a pike-staff*
piken (A.S.) *to pick*
pyke-harneys (A.N.) 440, *plunderers*
pykoise (A.N.) 61, *a hoe*
pil, pyl, *pl.* pilcs (A.S.) 330, 332, 417, *a pile*
†pilche (A.S.) 465, *a coat of hair or some rude material.* We find the word used by Lydgate, ed. Halliwell, p. 154:—

> Houndys for favour wyl nat spare,
> To pynche his *pylche* with greet noyse and soun.

And in Caxton's Reynard the Foxe, cap. v, Reynard having turned hermit, bare "his slayvne and *pylche,* and an heren sherte therunder."
†pild (A.N.) 500, *bald*
pilen (A.N.) 422, *to rob*
pilour (A.N.) 371, 420, *a thief*
†pylion (A.S.?) 500, *a kind of cap*
pyne (A.N.) peyne, *pl.* peynes, *pain, punishment*
pyne, 78. *See* wynen
pynynge-stoole (A.S.) 47, literally, *a stool of punishment, a cucking-stool*
pynne (A.S.) 442, *to bolt*
piones (A.N.) 95, *the seed of the piony,* which was used as a spice. In the Coventry Mysteries (ed. Halliwell, p. 22)

we find the word joined, as here, with pepper:—

Here is pepyr, *pyan*, and swete lycorys,
Take hem alle at thi lykyng.

pyries (A.N.) 78, *pear-trees*
pisseris (A.N.) 438 (?)
pistle (A.N.) *an epistle*
pitously (A.N.) *piteously, for the sake of pity*
pleyen (A.S.) *to play. pret. s.* pleide, *pl.* pleiden
pleyn (A.N.) *full*
pleyne (A.N.) 53, *to commiserate, to complain, make a complaint*
plener (A.N.) 209, 336, *full, fully*
pleten (A.N.) *to plead. pret. pl.* pleteden, 140
plattên (A.N.) *to fall or throw down flat. pret. s.* platte, 81
plot (A.N.) 263, *pl.* plottes, 265, *a patch*
plow-foot (A.S.) 123, *a part of a plough*
po (A.S.) 243, *a peacock*
†poynttyl (A.N.) 462, the signification of this word appears to be the *square tiles* used for paving floors. See Warton's Hist. of Engl. Poetry, ii, 99
poke (A.S.) 150, 259, 275, 288, *a sack*
poken (A.N.) *to urge, push forward. poke, thrust*
pol, 205, polle (A.S.) 261, 430, *a head, poll*
polshen (A.N.) 105, *to polish*
pondfold (A.S.) 346, *the pinfold* or *pound*
poraille (A.N.) *the poor people*
poret (A.N.) *pl.* porettes, 134, 135, *a kind of leek*
porthors (A.N.) 302, *a breviary*, (*portiforium*, Lat.)
pose (A.N.) 365, *to place, put as a supposition*
possen (A.N.) *to push*
potente (A.N.) 156, *a club, staff*
pouke (A.S.) 256, 285, 333, 346, *the devil*
Poul (A.N.) *St. Paul*
pounde-mele (A.S.) 41, *by the pound*
pous (A.N.) 352, *the pulse*
poustee (A.N.) 79, 228, *power, strength*
povere (A.N.) *poor*
†povert (A.N.) 496, *poverty*
†powghe, terre powghe, 487, *a torn sack or poke* (?) The imperfect glossary appended to the old printed edition of the "Creed" explains it by *tar box*
prayen (A.N.) 430, *to make prey of, plunder*
pressen (A.N.) 286, *to hasten, crowd*
preyen, preye (A.N.) *to pray. pret. s.* preide, preyde
preiere (A.N.) *prayer*
preynte (A.N. ?) 253 (?)
preise (A.N.) 97, *to appraise, value*
†prese (A.N.) 495, *to hasten. prot. s.* presed, 460
prest (A.N.) 287, *ready.* prester, 191, *more ready.* presteste, 110, *readiest, quickest.* prestly, *readily*
prêven, prêve (A.N.) *to prove*
prikye (A.S.) 369, *to ride over, ride, spur. pret. s.* prikede, 368, *part. past*, y-priked, 430
prikere (A.S.) 159, 191, prikiere, 370, *a rider*

pris (A.N.) 411, *prize, value*
prison (A.N.) 140, 315, 372, *a prisoner*
pryvee (A.N.) *private, intimate, confidential*
provisour (A.N.) 38, 73, *a purveyor, provider*
prowor (A.N.) 411, *a priest*
puffed (A.S.) 78, *blown*
†pulchen (A.N.) *to polish. part. past*, pulched, 458, pulchud, '46, *polished*
pulette (A.N.) *a chicken*
punysshen (A.N.) 407, *to punish*
pure (A.N.) *pure, simple, unmixed.* pure (*adv.*) 213, *purely, simply.* purely for-do, 262, *altogether destroyed or undone.* †puriche (A.N.) 467, *purely:* perhaps it should be *purliche*
purfill, purfil (A.N.) 72, 78, *embroidery, tinsel*
purfilen (A.N.) 28, *to embroider*
put (A.S.) 195, 284, *pl.* puttes, *a pit, cave*
putten, puten (A.S.) 400, *to put, place. pres. s.* putte, *pl.* putten. *pres. s.* and *pl.* putte, 68, 110, 372. *part. past*, y-put, 290

Q.

quatron (A.N.) 90, *a quartern*
quave (A.N.) *to shake, tremble. pret. s.* quaved, 373
queed (A.S.) 285, *the evil one, the devil*
queste-mongere (A.N. and A.S.) *one who made a business of conducting inquests*
queynt (A.S.) 390, *quenched, destroyed*
queyntely (A.N.) 416, *quaintly, cunningly*
queyntise (A.N.) 385, 417, *cunning*
quellen (A.S.) *to kill. part. past*, quelt, 537, *killed*
†quenes (A.S.) 456, *women.* The word is used in the modern sense of the word *wench*
quyk (A.S.) 334, 399, *live, alive*
quykne (A.S.) 390, *to give life to, bring to life. pret. s.* I quikne
quite, quyte (A.N.) 389, 390, *to quit, pay off. part. past*, quit, 390
quod (A.S.) *quoth, says*

R.

radegunde (A. S.?) 430, *a disease, apparently a sort of boil*
rageman (A. N.) 5, 335, *a catalogue, list*
ray (A.N.) 89, *a ray, streak*
†raken (A.S.) 455, *to go raking about*
rakiere (A.S.) 96, *one who goes raking about*
rape (A.S.) 97, *haste*
rapen (A.S.) 65, 101, 124, *to prepare. pret. s.* raped, 352
rapeliche (A. S.) 347, rapely, 351, *readily, quickly.* rapelier, 352, *more quickly*
rappen (A.S.) 20, *to strike, rap*
rather, 155, *earlier*
rathe (A.S.) *early.* rathest, *earliest, first, soonest, most readily*
raton (A. N.) *a rat*
ratoner (A.N.) 96, *a rat-catcher*
raunsone (A.N.) 390, *ransom*
rave (A. S.) 380, *to rave.* ravestow, 380, *dost thou rave*

ravysshen (A. N.) 399, *to ravage, rob, plunder, ravish*
raxen (A.S.) 100, *to hawk, spit*
reaume, reme (A.N.) *pl.* remes, reames, *a realm*
recche (A. S.) 67, 204, *to reck, care for. pret. s.* roughte, 369
recchelees (A.S.) 369, *reckless*
rechen (A.S.) 359, *to reach. pret. s.* raughte, 5, 76, 153, 335, 369
recoverer (A.N.) 352, *a remedy* (?)
recrayed (A. N.) 58, *recreant* (?)
rede (A.S.) *red*
rede (A.S.) *to read*
reden (A.S.) *to advise, counsel. pret. s.* redde, 106, *pl.* radde, 71, 84. *imperat.* reed, 72
redel (A.S.) 257, *a riddle*
†redelich (A. S.) 498, *readily, promptly*
redyng-kyng, 96, *a class of feudal retainers. See* Spelman's Gloss. in v. *rodknightes*
reed (A. S.) *counsel, advice*
regne (A. N.) *to reign. pret. s.* regnede, 399, *reigned*
regratier, regrater (A.N.) 48, 90, *a retailer of wares or victuals*
regratrie (A. N.) 48, *retailing, selling by retail*
reyn (A.S.) *rain*
rekenen (A.S.) *to reckon, count*
relessen (A. N.) 46, *to forgive*
releve (A.N.) 377, *to raise again, restore, rally*
religious (A.N.) *pl.* religiouses 192, *a monk*
renable (A. N.) 10, *reasonable*
renden (A.S.) 13, *to rend, tear. imperat.* rende, 76
reneye (A. N.) 210, *to deny, be a renegade to. part. pas.* reneyed, 210, *renegade*
renk (A.S.) 12, 101, 149, 231, 238, 280, 369, 385, *a man*
rennen, renne (A. S.) 353, *to run. imperative,* ren thow, 230. *pret. s.* ran, roon, 277, yarn, 205 (? y-arn). *part. past,* ronne, 156
renner (A. S.) 72, *a runner*
renten (A.N.) 140, *to give rents to*
†rentful (A.S.) 476, *meagre, miserable* (?)
repen (A.S.) *to reap. pret. pl.* ropen, 268
repreven (A.N.) 236, *to reprove; blame*
rerages (A. N.) 91, *arrears*
retenaunce (A.N.) 31, *a retinue*
reve (A.S.) 34, 102, 411, 423, *an overseer, a reeve, steward, or bailiff*
reve (A.S.) 335, 385, *to take from*
revere, *pl.* reveris (A.S.) *reavers; people who deprive by force*
reward (A. N.) 364, *attention, warning*
†rewel (A.S.) 473, *rule*
rewen (A.S.) *to rue, to have mercy*
rewme (A.N.) 430, *a rheumatism, cold*
ribaud (A.N.) 108, 286, 339, 372, *a profligate low man.* The word belonged properly to a particular class in society. See a detailed account of its derivation and signification in a note in my Political Songs, p. 369
ribaudie (A.N.) *low profligate talk*
ribaudour (A.N.) 121, *a teller of low tales*
ribibour (A.N.) 96, *a player on*

the rilibe (a musical instrument)
riche, ryche (A.S.) *a kingdom.* hevene riche blisse, *the joy of the kingdom of heaven*
richen (A. N.) *to become rich*
riden, ryde (A. S.) *to ride. pres. s.* ryt, *pl.* riden. *pret. s.* rood, 354
rightwisnesse (A. S.) 393, *righteousness*
ringen (A. S.) *to ring. pret. pl.* rongen, 395, 428
ripe (A. S.) 415, *to ripen*
ripe (A. S.) 100, *ready*
rise, ryse (A. S.) 352, *to rise. pret. s.* roos, 91, 344
risshe (A.S.) 75, *a rush* (*juncus*)
rody (A. S.) *ruddy, red*
roggen (A.S.) *to shake* (explained in the Prompt. Parv. by *agito.*) *pret. s.* rogged, 335
roynous (A. N.) 430, *scabby, rough*
rolle (A. N.) 93, *to enrol*
rome (A. S.) 209, 210, 328, *to roam*
romere (A. S.) *pl.* romeris, *a person who wanders or roams about*
ronges (A.S.) 333, *the steps of a ladder*
roost (A. N.) 14, *roast*
†rote (A. N.) *practice.* by rote, *by heart.* be pure rote, 473, *merely by rote*
roten (A.S.) *to rot*
rotey tyme (A.N.) 222, *the time of rut*
†rotheren (A.S.) 476, *oxen*
rounen, rownen (A. S.) 66, 97, *to whisper, talk privately*
routhe (A. S.) *ruth, compassion*
rowen (A. S.) *to become red, as the dawn of day* (?). *pret. s.* rowed, 376
rufulliche (A. S.) *ruefully*
rugge (A. S.) 286, 413, *the back.* rugge-bone (A. S.) 98, *the back-bone*
rulen (A.N.) 393, *to rule, govern*
rusty (A.S.) 121, *filthy* (?). In the Coventry Mysteries, p. 47, Ham's wife says, "rustynes of synne is cawse of these wawys;" i. e. *filthiness of sin is the cause of these waves*
ruthe (A. S.) *compassion*
rutten (A. S.?) 100, *to snore. pret. s.* rutte, 369
ruwet (A.S.?) 98, *a small trumpet*

S.

saaf (A. N.) *safe*
sadde (A.S.) 188, *to make serious, steady*
sadde (A.S.) 152, *serious, grave, steady*
sadder (A. S.) 77, *sounder*
safly (A.N.) *safely*
saille (A. N.) 260, *to leap*
salve (A. N.) 337, *to apply salves*
samplarie (A. N.) 234, *type, first copy*
saufté (A.N.) *safely*
saughtne (A. S.) 65, *to be pacified, reconciled*
saulee (A. N.) 331 (?)
saunz (A.N.) *without*
saute (A. N.) 260, *to jump*
sauter (A. N.) *the Psalter*
savoren (A. N.) 157, *to savour*
savour (A.N.) 147, *knowledge*

sawe (A. S.) 147, 165, 378, *pl.* sawes, 174, *a saying, legend, proverb*
scathe (A.S.) 46, 70, 71, 298, *injury, hurt*
scryveynes (A.N.) 193, *writers*
†se (A.N.) 483, *seat*
secte (A.N.) 106, 107, 216, *a suit*
see (A.S.) *the sea*
seel (A.S.) 348, *pl.* seles, *a seal*
seem (A.S.) 45, 67, *a seam* (of wheat), a measure of eight bushels, originally as much as a horse could carry
sege (A.N.) 443, *siege*
†seget (A.N.) 489, *subject*
segge (A.S.) 46, 78, 84, 100, 210, 341, 443, 445, *a man*
seyen, 290, seye, seyn, seggen, 53, 264, sigge, 208, 302, siggen, 264, 312, 318, 350 (A.S.) *to say. pres. s.* I seye, he seith, thei siggen, 320. *pret. s.* seide, *pl.* seiden
seillynge (A.S.) 387, *sailing*
seynen (A.N.) *to sign. pret. s.* seyned, 104
seint (A.N.) *a saint*
seken, seche (A.S.) *to seek;* 273, *to penetrate. pret. s. & pl.* soughte. *part. pas.* y-sought
selde (A.S.) *seldom.* selden, 365
selen (A.S.) *to seal*
self (A.S.) *objec. s.* selve, *pl.* selves *self-same.* on the selve roode, 427, *on the cross itself*
†sely (A.S.) 477, *simple, poor*
selkouth (A.S.) *pl.* selkouthe *wonderful, strange*
selles (A.N.) *cells*
semen (A.S.) 328, *to seem, appear, resemble.* †I semed, 460, *I looked*
semynge (A.S.) 318, *resembling*
semy-vif (A.N.) 351, *half alive,* i. e. *half dead*
sen, 25, see, 32 (A.S.) *to see. pres. sing.* thow sest, 15. he seeth, *pl.* we seen. *pret. sing.* seigh, 77, 147, 200, 247, seyghe, 82, saugh, 29, 77, 347, 376, 437, *pl.* seighe. *part. pas.* y-seyen, seyen, 216, 308, 349, seene, y-seighen, 77, seighen, 177, y-seighe, 365
senden (A.S.) *to send. pret. s.* sent, 421, *pl.* senten
serelopes (A.S.) 358, *severally, by themselves*
serk (A.S.) 81, *a shift, shirt*
serven (A.N.) *to serve*
setten (A.S.) *to set. pret. s. & pl.* sette. *part. past,* seten, 248
sewen (A.S.) *to follow. see* suwen
shaar (A.S.) 61, *the blade or share of a plough*
†shaf (A.S.) 490, *chaff*
shaft (A.S.) 161, 225, *make, creation*
shaken (A.S.) *to shake. pret. s,* shook, 268
shallen (A.S.) *the auxiliary verb. sing.* I shal, 15. thow shalt, *pl.* ye shul, 14, shulle, 25, thei shulle, 22—sholde, sholdest, *pl.* sholden, sholde
shapen, shape (A.S.) *to make, create, shape. pret. s.* shoop, 1, 163, 197, 225, 443, shapte, 361, 433, for-shapte, 365. *pl.* shopen. *part. past,* mys-shapen, 144, shapen, 280

shappere (A.S.) 358, *a maker, creator*
sharpe (A.S.) 443, *pungent*
sheep (A.S.) 1, *a sheep*, or *a shepherd*
sheltrom (A.S.) 278; *a host, troop of soldiers*
shenden (A.S.) *to ruin, destroy. pret. s.* shente, 365. *part. pas.* shent
shene (A.S.) 394, *bright*
shenfulliche (A.S.) 59, *shamefully, disastrously*
shepstere (A.S.) 265, *a sheepshearer* (?)
shere (A.S.) *a shear*
sherreve (A.S.) 31, 51, *a shire-reeve*, or *sheriff*
sherewe, shrewe (A.S.) *a shrew; a cursed one*
shrewednesse (A.S.) *cursedness*
sheten (A.S.) *to shoot. pret. pl.* shotten, 438
shetten, shette (A.S.) *to shut. pret. s.* shette
shide (A.S.) 167, 197, *a thin board, a billet of wood*
shiften (A.S.) *to move away. pret. s.* shifte 435
shyngled (A.S.) 168, *made of planks or boards*
shonyen (A.S.) 87, *to shun*
†shosen ( ) 491 qu. for chosen, i. e. *dispose, incline to*
shrape (A.S.) 84, *to scrape*
shryve (A.S.) 441, *to shrive, make confession. pret. s.* shrof, 45, 198. *part. pas.* y-shryve, 82, shryven, 273
shrift (A. S.) *confession*
shroudes (A. S.) *clothes*
sib, sibbe (A. S.) *relation, companion.* Gossip is God-sib, *companion or fellow in God*, and was originally applied to the attendants at a christening
sidder (A. S.) 88, *wider*
sike (A. S.) 355, *sick*
siken (A. S.) *to sigh. pret. s.* siked, 293, sikede, 385
siker, syker (A. S.) *sure, secure.* sikerer, 237, *more secure, more sure*
syn (A. S.) 444, *since*
syngen, synge (A. S.) 408, *to sing. pret. s.* songe, I soug, 408. *pl.* songen, 369, 388, 405
sinken (A. S.) *to sink. pret. s.* sank, 373. *pl.* sonken, 278
sisour (A. N.) 31, 32, 38, 51, 75, 434, *a person deputed to hold assizes. See* Ducange in v. *assisarii*
sith (A. S.) *since.* sithen, *since, afterwards.* sithenes, 121, *afterwards.* siththe (*adv.*) *since afterwards*
sithe (A. S.) 102, *time*
sitten, sitte (A. S.) *to sit. pret. s.* thow sete, 386. I sete, 437. sat, *pl.* seten, 109
skile (A. S.) 202, 240, 290, 359, 367, 412, *reason, argument*
† slaughte ( ) 456 (?)
sleighte (A.S.) 379, 401, *a trick, slight*
sleen (A. S.) *to slay. pres.* sleeth, 364, 421. *pret. s.* slow, 433
slepen (A. S.) *to sleep. pret. s.* sleep, 96, 100, I slepte, 247. *pl.* slepe, 277
slepyng (A. S.) *a sleep*
sleple (A. S.) 155, *to sleep gently*

sleuthe (A. S.) *sloth, idleness*
sliken (A. S.) 34, *to make sleek, smooth*
slombren (A.S.) *to slumber. pret. s.* slombred, 1
smal (A. S.) *pl.* smale, *small*
smecen (A. S.) *to taste, smack. pret. pl.* smaughte, 98
smythyen (A. S.) 61, 62, *to do the work of a smith, to forge*
so (A. S.) *so, as.* so soone so, 352, *as soon as*
soden (A. S.) 312, *to boil. part. pas.* y-soden, 321
sodenes (A. N.) 303, *sub-deans*
softe (A. S.) 1, *warm* (like the Fr. *doux*)
sokene (A. S.) 34, *a district held by tenure of socage*
solas (A. N.) *comfort, solace*
soleyn (A. N.) 240, *one left alone*
solne (A. N.) 102, *to sing by note*
som (A. S.) *pl.* somme, *some*
somone (A. N.) 37, sompne, 62, 209, 408, *to summon*
somonour (A. N.) 31, 51, 75, *a somner*, an officer employed to summon delinquents to appear in ecclesiastical courts, now called *an apparitor*
sonde (A. S.) *mission, sending*
sone (A. S.) *a son*
songewarie (A. N.) 147, 148, *the interpreting of dreams*
sonne (A. S.) *the sun*
sooth (A. S.) *truth*
soothnesse, sothnesse (A. S.) *truth*
sope (A. S.) 254, *a sop*
sope (A. S.) 273, *soap*
soper (A. N.) *supper*
sorwe (A. S.) *sorrow*
sorweful (A. S.) 353, *sorrowful*
soth (A. S.) *true*
sothe (A. S.) *truth*
sotile (A. N.) 184, 186, *to apply one's cunning or penetration*
sotil (A. N.) *pl.* sotile, 294, 297, 319, 372, *clever, cunning, subtile, difficult to conceive or understand*
sotte (A. N.) *a fool*
souke (A. N.) 209, *to suck*
souter (A. S.) 101, 201, *a shoemaker.* † soutere, 494
souteresse (A. S.) 96, *a female shoemaker*
southdene (A. N.) *a subdean*
sowen (A. S.) 274, *to sow. pret. s.* sew, 268, 412, *pl.* sewe, 317. *part. pas.* y-sowen, 416
spakliche (A. S.) 353, *hastily* (?)
spede (A.S.) 353, *to haste, to speed. pret. s.* spedde, 352
peken, speke (A. S.) *to speak. pret. s.* spak
spelonke (LAT.) 311, *a cavern*
spences (A. N.) 285, *expense*
spillen (A. S.) (*trans.*) *to mix, spill, spoil, waste*, 414 (*intransitive*) *to perish*, 303. *part. pas.* y-spilt
spire (A. S.) 348, *to look closely into, to inquire*
spores (A. S.) 370, *spurs*
spring (A. S.) 79, *a sprig, rod*
springen (A. S.) *to spring. pret. s.* sprong, 277, spronge, 404
stablisse (A. N.) 22, *to establish*
† stappyng (A. S.) 489, *stepping*
stede (A. S.) *pl.* stedes, *a place*
steere (A. S.) 153, *the helm of a ship*
steyen (A. S.) *to arise, mount.* † *pret. s.* steigh, 498, *arose*

stekie (A. S.) 22, *to stick fast*
stele (A. S.) 412, *a handle*
stelen (A. S.) *to steal. pret. s.* stale, 268. *pl.* stolen, 405
sterre, *pl.* sterne, 310 (A. S.) *a star*
† styghtle(A.S.) 469, *to establish, confirm.* Explained in the glossary appended to the old edition by *to stay*
† stylle (A. S.) 473, *quietly, with a low voice*
† y-stongen (A. S.) 483, *stabbed, pierced*
stinken (A. S.) *to stink. pret. s.* stank, 328. † stynand, 489, *stinking*
stynten (A. S.) 22, 186, *to stop*
stonden, stonde, stande, 354 (A.S.) *to stand.* he stondeth, it stant, 325, he stant, 372, thei stonden. *pret. s.* stood, 204, 247
stoon (A.S.) 328, *a stone*
stotte (A.S.) 411, *an ox of three years old*
stounde (A.S.) 155, *a short space of time*
stoupe (A.S.) 204, *to bend, stoop.* Chaucer, in the first line of the Nonne Preestes Tale, speaks of,—"A pore wydow somdel *stoupe* in age."
† straken (A. S.) 456, *to proceed directly*
† stre (A. S.) 496, *straw*
streyte (A. S.) *straitly, narrowly*
streyves (A. N.) 6, *estreys, beasts which have strayed.* a law-term
striken (A. S.) *to strike. pret. s.* strook
struyen (A. N.) 328, *to destroy pret.* struyede
stuwe (A.N.) 121, *a house of ill fame, a stew.* † stues, 488, *stews, brothels*
†sueres (A. S.) 459, *followers*
suffren (A. N.) *to suffer*
sulen (A. N.) *to soil.* †*part. pas.* y-suled, 495, *soiled*
suren (A. N.) *to assure*
surgenrie (A. N.) 336, *surgery*
surquidous (A. N.) 416, *overbearing, arrogant, conceited*
suster (A. S.) *pl.* sustren, *a sister*
suwen, sewe (A. S.) 203, 454, *to follow. pret. s. and pl.* suwed, 353, suwede, 380. *part. p.* suwed, 110, sued, 155
swelte (A.S.) 86, *to die, to perish. pret. s.* swelted, 431
swerd (A. S.) *a sword*
sweren, swerye, 275 (A.S.) *to swear. pret. s.* swoor, 434, swor, 269. *part. pas.* sworen, 328, swore
swetter (A. S.) *sweeter*
swevene (A. S.) *a dream*
sweyen (A. S.) *to sound. pret. s.* sweyed, 1
swich (A. S.) 385, *pl.* swiche, *such*
swynken (A.S.) *to labour. pret. pl.* swonken, 2.
swynk (A. S.) *labour, work*
swithe (A.S.) *very, immediately, quickly*
swowe (A. S.) 86, *to faint, to swoon*

T.

tabard (A. N.) 88, *a short coat or mantle.* "Tabbard, *collobium.*" Promp. Parv. One of the stage directions in the Coventry Mysteries (p. 244) is:—

Here xal Annas shewyn hymself in his stage, be seyn after a busshop of the hoold lawe, in a skarlet gowne, and over that *a blew tabbard* furryd with whyte.

tacches (A.N.) 168, *stains, blemishes*

taillé (A.N.) 68, *a tally, notched stick; an account scored on a piece of wood. See* note

tailen (A. N.) *to keep an account by notches on a stick, to give a tally for a thing. part. a.* tailende, 156, *part. pas.* y-tailed, 102

taken (A. S.) *to take. pres. s.* took, *pl.* token, toke, 398. *part. pas.* taken

taken, take (A.S.) *to give. pret. s.* took, 328, *pl.* toke, token, 383

tale (A. S.) *an account, reckoning*

tale-wis (A. S.) 51, *wise in tales*

tasele (A. S.) 322, *a teasel.* The burs of this plant are used in the manufacture of cloth

tasten (A. N.) 266, 374, *to feel. pret. s.* tastede, 357

techen (A.S.) *to teach. pret. s.* taughte, 19, taghte, 135. *part. pas.* taught, 186, y-taught, 436

tellen, telle (A.S.) *to count, tell,* 405. *pret. s.* tolde. *pl.* tolden

temè, teeme (A.S.) 118, 125, 138, 411, 412, *a team of horses*

teme (A.N.) 48, 80, 147, 209, *a theme*

tenden (A.N.) *to offer, present, to hold out, stretch forth. pret. pl.* tendeden, 383

tenen, tene (A.S.) 256, 320, *to injure. pret. s.* tened, 432

tene (A.S.) 124, 125, 145, 209, 335, *anger, hurt*

teneful (A.S.) *injurious*

termes (A.N.) 242, *terms, times for their work*

teynten (A.N.) *to die, tint. part. past,* y-teynted, 322

y-termyned (A.N.) 20, *judged, determined*

thanne (A.S.) *then*

thecche (A.S.) 410, *to thatch*

theen (A.S.) *to thrive. be prosperous.* so thee ik! 90, *as I may prosper!*

thef, theef (A. S.) *pl.* theves, 239, 353, 373, *a thief.* theflíche, 389, *thievishly*

theigh (A.S.) *though*

thenke, thynke (A.S.) 211, 228, *to think. pres. s.* he thenketh, 407

ther (A.S.) *there, where.* therafter, 90, *in proportion to it.* thermyd, *therewith*

thesternesse (A.S.) 340, *darkness*

thynke (A.S.) 384, *to seem. pres. sing.* I thynke, me thynketh (*it seems to me*). *pret. s.* thoghte, 1, 205, thoughte, 404

thirlen (A.S.) *to pierce, bore through*

thise (A.S.) *these*
tho (A.S.) *those, the*
tho (A.S.) *then, when*
tholien (A. S.) 70, thole, 392, *to bear, support, suffer. pret. s.* tholede, 251, 384, tholed, 377. *pl.* tholed, 373
thonkyng (A.S.) *thanking, thanks*
thorugh (A.S.) *through*
thow (A.S.) The second personal pronoun is in interrogative clauses generally combined with its verb, as sestow, *seest thou;* slepestow, *sleepest thou*, &c.
thral (A.S.) *pl.* thralles, 398, *a bond-man*
threve (A.S.) 333, *a bundle*
thridde (A.S.) 413, *third*
thringen (A.S.) *to crowd, to throng, to press forward. pret. pl.* thrungen, 108
tyd, tid (A.S.) 265, 334, *quickly, promptly, readily*
tidy (A.S.) 422, *clever, ready, neat*
tyen (A. S.) *to tie*
†y-tight, 461, *furnished, provided*
tikes (A. S.) 398, *low people;* literally, *dogs.* The word is still used in Yorkshire
til (A.S.) 305, *to*
tilien, tilie, tilye (A.S.) 131, 138, 375, 410, *to till the earth.* †*part. pas.* tylde, 461
tilthe (A. S.) 421, *tilth, the result or produce of tilling or ploughing*
tymbre (A. S.) 223, *to build. pret.* tymbred, 48
†tymen (A.S.) 494, *to compel* (?) It appears to be the same word which occurs in the alliterative poem on the Deposition of Richard II, p. 17 :—

> Thus lafte they the leder
> That hem wrong ladde,
> And *tymed* no twynte,
> But tolled her cornes,
> And gaderid the grotus
> With gyle, as I trowe.

tynen, tyne (A. S.) 416, *to lose. part. pas.* tynt, 377
titeleris (A. S. ?) 442, *tattlers*
tithe (A. S.) *tenth, tithe*
tixte (A. N.) 348, *text*
to (A. S.) *too*
to-, prefixed in composition to verbs of Anglo-Saxon origin, has the same force as the German *zu-*, giving to the word the idea of destruction or deterioration :—
to-bollen (A. S.) 82, *to overswell*
to-breken (A. S.) 156, *to break to pieces, break down. part. pas.* to-broke, 139
to-cleve (A. S.) 236, *to cleave in pieces, cut open*
to-drawen (A. S.) *to draw to pieces,* or *to destruction. pret.* to-drowe, 175
to-luggen (A. S.) 41, *to lug about, tear*
to-rende (A.S.) 180, *to be torn or burst to pieces*
to-shullen (A. S.) *to cut off, destroy. part. pas.* to-shullen, 359
toft (A. S.) *an open exposed place, a hill*
to-fore (A. S.) *before.* to-forn, 235, *before*

to-gidere, to-gidres, to-gideres (A. S.) *together*

†toylyng (A. S.) 495, *tugging*

tollen (A.S.) 89, *to measure out, count*

tollers (A. S.) *toll-gatherers*

tome (A. S.) 39, *leisure, time.* This form of the word seems to have been in use in the fourteenth century. It occurs at the commencement of the Seven Sages :—

> I sal yow tel, if I have *tome*,
> Of the seven ages of Rome.

Its occurrence in Piers Ploughman shows that Weber was not right in supposing it a mere alteration of the word *time* for the sake of rhyme. See also Sir F. Madden's Glossary to Gawayne

tonder (A. S.) 362, *tinder*

†too (A. S.) *pl.* ton, 476, 489, *a toe*

torne (A. N.) 428, *to turn.* *pret. s.* tornede, 321, torned, 266, *turned*

torne, 325, turne, 324 (A. S.) *to turn* (intransitive)

toten (A. S.) 331, 459, 461, *to look, observe, to peep. pret. s.* toted, 471. *pl.* toteden, 476. *part. past*, y-toted, 464

touken (A. S.) *to dye. part. pas.* y-touken, 322

toune, 315, *a tun.* Perhaps it should be printed *tonne.*

tour (A. N.) *a tower*

travaille (A. N.) *to labour*

traversen (A. N.) 245, *to transgress*

treden (A.S.) *to tread. pret. pl.* troden, 223. †*pret. s.* tredede, 475, *trod*

tree, 330 (A.S.) *pl.* trowes, 300, *a tree*

tresor (A. N.) *a treasure*

triacle, tryacle (A.N.) *a remedy, a cure*

tricherie (A. N.) *treachery, cunning, trickery*

trie (A. N.) 305, 330, *choice, select.* trieste, 23, *most choice*, trieliche, *choicely*

†tryfler (A. S.) 479, *a trifler, a deceiver, a good-for-nothing*

†troiflardes (A. S.) 494, *triflers, idlers*

trollen (A. S.) 387, *to draw, to drag*

tronen (A. N.) *to throne*

trowe (A. S.) 358, *to believe, think, suppose.* trowestow, 237, *thinkest thou*

trufle (A. S.) 236, 378, trefle, 471, *a silly tale, trifle, good-for-nothing thing* or *person*

trumpen (A.N.) *to sound a trumpet. pret. s.* trumpede, 395

tulien (A. S.) *to labour, to till. pret. pl.* tulieden, 277. *part. act.* tulying, 277

tweye (A. S.) *two*

twies (A. S.) *twice*

†twynnen (A. S.) 480, *to couple together*

U.

umwhile (A. S.) 97, *once, on a time*

unbuxome (A. S.) *disobedient, inobedient*

underfongen (A. S.) 301, *to un-*

dertake, accept, receive. pret. s. underfonged, 209
undernymen (A.S.) 9, *to undertake, take possession of. pres. s.* undernymeth, 84. *part. past*, under-nome, 263, 428
under-pight (A.S.) 331, *propped up*
unhardy (A. N.) 254, 354, *not bold*
un-hiled (A.S.) 367, *uncovered, unroofed*
unjoynen (A.N.) 384, *to disjoin, separate*
unkynde (A.S.) *unnatural*
unkouthe (A. S.) 148, *unknown, strange, foreign*
unlosen (A. S.) 356, *to unloose*
unlouken (A. S.) 380, 384, 385, 388, *to unlock*
unnethe (A. S.) *scarcely*
unpynne (A. S.) 385, *to unbolt*
unsperen (A. S.) 374, 385, *to open, undo, unbolt*
†un-teyned (A. S.) 481, *unfastened* (?)
unthende (A. S.) 87, *unserved, without sauce*
untidy (A.S.) 432, *slovenly, not clever*
until (A. S.) *to*
unwittily (A. S.) 49, *unwisely, unreasonbly*
up (A. S.) *upon.* up so doun, 428, *upside down*
usen (A. N.) *to use*

V.

vaunt-warde (A. N.) 409, the *avant-guard, the van*
veille (A. N.) 104, *an old woman*
vendage (A. N.) 391, *vintage, harvest*
venymousté (A. N.) 378, *the property of being poisonous or venomous*
venym (A. N.) 326, *poison*
vernycle (A. N.) 109, "diminutive of *Veronike.* A copy in miniature of the picture of Christ, which is supposed to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief, preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome. Du Cange, in v. *Veronica.* Madox, Form. Angl. p. 428. Testam. Joh. de Nevill, an. 1386. Item Domino archiepiscopo Ebor. fratri meo. i. vestimentum rubeum de velvet cum *le Veronike* in granis rosarum desuper broudata. It was usual for persons returning from pilgrimages to bring with them certain tokens of the several places which they had visited; and therefore the Pardoner [in Chaucer], who is just arrived from Rome, is represented with *a vernicle sewed upon his cappe.*"—TYRWHITT.
verrey (A. N.) 365. verrey, 405, *true*
verset (A. N.) 239, *a little verse*
viker (A. N.) 424, *a vicar*
vicory (A. N.) 420, *a vicar*

W.

waast (A. N.) 10, *a waste, wilderness*

wafrestere (A. S.) 115, *a maker of wafers for the priests, to be consecrated and administered at the sacrament*
wage, wagen (A. N.) 171, 440, *to hire, to wage, pay wages, remunerate*
wage (A. N.) 71, *to be pledge for, to warrant*
waggen (A. S.) 332, *to shake. pret. s.* waggede, 335, 373, 408
wayte, waiten (A. S.) 89, 147, 157, 260, 269, *to watch, look about, wait. pret. s.* waitede, 266. *pl.* waiteden, 345
waitynges (A. S.) 33, *watchings, lookings*
walkne (A. S.) 316, *air, sky, welkin.* wolkne, 357, 383
walnote (A. S.) *a wallnut*
wayven (A. N.) 113, 435, 482, 491, *to waive*
waken (A. S.) *to awake. pret. pl.* woken, 277, woke, 405, *awoke*
wanhope (A. S.) 34, 94, 140, 238, 366, *despair, hopelessness*
wanye (A. S.) 141, 153, *to fade, wane. pret. s.* wanyed, 294
war (A. S.) *ware, aware.* y-war, 17
warde (A. N.) 388, *a keeper*
wardemotes (A. N.) 6, *meetings of the ward*
wareyne (A. N.) 10, *a warren*
warisshen (A. N.) 336, *to cure*
warlawes (A. S.) 497, *wizards, sorcerers, warlocks.* See Jamieson, on this latter word
warner (A. N.) 96, *a warrener, keeper of a warren*
warpen (A. S.) *to utter, cast. pret. s.* warpe, 82, 99
warroken (A. S.) 66, *to girt*
waselen (A. S.) *to become dirty, dirty one's self.* †*pret. s.* waselede, 476
wasshe (A. S.) 248, *to wash. pret. s.* I wessh, 344, washed, 352, *pl.* wesshen; 247, *part. pas.* y-wasshen, 167, whasshen, 272, wassheh, 392
wastel (A. N.) 94, *a cake, fine bread*
watlen (A. S.) *to cover with hurdles, to wattle. pret. s.* watlede, 415
wawe (A. S.) 153, *a wave*
webbe (A. S.) 89, 267, *a weaver*
webbestere (A. S.) *a weaver.* wollen webbesters, 14, *woollen weavers*
wed (A. S.) 91, 346, *a pledge*
wedden (A. S.) 73, *to lay a wager*
weder (A. S.) *weather.* weder-wise, *weather-wise*
wedes (A. S.) *dress, clothes, apparel*
weer (A. S.) 209, 330, *a doubt, perplexity*
weet (A. S.) *wet.* weet-shoed, 369, *wet-shoed*
weg (A. S.) 426, *a pledge*
wey (A. S.) *a way*
weye (A. S.) 82, *a wey of cheese*
weyen (A. S.) *to weigh. part. past,* weyen, 25
weylaway (A. S.) 383, *an exclamation of lamenting under suffering*
weyves (A. S.) 6 (a law term), *animals lost or strayed*
weke (A. S.) 360, 362, *the wick of a candle*
welden (A. S.) 174, 175, 206,

to possess. pres. s. he welt, 178, when he weldeth, 426
wele (A.S.) 381, *weal, happiness, good fortune*
wellen (A.S.) *to boil, to gush out as water from a spring. pret. s.* wellede, 418
welle (A. S.) 296, *a spring*
welthe (A. S.) 88, *a welt*
wem (A. S.) 377, *a flaw, stain*
wenden (A. S.) 306, *to go, to wend. pres. pl.* wenden. *imperat.* weend, 59
wenen (A. S.) 264, 380, *to suppose, imagine, think, believe. pret. pl.* wende, 263, *supposed*
wepen (A. S.) *to weep. pret. s.* wepte, 374, *pl.* wepten
wepene (A. S.) 170, *membrum virile*
wepne (A. S.) *a weapon*
†werdliche (A. S.) 454, 473, *worldly*
were (A. S.) 322, *to wear*
werken, werche (A. S.) *to work. pres. pl.* werchen. *pret. s.* wroghte. *pl.* wroughte, wroghten. *part. act.* werchynge. *part. pas.* wroughte, wroght, y-wroght
†werly (A. S.) 491, *worldly*
wernard, wernarde (A. N.) 35, 53, *persons who lay information against others* (?)
wernen (A. S.) *to refuse, deny, pres. s.* werneth, 425, *refuses.*
werre (A.N.) *war*
wers (A.S.) *worse*
†werwolves (A.S.) 478, *people turned into wolves by sorcery.* An ancient superstition. *See* note
wesshen (A.S.) *to wash*
weven (A.S.) *to weave*
wex (A.S.) 360, 361, wax
wexen, wexe (A.S.) 141, 209, 293, 401, *to wax, grow, pret. s.* weex, 63, 94, 202, 278, 294, 336, 369. *pl.* woxen, 161, 277, 333. *part. pas.* woxen, 177, 403
wexed (A.S.) 98, *washed* (?)
what! (A.S.) 146, an interjection, *lo!*
whiche (A. S.) which a light, 376, *what light*
† whit (A.S.) 476, *a wight, creature*
whiten (A.S.) *to make white.*
†whough (A. S.) 453, *how.* whou, 481
wicche (A. S.) 372, 373, *a witch*
wye (A. S.) 109, 223, 245, 248, 283, 352, 354, 388, 405, *a man.* It is the Saxon *wig*, and was originally applied to a warrior or hero. I am inclined to think this may be the origin of our present slang term, *a guy*
wif (A.S.) *in the objective,* wyve, *pl.* wyves, *a woman, wife*
wight (A.S.) 160, *active, brave.* wightly, *actively, bravely, well.* wyghtliche, 40, *actively.* wightnesse, 410, *activity, cleverness*
wight (A.S.) *a creature, being*
wike (A.S.) *a week. pl.* woukes, 336
wikkedlokest (A. S.) 199, *most wickedly*
willen (A. S.) 400, *to will. pres. s.* wol, wole, *pl.* wol. *pret. s.*

wolde, *pl.* wolde. thow wilest, 241
wilne (A. S.) 49, *to will. pr. s.* wilneth, 20. *pl.* wilne, 15. *pret. s.* wilned, 211, 369
wyn (A. S.) 402, *wine*
wynen pyne (A. S.) 78, *the wine pin, or place where wine was sold* (?)
wynkyng (A. S.) 77, 99, *dozing, slumbering*
wynnen, wynne (A. S.) *to win, gain. pret. s.* wan, 123, 231. *pl.* wonnen, 2. *part. pas.* y-wonne, 82, 213, wonne, 410
†wynwe (A. S.) 476, *winnowing*
wis, *pl.* wise (A. S.) *wise*
wisloker (A. S.) 266, *more certainly*
wissen, wisse (A. S.) 399, *to teach. pres. sing.* I wisse. *pret. sing.* wissed, 19, *part. act.* wissynge, 205, *teaching.*
wissen (A. S.) *to know. pret. sing.* wiste, 151, 211, *knew. part. past*, wist, 381
wit (A. S.) *mind, wit, intelligence*
witen, wite (A. S.) 373, 377, *to know. pres. s.* he woot, 105, 199. *pret. s.* woot, 3, 32, 35, 67. to witene, 152, *to know.* witynge, 418, *knowingly*
witen (A. S.) 140, 331, *to hinder, keep*
witen (A. S.) *to blame. pret. s.* witte, 17
withdrawen (A. S.) *to withdraw. pret. s.* withdrough, 373
withholden (A. S.) *to withold, retain. pres. s.* he withhalt, 110
withwynde (A. S.) 108, *cross-wise* (?) as if bound with a withy
witterly (A. S.) *truly*
witty (A. S.) 96, *knowing, wise*
†wlon (A. S.) 494 *the nap of cloth* (?)
wo (A. S.) *woe*
wodewe (A. S.) 169, *pl.* widwes, *a widow*
woke (A. S.) 315, *to moisten* (?)
wolleward (A. S.) 369, wolward, 497, *miserable, plagued*
wolves-kynnes (A. S.) 126, *of the nature of wolves*
wombe (A. S.) *the belly*
wombe-cloutes (A. S.) 250, *tripes*
womman, *pl.* wommen (A. S.) *a woman*
wone (A. S.) *a dwelling-place, residence*
woned (A. S.) 306, *accustomed, wont*
wonyen (A. S.) *to dwell. pres. s.* wonyeth, 18. *pret. pl.* wonеden, 311
woon (A. S.) 435, *plenty, abundance*
†woon (A. S.) *a dwelling*
worden (A. S.) *to discourse, have words togelher. pret. pl.* wordeden, 68. wordynge, 351, *talking, using words, conversing*
worm (A. S.) 222, *a serpent*
worstow, 420, *shalt thou be. See* worthe
wort (A. S.) 135, *a plant, vegetable*
worthe, y-worthe (A. S.) *to be, become.* to late the cat worthe, 12, *to let the cat be.* worth, 26, 244, 359, *shall be*
wowen (A. S.) 69, *to woo, court*

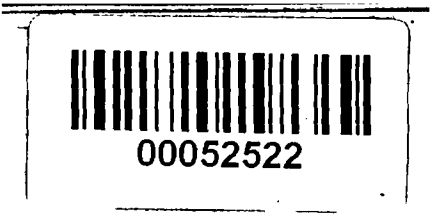
wower, *pl.* woweris (A.S.) 206, *a wooer*
wowes (A. S.) 46, *walls*
wrathen (A. S.) *to be or become angry, wroth*
wreken (A. S.) *to avenge. part. past*, wroken, 39, 437, wroke, 392
wrighte (A.S.) 197, *a workman, artist, maker*
wringen (A. S.) *to wring. pret. s.* wrong, 42, 127
writen (A. S.) *to write. pret. s.* wroot, 183, 225, 233, 293, 328, 396. *part. past*, writen, 249
writhen (A. S.) 358, *twisted, clenched*
wrooth (A. S.) *wroth*
wrotherhele (A.S.) 280, *ill fate, ill condition*

Y.

As a consonant; for other words beginning with *y*, see under *g* and *i*
yarken (A.S.) 143, *to make ready, prepare*
ye (A. S.) *yea, yes*
yeden (A. S.) *to go. pret. s.* yede. *pl.* yeden, 324, 351, 354
yeepe (A. S.) 203, *active, alert, prompt*
yelde (A. S.) 419, *to yield, pay, give. pres. s.* he yelt, 375. *pret. s.* yald, 239, 240. yeldynge
yeme (A.S.) 349, *heed, attention*
yemen (A. S.) 154, 171, 185, *to rule, guide, govern—to heed, take care of*
yepeliche (A. S.) 306, *promptly*
yerde (A. S.) *a rod, a yard*
yere (A.S.) *pl.* yeer, *a year.* yeres-gyve, 154. yeres-yeves, 49, *a year's gift*
yerne (A. S.) *to yearn, desire eagerly*
yerne (A.S.) (*adverb*) *eagerly, earnestly, readily*
yerne (A.S.) 306, *to run. pret. s.* yarn, 205. *part. act.* ernynge, 418. *See* rennen
yis (A. S.) *yes*
yit (A..S.) *yet*
ynowe (A.S.) *enough.* ynogh, 382
yvel (A.S.) *evil, wicked.* yvele, 7, *evilly, wickedly.*

FINIS.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY TUCKER AND CO.,
PERRY'S PLACE, OXFORD STREET.


00052522

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016